

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS

OF
M. DE VOLTAIRE.

TRANSLATED
BY THE REV. MR. FRANCKLIN.

VOLUME XXIV.



DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY R. MARCHBANK,
FOR R. MONCRIEFFE IN CAPEL-STREET.

M, DCC, LXXII.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.



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This VOLUME contains

PREFACE to SOCRATES.

SOCRATES. A Dramatic Performance.

A LETTER to the Marchioness of CHASTELLET.

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PREFACE to the SCOTCH WOMAN.

**The COFFEE-HOUSE: or, The SCOTCH-WOMAN.
A Comedy.**

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S O C R A T E S.

A

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

B Y

The late Mr. THOMSON.

A NEW EDITION.

Enlarged and Corrected from the Author's
own Manuscript.



VOL. XXIV.

B



P R E F A C E.*

B Y

Mr. F A T I M A.

IT has been said by one author, and repeated by another, that the simple representation of a merely virtuous man, without passion or intrigue, cannot possibly meet with applause on the stage, which I look upon as an injurious reflection on human nature, and the falsehood of it sufficiently prov'd by this performance, written by the late Mr. *Thomson*. The famous Mr. *Addison* was a long time in doubt, whether he shou'd make *Socrates* or *Cato* the subject of his tragedy: he thought *Cato* a virtuous man, and as such a proper object of imitation; but that *Socrates* was much superior to him: the virtue of the latter, he observ'd, had more softness and humanity in it, and was withal more resigned to the will of God than that of the former: the *Grecian*, he us'd to say, did not, like the *Roman*, imagine that he

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was

* What reasons Mr. *Voltaire* might have for not acknowledging himself the author of *Socrates* on its first publication we cannot determine: those amongst our readers, however, who have any acquaintance with the English stage, will easily perceive, that the whole story in the preface about *Addison*, *Thomson*, and lord *Lytleton*, is nothing but pure fiction, design'd to conceal the real author of this motley performance.

was at liberty to destroy himself, or to quit the post which God had allotted to him : *Addison*, in short, consider'd *Cato* as the victim of liberty, and *Socrates* as the martyr of wisdom. Sir *Richard Steel*, however persuaded him, that *Cato* was a subject better adapted to the theatre than the other, and at the same time likely to prove more agreeable to the nation, whilst it was in a political ferment. To say the truth, the death of *Socrates* wou'd perhaps have made very little impression in a country where no man is ever persecuted on account of his religion ; where a general toleration has so prodigiously enrich'd and peopled the community ; as it has also in Holland, my dear native country. Sir *Richard Steele* says expressly in his *Tattler*, that the subject of a dramatic piece shou'd always be the reigning vice or foible of the nation where it is represented. The success which *Addison* met with in his *Cato*, encourag'd him to sketch out the death of *Socrates*, in three acts. The place of secretary of state, which he had some time after, prevented his finishing this work ; he gave the manuscript to his pupil, Mr. *Thomson*, who was afraid to hazard on the stage a subject so extremely grave, and at the same time void of all those fashionable embellishments which had then taken possession of the English theatre.

He began therefore with some other tragedies, *Sophonisba*, * *Coriolanus*, *Tancred*, &c. and finish'd with the death of *Socrates*, which he wrote in prose scene by scene, and shew'd to his illustrious friends, Mr. *Doddington* and Mr. *Lyttleton*, persons deservedly rank'd amongst the first geniusses in *England*: these two gentlemen, whom he always consulted, advised him to follow the example of *Shakspear* ; to introduce the whole body of the people into his tragedy ; to paint *Xantippe*, the wife of *Socrates*, just as she really was, a peevish, cross-grain'd city-madam, scolding her husband, and yet fond

* Mr. *Voltaire* either forgot or did not know that *Coriolanus* was Mr. *Thomson's* last tragedy, and was play'd after his death for the benefit of his relations.

fond of him; to bring all the areopagus on the stage; and, in a word, to make the whole piece a simple representation of human life; one of those pictures that exhibit a view of every state and condition. This is an undertaking attended with some difficulty, and though the sublime continued throughout is a species of writing infinitely superior to it, this mixture of the pathetic and familiar has notwithstanding its degree of merit. One may compare them to the *Iliad* and the *Odysssey*. Mr. *Lyttleton* wou'd not suffer the piece to be play'd, because the character of *Melitus* too closely resembled that of serjeant *Catbrée*, to whom he was related; besides, that the whole was rather a sketch than a finish'd performance.

He made me a present of this drama when he came last to *Holland*. I translated it immediately into Dutch, my mother tongue. I did not however think proper to bring it on the stage at *Amsterdam*, though, thank God, amongst all our pedants, we have ne'er a one there so hateful or so impertinent as serjeant *Catbrée*. The great number of actors which this play requires, deterr'd me from any thoughts of exhibiting it. I translated it afterwards into *French*, and shall let this translation pass, till I have an opportunity of publishing the original.

Amsterdam 1755.

Since this the death of *Socrates* has been represented at *London*, but that was not the play written by Mr. *Thompson*.

N. B. There have been some people ridiculous enough to endeavour to refute the palpable truths advanc'd in this preface; pretending that Mr. *Fatima* cou'd not have wrote it in 1755, because he dy'd in 1754: if it was really so, what a foolish reason! but the fact is, he died in 1757.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOCRATES.

ANITUS, High Priest of Ceres.

MELITUS, one of the Judges of Athens.

XANTIPPE, Wife of Socrates.

AGLAE, a young Athenian Lady, brought up
by Socrates.

SOPHRONIMUS, a young Athenian Gentleman,
brought up by Socrates.

DRIXA,
TERPANDER, } Friends of Anitus.
ACROS,

Judges, Disciples of Socrates, and three Pedants,
protected by Anitus.

SOCRATES.



S O C R A T E S.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

ANITUS, DRIXA, TERPANDER, ACROS.

Ani. **M**Y dear confidante, and you my trusty friends, you well know how much money I have put into your pockets this last feast of Ceres: I am now going to be marry'd, and I hope you will all do your respective duties on this great occasion.

Dri. That, my lord, we most certainly shall, provided you give us an opportunity of getting a little more by it.

Ani. I shall want of you, madam Drixia, two fine Persian carpets; from you, Terpander, I must have two large silver candlesticks; and from you half a dozen robes.

Ter. A considerable demand, my lord; but there is nothing which we wou'd not do to merit your holy protection.

Ani. O you will be rewarded for it an hundred fold: 'tis the best means to gain the favour of the gods: give much, and much you shall receive; but above all fail not, I beseech you, to stir up the people against all the rich and great, who are deficient in paying their vows, and presenting their offerings.

Acr. On that, my lord, you may depend; it is a duty too sacred ever to be neglected by us.

Ani. 'Tis well, my friends; may heaven continue to inspire you with the same just and pious sentiments, and be assur'd you will prosper; you, your children, and your children's children, to all posterity.

Ter. You have said it, my lord, and therefore it must be so.

SCENE II.

ANITUS, DRIXA.

Ani. Well, my dear Drixa, I believe you will have no objection to my marrying Aglae; I shall not love you the less, and we may still live together as we us'd to do.

Dri. O my lord, I am not jealous; as long as trade goes on well, I am contented. Whilst I had the honour of being one of your mistresses, I was a woman of some consequence in Athens: but if you are in love with Aglae, I, in my turn, am as fond of young Sophronimus: and Xantippe, Socrates' wife, has promis'd that he shall marry me. I shall be always, notwithstanding, as much at your service as ever. I am only vex'd that this young fellow has been brought up with that rascal Socrates, and that Aglae is still in his hands. We must take 'em both out as fast as we can. Xantippe will be glad to get rid of them. The beautiful Sophronimus and the fair Aglae have a sad time of it with the surly Socrates.

Ani. I am in great hopes, my dear, that Melitus and I together shall soon be able to destroy this dangerous fellow, who preaches nothing but virtue and divinity, and has taken the liberty to laugh at some certain adventures that happen'd at the mysteries of Ceres: but he is Aglae's tutor: her father, Agathon, they tell me, has left her a great fortune: in short, Aglae is a charming girl; I love her, and I will marry her; and as to Socrates, I shall take care of him.

Dri. Do what you please with Socrates, so I can but get my dear Sophronimus: but how cou'd that fool
Agathon

Agathon leave his daughter in the hands of this old flat-nos'd Socrates, that intolerable reasoner, who corrupts all our young men, and keeps them away from courtezans and the mysteries.

Ani. Agathon himself was tainted with the same vile principles: he was one of your sober serious fools, whose manners differ'd in every respect from ours; a man, in short, of another age, one of our sworn and inveterate enemies, who think they have fulfill'd every duty when they worship God, assist man, cultivate friendships, and study philosophy; one of those ridiculous creatures who insolently deny that the gods prognosticate future events by the liver of an ox; those merciless reasoners, who find fault with priests for sacrificing young girls, or passing a night with them on occasion. These you see, Drixa, are a kind of people not fit to live. As to Socrates, I shou'd have been glad to have had him strangled long ago. However, I have agreed to meet him here in the portico, and talk with him about the marriage.

Dri. Here he comes: you do him too much honour; but I must leave you, and talk to Xantippe about my young man.

Ani. The gods conduct you, my dear Drixa; remember to serve them, and don't forget my two fine Persian carpets.

S C E N E III.

ANITUS, SOCRATES.

Ani. Good morrow, my dear Socrates, thou favourite of the gods, and wisest of men; methinks every time I see you I am rais'd above myself; in you I look up with admiration to the dignity of human nature.

Soc. O my lord, I am a plain simple man, as void of knowledge, and as full of weakness, as any of my fellow-creatures: it is enough for me if you can bear with me.

Ani. Bear with ? I admire you, and wou'd it were possible I cou'd resemble you ! To convince you of it, and that I may oftener be a witness to your virtues, and improve by your instructions, I am willing to espouse your fair pupil Aglae, whom I find you have the intire disposal of.

Soc. It is true indeed that her father Agathon, who was my friend, the dearest of all relations, bequeathed to my care, by his last will, this amiable and virtuous orphan.

Ani. With a considerable fortune no doubt, for I hear she is one of the best matches in Athens.

Soc. With regard to that I can give you no information ; her father, my dearest friend, whose will is ever sacred to me, forbade me to divulge the situation of her affairs in that point.

Ani. This respect and discreet veneration for the last will of your friend are worthy of your noble soul ; but it is well enough known that Agathon was rich.

Soc. He deserved to be so, if riches are a mark of the divine favour.

Ani. They tell me a young coxcomb, named Sophronimus, makes love to her on account of her fortune ; but I am persuaded you will not give encouragement to such a fellow, and that Anitus will have no rival.

Soc. I know in what light I ought to consider a person like you ; but it is not for me to thwart the inclinations of Aglae. I wou'd supply the place of a father to her, but I am not her master : she has a right to dispose of her own heart : I look upon restraint in this case as a crime : talk to her : if she hearkens to your proposal, with all my heart, I have no objection.

Ani. I have your wife's consent already ; without doubt she is acquainted with Aglae's sentiments, and therefore I look upon the affair as good as concluded.

Soc. But I never look upon things as done till they are really so.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

SOCRATES, ANITUS, AGLAE.

Soc. Come hither, Aglae, and determine for yourself. Here is a person of considerable rank, who offers himself to you for a husband: you are at liberty to explain yourself to him: my presence might perhaps be a restraint upon you: whatever choice you make I shall approve: Xantippe will prepare every thing for your nuptials. *[Exit.]*

Agl. Generous Socrates! I am sorry you leave me.

Ani. You seem, charming Aglae, to place great confidence in the good Socrates.

Agl. It is my duty, Sir; he has been a father to me; he has educated and instructed me.

Ani. And pray, my dear, as he has instructed you, tell me what is your opinion of Ceres, Cybele, and Venus?

Agl. Of them, sir, I will think just as you please.

Ani. 'Tis well said, and you will do as I please too then I hope.

Agl. No, sir, that is quite another affair.

Ani. You see, the wise Socrates consents to our marriage, and Xantippe above all things wishes for it. You know my passion for you, and are no stranger to my rank and fortune; my happiness, perhaps your own too, depends on one word, therefore determine.

Agl. I will answer you, sir, with that truth and sincerity which the great man, who just now left us, taught me never to depart from: I respect your dignity, know but little of your person, and, in a word, can never be yours.

Ani. Never? cruel Aglae, are you not free? you will not then?

Agl. No, Sir, I cannot.

Ani. What an affront, what an indignity is this! but 'tis to Socrates I am oblig'd for it: he dictated your answer.

answer, I know he did; he prefers Sophronimus to me, that unworthy rival, that impious—

Agl. Sophronimus is not impious, not unworthy; Socrates has lov'd him from his infancy; he has been a father to us both. Sophronimus is all beauty and all virtue; I love, and am belov'd by him; it is in my power to marry him if I think proper; but I shall no more be his than yours.

Ani. You astonish me: what! own you love Sophronimus?

Agl. Yes, sir, I own it, because it is true.

Ani. And yet, when it is in your power to make yourself happy with him, refuse him your hand?

Agl. That, sir, is no less true.

Ani. Then I suppose your fear of displeasing me prevents your engaging with him?

Agl. No such thing, I assure you: for having never wished to please, I have no fear of displeasing you.

Ani. You dread then perhaps the displeasure of the gods, at seeing you prefer a profane wretch, like Sophronimus, to a high-priest.

Agl. Not in the least. I am persuaded it is matter of very little concern to the supreme being, whether I marry you, or not.

Ani. The supreme being! my dear child, you shou'd not talk in this manner; you shou'd say the gods and goddesses: take care, for I see you entertain some very dangerous opinions; but I know too well from whom they came. Learn then that Ceres, whose priest I am, may punish you for thus despising her worship, and her minister.

Agl. I despise neither one nor the other. I have been told that Ceres presides over the harvest, and I believe it; but she has nothing to do with my marriage.

Ani. She has to do with every thing, you know it; but I hope I shall be able to convert you. Are you indeed resolv'd not to marry Sophronimus?

Agl. Yes; I am resolv'd, and am very sorry for it.

Ani. I cannot understand a word of all these contradictions: but observe me; I love you, wou'd have made you happy, and advanc'd you to rank and digni-

ty: be advis'd, and reject not the offers which kind fortune thus courts you to accept: remember that every thing shou'd be sacrific'd to our real interest; that youth will pass away, but riches remain: that wealth and honours shou'd be your first concern, and that I speak to you on the part of the gods. I beg you will reflect seriously on what I have said: farewell; my dear girl, I shall pray to Ceres that she wou'd inspire you, and still flatter myself she will touch your heart. Once more adieu, remember, you have promis'd me never to marry Sophronimus.

Agl. I promis'd myself, but not you. [*Exit Anitus.*]

Agl. [*alone.*] This man but makes me more unhappy. I know not why it is, but I never see him without shuddering: but here comes Sophronimus: alas! whilst his rival fills my heart with terror, he increases my tenderness and doubles my disquietude.

S C E N E V.

AGLAE, SOPHRONIMUS.

Soph. My dear Aglaë, I met Anitus, the priest of Ceres, that worst of men, the sworn enemy of Socrates, just coming from you: your eyes seem bath'd in tears.

Agl. Is he the enemy of our benefactor too? then indeed I wonder not at my aversion to him, even before he spoke.

Soph. And is he the cause of your tears, my Aglae?

Agl. No, Sophronimus, he can inspire nothing but hatred and disgust: my tears can flow for you alone.

Soph. For me? O gods, for me, who wou'd repay them with my blood, for me, who adore you, who hope to be lov'd by Aglae, who only live for and wou'd die for you? shall I reproach myself with having embitter'd one moment of your life? Aglae weeps, and Sophronimus is the cause. What have I done? what crime have I committed?

Agl. None, my Sophronimus: you cou'd not do it: 'tis not in your nature. I wept because you merit all
my

my tenderness, because you have it, and because I must renounce you.

Soph. What dreadful sentence have you pronounc'd against me? I cannot believe you: you love me, you said you did, and Aglae can never change. You have promised to be mine, you cannot wish my death.

Agl. No; I wou'd have thee live and be happy; but, alas! I cannot make you so: I hoped I cou'd, but fortune has deceiv'd me. I swear to you, Sophronimus, since I cannot be yours, I never will be another's. I have declared so to Anitus, who courts me, and whom I despise; and here I declare the same to you, with a heart full of grief, tenderness, and love.

Soph. Since you love me, I must live; but if you refuse me your hand, it will be death to Sophronimus; therefore, my dearest Aglae, in the name of love, of all your charms, and all your virtues, explain to me this dreadful mystery.

S C E N E VI.

SOCRATES, SOPHRONIMUS, AGLAE.

Soph. O my honour'd master, my father, and my friend, behold in Sophronimus the most unfortunate of men, though in the presence of the only two beings upon earth, who cou'd make me happy: Socrates first taught me wisdom, and from Aglae I learn'd to love; you consented to our marriage, and this beauteous fair one, who seem'd so desirous of it, now refuses me; and, whilst she says she loves, plunges a dagger in my heart: she has broke off the match without assigning any cause of her cruel caprice: O Socrates, prevent my misery, or teach me, if possible, how to bear it.

Soc. Aglae is mistress of herself; her father made me her tutor, but not her tyrant; to see you united wou'd have made me happy: If she has chang'd her mind I am surpris'd and sorry for it: but let us hear her reasons; if they are good, we must submit to them.

Soph. It is impossible they shou'd.

Agl.

Agl. To me however they appear so, but you shall hear them. When you first open'd my father's will, most noble Socrates, you told me he had left me a sufficient competency; from that moment I resolv'd to bestow my fortune on the good Sophronimus, who has no support but you, no riches but his virtue: you applauded my resolution. How great was my happiness, in promoting that of him, whom you have so long regarded as your own son! full of this pleasing hope I laid open the situation of my heart to Xantippe, who at once undeceiv'd me. She treated me as an idle visionary; shew'd me the will of my father, who dy'd a beggar, and left me nothing but your friendship to depend on. Awaken'd from my dream of promis'd happiness, nothing remain'd for me but the melancholy reflection, that it was no longer in my power to make the fortune of Sophronimus: I wou'd not oppress him with the weight of my misfortunes.

Soph. I told you, Socrates, her reasons were poor and insufficient; If she loves me, am I not rich enough? Hitherto, it is true, I have subsisted from your bounty; but there is no employment, however irksome, which I wou'd not undertake, to provide for my dearest Aglae: I ought indeed to make her a sacrifice of my passion, to find out some richer happier lover for her: but I own my weakness, I cannot do it, there I am indeed unworthy of her; but if she cou'd content herself with my low estate, if she cou'd stoop to my humble condition: but I dare not hope so much; I sink beneath a misfortune which her fortitude is able to bear.

Soc. My dear children, it was very indiscreet in Xantippe to shew you the will; but believe me, Aglae, she deceiv'd you.

Agl. Indeed she has not: I saw it with my own eyes: I know my father's hand too well to have the least doubt of it: but be assured, Socrates, I shall be able to bear poverty as I ought: these hands will support me; if I can but live, it is enough for me, but it is not for Sophronimus.

Soph. It is too much, a thousand times too much for me: thou tender noble soul, worthy of thy illustrious master:

master : a virtuous and laborious poverty is the natural state of man. I wish I cou'd have offer'd you a throne, but if you will condescend to live with Sophronimus, our respectable poverty will be superior to the throne of Cræsus.

Soc. Your generous sentiments at once delight and distress me : I behold with transport those virtues buding forth in your heart, which I myself had sown : never were my hopes better fulfilled than in Aglae and Sophronimus : but once more believe me, Aglae, my wife has misinform'd you : you are richer than you think you are : it was not to her, but to me your father entrusted you. May he not have left you a fortune which Xantippe knows nothing of ?

Agl. No, Socrates, he says expressly in his will, that he has left me poor.

Soc. And I tell you that you are deceiv'd, that he has left you a sufficient competency to enable you to live happily with the virtuous Sophronimus, and that I desire therefore you wou'd come, and sign the contract immediately.

S C E N E VII.

SOCRATES, XANTIPPE, AGLAE, SOPHRONIMUS.

Xan. Come, come, child, don't stand amusing yourself there with my husband's visions and nonsense : philosophy to be sure is a mighty pretty thing when folks have nothing else to do : but you are a beggar, child ; and must study how to live first, and philosophise afterwards. I have concluded your marriage with Anitus, a worthy priest, and a man of fortune. Come, child, follow me, let me have no delays nor contradiction ; I love to be obeyed : quick, quick, my dear, 'tis for your good, therefore let me have none of your reasonings, but follow me.

Soph. O heav'n ! my dear Aglae !

Soc.

Soc. Let her talk, and trust to me for your happiness.

Xan. Let me talk indeed ! I shall talk and do too, I assure you. You are a pretty one to be sure, with your wisdom, your familiar dæmon, your irony, and all your nonsense that signifies nothing, to trouble yourself about matrimony : you are a good sort of a man, but you really know nothing of the world ; happy is it for you that I am able to govern you. Come, Aglae, I must settle you as soon as possible : And you, sir, there, that seem as if you were thunderstruck, I have taken care of you too : Drixa is the woman for you : you will both of you thank me by and by : I shall have done it all in a minute : I am very expeditious : let us lose no time therefore, by right it shou'd have been all over before this.

Soc. My children, don't thwart or provoke her, but pay her all kind of deference : we must comply with, since we can't mend, her : it is the triumph of reason to live well with those who have none.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SOCRATES, SOPHRONIMUS.

Soph. Divine Socrates, I know not how to believe my own happiness : how can Aglae, whose father dy'd in extreme poverty, be possess'd of so considerable a fortune ?

Soc. I told you before, she had more than she thought she had : I knew her father's affairs better than herself : let it suffice, that you both enjoy a fortune which you deserve : the secrets of the dead shou'd be preserv'd as religiously as those of the living.

Soph. I am only afraid the priest of Ceres, to whom you have preferr'd Sophronimus, will endeavour to revenge

venge Aglae's refusal upon you : he is a man whom we have reason to dread.

Soc. What has he to fear who does his duty ? I know the malice of my enemies ; I know all their calumnies ; but when we take care never to offend God, and endeavour to do all the good we can to mankind, then is it that we are afraid of nothing, or whilst we live, or when we die.

Soph. I know it well ; yet I shou'd die with grief if the happiness you bestow'd on me shou'd induce your enemies to put your virtue to the trial.

S C E N E II.

SOCRATES, SOPHRONIMUS, AGLAE.

Agl. O my benefactor, my father, let me fall at your feet, thou more than man ; join me, Sophronimus, in mutual acknowledgments ; 'tis he, 'tis Socrates who marries us at his own expence, and gives us best part of his own fortune to support us : but we must not suffer him, we must not be rich on these conditions ; no, if our hearts have any gratitude, let them imitate his generosity.

Soph. O Socrates, with her I throw myself at thy feet ; like her I am charm'd, astonish'd and confounded at thy goodness ; we will not, must not abuse it : look on us as your children, but do not let those children be a burthen to their kind parent ; thy friendship is fortune sufficient, 'tis all that we desire : you are not rich, and yet you do more than all the great ones of the earth ; but were we to accept thy bounties, we shou'd be unworthy of them.

Soc. Rise, my children, you affect me too deeply : are we not bound to respect the will of the dead ? did not your father, Aglae, whom I always consider'd as part of myself, did he not injoin me to treat you as my daughter ? Had I not done so, I had betray'd the confidence of friendship : I took upon me the performance of his will, and I have executed it : the little I bestow on
you

you wou'd have been useless to my old age, which has not many wants to supply. If it was my duty to obey my friend, it is yours to obey your father. I am that father now, and by that sacred name command you not to make me unhappy by your refusal: but retire, I see Xantippe coming this way; I have reasons for desiring you to avoid her at present.

Agl. Your commands are cruel, but they must be obey'd.

S C E N E III.

SOCRATES, XANTIPPE.

Xan. A fine piece of work you have make here; upon my word, my dear husband, I must put a stop to your proceedings. Here had I promis'd Aglae to Anitus the high-priest, a man of interest amongst the great, and Sophronimus to the rich Drixa, a woman of the most extensive influence in the whole nation; and you marry your two fools together, and make me break my word to both: not content with this, you must needs give 'em best part of your fortune too. Twenty thousand drachms! good gods! twenty thousand drachms! an't you asham'd of yourself? at the age of threescore and ten too? Who's to pay your physicians when you are sick? or your lawyers when you have a law-suit? What am I to do, when that villainous wry-neck'd fellow, Anitus, whom you might have had on your side, if he shou'd join his party to persecute you, as they have done so often already? confusion to all philosophy and philosophers I say, and to my own foolish regard for you! You pretend to direct others, and want leading-strings yourself; always reasoning without a grain of common sense. If you were not one of the best men in the world, you wou'd be the most ridiculous and the most insupportable: but mind me, you have only one way left, break off this foolish match, and do what your wife bids you.

Soc.

Soc. You talk well, my dear Xantippe, and with great moderation; but hear what I have to say in return. I did not propose this marriage myself, but Aglae and Sophronimus love and are worthy of each other. I have already made over every thing to you that the laws will allow me, and have given a'most all that remain'd to the daughter of my friend: the little which I keep is enough for me. I have no physician to pay because I live sober; no lawyers because I have neither debts nor reverfions: and with regard to that philosophy you reproach me with, it will teach me to bear the malice of Anitus, and your treatment of me; nay, even to love you, in spite of your ill-humour. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

XANTIPPE alone.

The old fool! and yet, spite of myself, I can't help esteeming him; for after all, there is something great even in his follies: but his coolness and indifference makes me mad. To scold him is but lost labour: for these thirty years past I have been perpetually pecking at him; and when I have tired myself with it, he bids me go on, and I am dumb-founded. Surely there must be something in that soul of his superior to mine.

S C E N E V.

XANTIPPE, DRIXA.

Dri. So, Madam Xantippe, I see you are mistress at home: fye! fye! how mean it is to be govern'd by a husband! this vile Socrates, to prevent my making a young fellow's fortune; but I'll be reveng'd.

Xan. My dear madam Drixa, don't be so angry with my husband, I am angry enough with him myself: he's a poor weak man, I confess; but I verily believe has one
of

of the best hearts in the world ; has not the least degree of malice, and does a thousand foolish things without designing, and with so much honesty, that one can't help forgiving him : then indeed he is as obstinate as a mule : I have done nothing but tease and torment him my whole life ; nay, I have even beat him sometimes, and yet I have never been able to mend him, nay, not so much as to put him into a passion. What can I do with him ?

Dri. I tell you, I'll be reveng'd : under yonder portico I perceive his good friend Anitus, and some more of our party : let me alone with him.

Xan. My god ! I am dreadfully afraid these folks, all together, will do my poor husband some mischief : I must go and tell him of it, for after all one can't help loving him.

S C E N E VI.

ANITUS, DRIXA, TERPANDER, ACROS.

Dri. Most noble Anitus, we have all been wrong'd : you are trick'd as well as myself : this vile Socrates has given away three parts of his fortune on purpose to spite you : you must take ample revenge of him.

Ani. I design it : heaven itself requires it of me : this man treats me with contempt, and of course must despise the gods. Already we have had several accusations against him, we must repeat them, you will all assist me : we will put him in danger of his life, then will I offer him my protection, on condition that he resigns Aglae to me, and to you the beautiful Sophronimus : thus we shall all gain our several points : he will be sufficiently punished by the fright we shall put him into : I shall get my mistress, and you your lover.

Dri. Wisdom herself speaks in Anitus : sure some divinity inspires you : but tell us, how are we to proceed ?

Ani.

Ani. This is about the time when the judges go to the tribunal, with Melitus at the head of them.

Dri. That Melitus is a little pedant, a sad fellow, and your enemy.

Ani. He is so; but he is still a greater enemy to Socrates; 'tis a rascally hypocrite who supports the rights of the areopagus against me: but we always hold together when our mutual interest and business is to destroy these pretended wise men, who want to open the eyes of people on our conduct: harkee, my dear Drixa, you are a devotee.

Dri. Certainly, my lord, I love money, and I love pleasure with all my soul; but in matters of devotion I yield to none.

Ani. Go then immediately, and get together as many bawling enthusiasts as you can, and cry out, impiety! impiety!

Ter. Is there any thing to be got by it; if there is, we are all ready?

Acr. Ay, ay, that we are; but what sort of impiety?

Ani. O every kind: however, we had best accuse him at once of not believing in the gods; that's the shortest way.

Dri. O let me alone then.

Ani. You shall be well supported; go, and stir up your friends under the portico: I'll inform mean time some of my news-loving friends of it, who come frequently to dine with me, a parcel of contemptible fellows they are to be sure, but such as, if properly directed, can do a good deal of mischief on occasion: we must make use of every expedient to promote a good cause: away, my friends, recommend yourselves to Ceres, and be ready to cry out when I give you the signal: 'tis the only way for you to live happy here, and gain heaven hereafter.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

ANITUS, GRAPHIUS, CHOMUS, BERTILLUS.

Ani. Most indefatigable Graphius, profound Chomus, and delicate Bertillus, have you finish'd those little works as I commanded you against the impious Socrates?

Gra. My lord, I have labour'd : he'll never hold up his head again.

Cho. I have prov'd the fact against him ; struck him dumb.

Ber. I have only mention'd him in my journal, and it has done for him.

Ani. Graphius, beware, you know I forbid your prolixity : you are naturally tedious, and that may wear out the patience of the court.

Gra. My lord, 'tis all in one leaf : wherein I have proved, that the soul is an infused quintessence ; that tails were given to animals to drive away flies ; that Ceres works miracles ; and consequently, that Socrates is an enemy to the state, and ought to be exterminated.

Ani. A most excellent conclusion ! remember to carry your accusation to the second judge, who is a complete philosopher. I'll answer for it, you'll soon get rid of your enemy Socrates.

Gra. My lord, I am not his enemy : I am only vex'd that he has so great a reputation : all that I do is for the glory of Ceres, and the good of my country.

Ani. Well, well, make haste and be gone : and you, learned Chomus, what have you done ?

Cho. My lord, finding nothing reprehensible in the writings of Socrates, I shall accuse him point blank of thinking directly opposite to what he says, and shall shew the poison he intends to spread in every thing he is to say hereafter.

Ani. Wonderful indeed ! carry your piece to the fourth judge : he has not common-sense, and therefore will understand you perfectly : now for you, Bertillus.

Ber.

Ber. My lord, here is my last journal upon the Chaos. I have proved, by a regular series from the Chaos to the Olympics, that Socrates perverts the youth of Athens.

Ani. Admirable ! go you from me to the seventh judge, and tell him I desire he'd take care of Socrates ; so ; here comes Melitus already, the first of the eleven ; there's no necessity of practising any art with him, we know one another too well.

S C E N E VIII.

ANITUS, MELITUS.

Ani. Mr. Judge, one word with you : this Socrates must be destroyed.

Mel. Indeed, Mr. High-priest, I have long thought so : let us agree in this point ; we may quarrel, you know, notwithstanding, about every thing else.

Ani. I know we hate one another most cordially : but at the same time we may lay our heads together to govern the commonwealth.

Mel. With all my heart, no body can overhear us : therefore, to speak freely, I know you are a rogue, and you don't look upon me as a very honest man : I can't hurt you, because you are high-priest, nor you me, because I am first judge ; but Socrates may do us both a mischief, by exposing us to the world ; our first business, therefore, is to destroy him, and then we may be at leisure to fall upon one another the first opportunity.

Ani. [*Aside.*] 'Tis well observ'd : how I cou'd rejoice now to see this rascally judge upon an altar, his arms hanging on one side and his legs on the other, whilst I with my golden knife was ripping up his guts and consulting his liver at leisure !

Mel. [*Aside.*] Shall I never be able to send this villainous high-priest to gaol, and make him swallow a pint of hemlock by my command ?

Ani. O my friend, here come our noble assistants. I have taken care to prepare the populace.

Mel.

Mel. Very well, my dear friend, you may depend upon me in this affair, not forgetting old scores.

S C E N E IX.

ANITUS, MELITUS, some of the Judges of Athens passing along under the portico.

Anitus whispers Melitus.

DRIXA, TERPANDER, and ACROS together.

Justice, justice, scandal, impiety, justice, justice, irreligion, impiety, justice!

Ani. What's the matter, my friends? what's your complaint?

DRIXA, TERPANDER, and ACROS.

Justice! in the name of the people.

Mel. Against whom?

DRIXA, TERPANDER, and ACROS.

Against Socrates.

Mel. Ha! ha! against Socrates? that fellow has been often accused: what has he done now?

Acr. I don't know what.

Ter. They say he gives money to young girls in marriage.

Acr. Ay, he corrupts our youth.

Dri. O he's a wicked wretch: he has offer'd up no cakes to Ceres; he says there is a great deal of useless gold and silver in the temple.

Acr. Ay, and he says the priests of Ceres get drunk sometimes; that's true; he's a wicked wretch indeed.

Dri. He's a heretic; he denies the plurality of gods; he's a deist: he believes only in one God; he's an atheist.

All three together.

Yes; he's a heretic, a deist, and an atheist.

Mel. Dreadful accusations indeed, and all extremely probable: I have heard as much before.

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C

Ani.

Mel.

Ani. The state is in danger if we leave such crimes unpunish'd: Minerva will withdraw her protection from us.

Dri. Ay, that she will, I have heard him laugh at Minerva's owl.

Mel. At Minerva's owl! O heav'n! gentlemen, is not it your opinion he ought to be sent to prison immediately?

The Judges all together.

To prison with him, to prison.

Mel. Guards, carry Socrates to prison this instant.

Dri. And afterwards let him be burn'd without a hearing.

One of the Judges. No, no; we must hear him; we must not go against the law.

Ani. No, no; that's what the good woman meant: we must hear him, but not let what he says have too much effect on us; you know these philosophers are * devilish subtle: 'tis they who have disturb'd all those nations which we have endeavour'd to render peaceable and quier.

Mel. To prison with him, to prison.

S C E N E X.

To them enter XANTIPPE, SOPHRONIMUS, AGLAE, SOCRATES in chains, Servants.

Xan. O mercy, mercy, my poor husband is going to prison; an't you ashamed, Mr. Judges, to treat a man of his years in this manner? What harm could he do? Alas! it is not in his power, † he is more fool

* The reader will observe, that Mr. Voltaire has made use of two or three phrases that wou'd come with more propriety from the mouth of a French catholic, than a heathen priest; such as *gagner le ciel*, *Heretique* and *Diabolique*; and some other terms which the Greeks were probably not very well acquainted with.

† La Fontaine's servant, it is reported, said the same thing of her master. It is not Mr. Thomson's fault if Xantippe said the same thing

fool than knave, God knows; have pity on him, good gentlemen. O my dear, I told you you wou'd draw yourself into some bad affair. This comes of portioning young girls. What an unhappy creature I am!

Soph. O my lords, respect his age, respect his virtue; give me his chains! I am ready to yield up my liberty, my life for his.

Agl. Yes; we will go to prison in his stead; we will die for him: do not destroy the noblest, best of men: take us rather for your victims.

Mel. You see how he corrupts our youth.

Soc. No more, my wife, no more, my children; do not oppose the will of heaven, which speaks by the laws: he who resists the law, is no longer a citizen. God wills that I shou'd be put in bondage; I submit to his divine decree without murmur, or repining. In my own house, in Athens, or in a prison, I am equally free; and whilst I behold in you so much gratitude, and so much friendship, I am happy. What matters it whether Socrates sleeps in his own chamber, or in a prison? Every thing is as the supreme will ordains, and my will shou'd submit to it.

Mel. Take away this reasoner.

Ani. Gentlemen, what he says I must own has affected me; the man seems to have a good disposition; I flatter myself I shou'd be able to convert him; let me have a little private conversation with him; please to order his wife and these young folks to retire.

One of the Judges.

Most venerable Anitus, you have our consent to parley with him before he appears at the tribunal.

C 2

SCENE

thing before her. Mr. Thomson painted Xantippe as she really was: he was not oblig'd to make a Cornelia of her.

S C E N E XI.

ANITUS, SOCRATES.

Ani. Most virtuous Socrates, my heart bleeds to see you in this condition.

Soc. And have you a heart?

Ani. I have, and one that feels for you: I am ready to do every thing for you.

Soc. I think you have done enough already.

Ani. Harke'e, Socrates, your situation is worse than you think it is; let me tell you, your life is in danger.

Soc. This is of very little consequence.

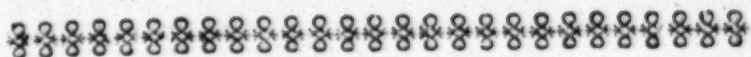
Ani. To your noble soul it may appear so, but it is otherwise in the eyes of all those who, like me, admire your virtue: believe me, however you may be arm'd by philosophy, it is dreadful to die a death of ignominy: but that is not all; your reputation, which shou'd be dear to you, will be sullied in after ages: the religious of both sexes will laugh at your fall, and insult you: if you are burn'd, they'll light the pile; if you're strangled, they'll tie the cord; if you're poison'd, they'll pound the hemlock; and not only that, but they'll make your memory execrable to all posterity. Now it is in your own power to prevent all this: I will promise not only to save your life, but even to persuade your judges to say with the oracle, that you are the wisest of men: you have nothing to do but to give me up your young pupil, Aglæ, with the portion; you understand me: as to her marriage with Sophronimus, we shall find means to set it aside: thus you will enjoy a peaceful and honourable old age, and the gods and goddesses will bless you.

Soc. Soldiers, conduct me to prison immediately.

[*He is carry'd off.*]

Ani. This fellow is incorrigible; but it's not my fault; I have done my duty, and have nothing to reproach myself with: he must be abandon'd as a reprobate, and left to die in his sins.

END of the SECOND ACT.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Judges seated on the Tribunal.

SOCRATES below.

Judge. **Y**OU shou'd not sit here, you are priest of Ceres. [To Anitus.]

Ani. I am only here for edification.

Mel. Silence there: Socrates, you are accused of being a bad citizen, of corrupting youth, of denying a plurality of gods, of being a heretic, deist, and atheist: answer to the charge.

Soc. Judges of Athens, I exhort you all to be as good citizens as I have always myself endeavour'd to be: to shed your blood for your country, as I have done in many a battle: with regard to youth, guide them by your counsels, and, above all, direct them by your example; teach them to love true virtue, and to avoid the miserable philosophy of the schools: the article concerning a plurality of gods is a little more difficult to discuss, but hear what I have to say upon it. Know then, ye judges of Athens, there is but one God.

Mel. and another Judge.] O the impious wretch!

Soc. I say, there is but one God, in his nature infinite, nor can any being partake of his infinity. Turn your eyes towards the celestial globes, to the earth and seas; all correspond together, all are made one for the other: each being is intimately connected with other beings, all form'd with one design, by one great architect, one only matter, and preserver: perhaps he hath deigned to create genii, and dæmons, more powerful and more wise than men; if such exist, they are creatures like you, his first subjects, not gods: but nothing in nature proves to us that they do exist, whilst all nature speaks one God and one father: this God

hath no need of Mercury and Iris to deliver his commands to us: he hath only to will, and that is enough. If by Minerva you understand no more than the wisdom of God; if by Neptune you only mean his immutable laws, which raise or depress the sea, you may still reverence Neptune and Minerva, provided that under these emblems you adore none but the supreme being, and that the people are not deceiv'd by you into false opinions.

Be careful above all not to turn religion into metaphysics, its essence is morality: dispute not, but worship. If our ancestors believ'd that the supreme God came down into the arms of Alcmena, Danae, and Semele, and had children by them, our ancestors imagin'd dangerous and idle fables. 'Tis an insult on the divinity to conceive that he cou'd possibly, in any manner whatsoever, commit with woman the crime which we call adultery. It is a discouragement to the rest of mankind to say, that, to be a great man, it is necessary to be produced from the mysterious union of Jupiter and one of our own wives and daughters. Miltiades, Cimon, Themistocles, and Aristides, whom you persecuted, were perhaps much greater than Perseus, Hercules, or Bacchus. The only way to become the children of God, is to endeavour to please him. Deserve therefore that title, by never passing an unjust sentence.

Mel. What insolence! what blasphemy!

Another judge.

What absurdities! one can't tell what he means.

Mel. Socrates, you are always too fond of argument: answer briefly, and with precision: did you, or did you not, laugh at Minerva's owl?

Soc. Judges of Athens, take care of your owls; when you propose ridiculous things as objects of belief; too many are apt to resolve that they will believe nothing: they have sense enough to find out that your doctrine is absurd, though they have not elevation of mind sufficient to discover the law of truth; they know how to laugh at your little deceits, but not to adore the first of beings, the one incomprehensible, incommunicable

nicable being, the eternal, all-just, and all powerful God.

Mel. O the blasphemer! the monster! he has said too much already: I condemn him to death.

Many of the Judges.] And so do we.

One of the Judges.] Several of us are of another opinion; Socrates has spoken wisely; we believe men would be more wise and just if they thought like him: for my part, far from condemning him, I think he ought to be rewarded.

Many of the Judges.] We think so too.

Mel. The opinions seem to be divided.

Ani. Gentlemen of the areopagus, permit me to interrogate him a little. Do you believe, Socrates, that the sun turns round, and that the areopagus acts by divine right?

Soc. You have no authority to ask any questions, but I have authority to teach you what you are ignorant of: it is of little importance to society, whether the sun or the earth turns round, but it is of the utmost consequence, whether the men who turn with them be just or unjust: virtue only acts from the right divine, and you and the areopagus have no rights but those which your country has bestowed on you.

Ani. Illustrious and most equitable judges, let Socrates retire. [*Melitus makes a sign, Socrates is carried out.*]

Ani. [*proceeds.*] Most august areopagus instituted by heaven, you hear what he says: this dangerous fellow denies that the sun turns round, and that you act by right divine: if these opinions prevail, adieu to magistracy, and adieu to the sun: you are no longer judges appointed by Minerva; you will become accountable for your proceedings; you must no longer determine but according to the laws; and if you once depend on the laws, you are undone: punish rebellion therefore; revenge earth and heaven: I am going: dread you the anger of the gods if Socrates is permitted to live.

[*Anitus goes out, and the Judges demur.*]

One of the Judges.] I don't care to quarrel with Anitus; he is a dangerous man to offend. If he troubled himself with the gods only it would not signify.

Another Judge to his brother sitting near him.

Between you and me, Socrates is in the right ; but then he should not be in the right so publicly. I care no more for Ceres and Neptune than he does ; but he should not speak out to the whole areopagus what he ought to have whispered : yet after all, what is there in poisoning a philosopher, especially when he is old and ugly ?

Another Judge.] If there be any injustice in condemning Socrates, it is Anitus's business and not mine : I lay it all upon his conscience : besides, it grows late, we lose our time ; let us talk no more about it : to death with him.

Another.] Ay, ay, they say he's an heretic, and an atheist ; to death with him.

Mel. Call Socrates.

[He is brought in.]

Blessed be the gods, the plurality of voices is for death ; Socrates, the gods by us condemn you to drink hemlock.

Soc. We are all mortal : nature condemns you also to death in a short time, probably you may meet with a more unhappy end than mine : the distempers which bring on death are much more painful than a cup of hemlock. I thank those amongst my judges who pleaded in favour of innocence ; for the rest, they have my pity.

One of the Judges going out.] Certainly this man deserves a pension from the state, rather than a cup of poison.

Another Judge.] I think so too ; but why would he quarrel with a priest of Ceres ?

Another.] After all, it is best to get rid of a philosopher : those fellows have always a certain fierceness of spirit which should be damp'd a little.

Another.] One word with you, gentlemen : would not it be right, whilst our hand is in, to make an end of all the geometricians, who pretend that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones ? they are a mighty scandal to the foolish people that read their works.

Another

Another.] Ay, ay, we'll hang 'em all the next session, * let's go to dinner.

S C E N E II.

S O C R A T E S alone.

I have been long prepar'd for death; all I fear at present is, that my wife Xantippe will be troubling me in my last moments, and interrupt me in the sweet employment of recollecting my soul, and preparing myself for eternity: I ought to busy myself only in the contemplation of that supreme being, before whom I am soon to appear: but here she comes; I must be resign'd to all things.

S C E N E III.

S O C R A T E S, X A N T I P P E, with the Disciples of Socrates.

Xan. Well, my poor man, what have these gentlemen of the law concluded on? have they fined you, are you banished or acquitted? my God! how uneasy have I been about you! pray take care this don't happen a second time.

Soc. No, my dear, this will not happen a second time, I'll answer for it; give yourself no uneasiness about any thing. My dear disciples, my friends, welcome.

C R I T O at the head of his disciples.

You see us, beloved Socrates, no less concerned for you than Xantippe; we have gained permission of the judges to visit you; just heaven! must we behold Socrates in chains! permit us to kiss those bonds which

C 5

reflect

* In the sixth century a parallel circumstance actually happen'd and one of the judges made use of those very words, "to death with him, and let's go to dinner."

reflect shame on Athens. How could Anitus and his friends reduce you to this condition ;

Soc. Let us think no more of these trifles, my friends, but continue the examination we were making yesterday into the soul's immortality. We observ'd, I remember, that nothing could be more probable, or at the same time more full of comfort and satisfaction, than this sweet idea ; in fact, matter we know changes, but perishes not ; why then should the soul perish ? can it be that, rais'd as we are to the knowledge of a God through the veil of this mortal body, we shou'd cease to know him when that veil is removed ? no, as we think now, we must always think ; thought is the very essence of man ; and this being must appear before a just God, who will recompence virtue, punish vice, and pardon weakness and error.

Xan. Nobly said : but what does this fellow here with his cup ?

Enter the Gaoler, or Executioner of the Eleven, carrying a cup of Hemlock.

Gao. Here, Socrates, the senate have sent you this.

Xan. Thou vile poisoner of the common-wealth, wou'd you kill my husband before my face ? monster, I'll tear you to pieces.

Soc. My dear friend, I ask your pardon for my wife's rude behaviour : she has scolded me all her life ; she only treats you as she does her husband ; excuse her impertinence : give me the cup. [*He takes the Cup.*

One of the Disciples.] O divine Socrates ! why may not we take that poison for you ? horrible injustice ! shall the guilty thus condemn the innocent, and fools destroy the wise ? You go then to death !

Soc. No, my friends, to life : this is the cup of immortality : it is not this perishable body that has loved, and instructed you ; it is my soul alone that has lived with you, and that shall love you for ever.

[*He is going to drink.*

Gao. I must take off your fetters first ; 'tis always done.

Soc. Do it then, I beg you. [*He scratches his leg.*

One of the Disciples.] You smile !

Soc.

Soc. I smile at the reflection, that pleasure shou'd arise from pain: thus it is that eternal felicity shall spring from the * miseries of this life. [*Drinks the poison.*]

Cri. Alas! what have you done?

Xan. Ay, for a thousand ridiculous discourses of this kind the poor man has lost his life: indeed, my dear, you will break my heart; I cou'd strangle all the judges with my own hands. I did use to scold you indeed, but I always lov'd you notwithstanding; these polite well-bred gentlemen have put you to death: O my dear, dear husband!

Soc. Be calm, my good Xantippe; weep not, my friends; it becomes not the disciples of Socrates to shed tears.

Cri. How can we avoid it on so dreadful an occasion? this legal murder!

Soc. Thus it is that men will often behave to the worshippers of one true God, and the enemies of superstition.

Cri. And must Socrates be one of those unhappy victims?

Soc. 'Tis noble to be the victim of the deity: I die contented. I wish indeed that, to the satisfaction of seeing you, my friends, I cou'd have added the happiness of embracing Sophronimus and Aglae: I wonder they are not here: they wou'd have made my last moments more welcome.

Cri. Alas! they know not that you have already undergone the judges dreadful sentence: they have been talking to the people, and praising those magistrates who wou'd have acquitted you. Aglae has laid open the guilt of Anitus, and publish'd his shame and dishonour: they perhaps might have saved your life: O
dear

* I have taken the liberty here to retrench two whole pages of a fine sermon by Socrates: this common-place morality is extremely tiresome: those honest gentlemen, who are of opinion that Socrates shou'd have talk'd a long time on this occasion, are strangers both to the theatre, and the human heart.

Semper ad eventum festinat.

This is the great rule which Mr. Thomson carefully observ'd.

dear Socrates, why wou'd you thus precipitate your fate?

S C E N E the L A S T.

To them enter AGLAE, SOPHRONIMUS.

Agl. Divine Socrates, be not afraid : be comforted, Xantippe : worthy disciples of Socrates, do not weep.

Soph. Your enemies are confounded : the people rise in your defence.

Agl. We have been talking to them ; we have laid open the intrigues and jealousy of the wicked Anitus : it was my duty to demand justice for his crime, as I was the cause of it.

Soph. Anitus hath sav'd himself by flight from the rage of the people : he and his accomplices are pursued : solemn thanks have been given to those judges who appear'd in your favor : the people are now at the gates of the prison, and wait to conduct you home in triumph.

Xan. Alas ! 'tis lost labour !

One of the Disciples.] O Socrates, why wou'd you so hastily obey ?

Agl. Live, dear Socrates, the benefactor of your country, the model of future ages ; O live for the general happiness of mankind !

Cri. Ye noble pair, my virtuous friends, it is too late.

Xan. You stay'd too long.

Agl. Alas ! too late ! what mean you ? just heav'n !

Soph. Has he then already drank the fatal draught ?

Soc. Sweet Aglae, and dear Sophronimus, the law ordain'd that I shou'd take the poison : I obey'd the law, unjust as it is, because it oppress'd myself alone : had the injustice been done to another, I wou'd have resisted it. I go to death, but the example of friendship which you give the world, and your nobleness of soul shall never perish : your virtue is greater, much greater, than the guilt of those who accus'd me. I bless
that

that fate which the world may call misfortune, because it hath set in the fairest light of the goodness of your hearts. My dear Xantippe, be happy; and remember, that to be so, you must curb your impetuous temper. My beloved disciples, listen always to the voice of that philosophy which will teach you to despise your persecutors, and pity human weakness: and you, my daughter Aglae, and my son Sophronimus, be always what you now are.

Agl. How wretched are we that we cannot die for you!

Soc. Your lives are valuable, mine wou'd have been useless: take my tender last farewell; the doors of eternity are open to receive me.

Xan. He was a great man! O I will rouse up the whole nation.

Soph. May we raise up temples to Socrates, if ever mortal man deserv'd it!

Cri. At least may his wisdom teach mankind, that temples shou'd be rais'd to God alone!

END of the THIRD and LAST ACT.





A L Z I R A:

OR, THE

A M E R I C A N S.

A

T R A G E D Y.

Represented *Jan.* 27, 1736.





L E T T E R

T O T H E

MARCHIONESS of CHASTELLET.

MADAM,

HOW contemptible a present for the marchioness of *Chastellet*, is one of these pieces of poetry, which owing all their merit to the transitory favour of the public, and theatrical delusion, are written but for a day, and soon sink into oblivion! What indeed is a novel put into verse, and represented on the stage, to one who reads works of Geometry with as much ease as others read Romances; to her who finds in *Locke*, that great preceptor of mankind, nothing but her own opinion and the history of her own thoughts; what can it be, in short, to one who, born to enjoy the pleasures of life, quits them all for the sake of truth?

But the greatest genius, madam, and doubtless the most desirable, is he who excludes none of the fine arts, they all improve and delight the mind; is there one of them therefore we shou'd wish to deprive ourselves of? happy are those few whom Philosophy doth not sower, nor the Belles-Lettres enervate: who can learn fortitude of *Locke*, and acquire knowledge from *Clark* and *Newton*, improve and exalt their minds by the study of *Cicero* and *Bossuet* and adorn them with the charms of *Virgil* and *Tasso*!

Such is the marchioness of *Chastellet*: I am not afraid, madam, to say this, tho' I know you are unwilling

ling to hear it. Your example shou'd teach those of the same sex, and the same rank, that the noblest may become more noble by the improvement of their reason, and that wit and sense give new charms to beauty. There was a time in *France*, and indeed in every part of *Europe*, when both men and women thought learning unbecoming, and that to search for knowledge and instruction, was going out of their sphere; the former thought themselves born only for war, or idleness; the latter for nothing but coquetry.

The ridicule which *Moliere* and *Despreaux* threw on learned women, seem'd to justify in a more refined age the prejudices of barbarism; but *Moliere*, that great legislator in morality and decorum, certainly never meant by his attack on learned women, to laugh at wit and wisdom; he only satiriz'd the abuse and affectation of them, in like manner as in his *Tartuffe* he censured hypocrisy and not virtue.

If instead of writing a satire on the sex, the exact, solid, laborious, and elegant *Despreaux*, had consulted some of the most sensible women about the court, he wou'd have added to the art and merit of his highly-finish'd works, a grace and beauty which wou'd have made them infinitely more agreeable; in vain does he endeavour to ridicule a lady for learning Astronomy, he had better have learn'd it himself.

Philosophy has made such a progress in *France* within these forty years past, that, were *Boileau* now living, he who took the liberty to laugh at a woman of the first rank, because she was privately visited by *Roberval* and *Sauveur*, wou'd now be oblig'd to respect and to imitate those who publicly receive instructions from our *Maupertuis*, *Reaumurs*, *Mairans*, *Dufays*, and *Clairauts*, from all those truly learned men, who teach a most useful science, and who, by rendering it pleasant and agreeable, make it insensibly necessary to this nation. I will venture to say, we live at a time when a Poet must be a Philosopher, and a woman may safely be one.

In the beginning of the last age, the *French* learn'd only to range their words: at length the age of things is arriv'd: she who formerly read *Montagne*, the *Astræa*,
and

and the *Tales of the Queen of Navarre*, was called a learned woman. *Desboullicres* and *Dacier*, both excellent in their several ways, appear'd some time after; but your sex has receiv'd yet more honour from those who had taste enough to relish that charming book, the *Plurality of Worlds*, and *Dialogues on Light*, a work perhaps not inferior to the other.

It is true indeed, that a woman who should neglect the duties of her family and station to cultivate the sciences would be blameable, even though she made the most considerable progress in them; but the same spirit that leads to the knowledge of truth, will instruct us in the performance of every duty. The queen of *England*, wife of *George II.* who was mediatrix between the two greatest metaphysicians in *Europe*, *Clark* and *Leibnitz*, and who was able to determine the merits of them both, never on that account neglected for a moment the duties of a queen, a mother, and a wife. *Christina*, who quitted the throne for the polite arts, was ranked amongst the greatest sovereigns whilst she held the reins of empire; and has not the grand-daughter of the immortal *Condé*, in whom we see reviv'd the spirit of her grand-father, added new dignity to the blood from whence she sprang?

You, madam, whose name deserves to be plac'd with theirs, have done the same honour to literature, by cultivating every part of it, which is your constant employment, at a time of life generally dedicated to pleasures of another kind. You have done still more; you conceal this extraordinary merit with as much care and assiduity as you acquir'd it: continue, madam, to cultivate the sciences, whilst that bright flame which you in vain endeavour to hide will break forth in spite of yourself. Shou'd those who have long dispens'd their favours in secret renounce their charity, when it is become public? Why blush at your own merit? a mind adorn'd like yours is a new empire, the arts are ever ambitious of the sovereign's protection; to have beauty for their patroness is still more serviceable.

Permit

Permit me to add, that one reason why we shou'd esteem women of letters is, that they read and study from taste and inclination only; they consider it as an addition to their pleasures, and in that they are certainly commendable: whilst, with regard to us men, we must acknowledge, that it is often from vanity, or interest, that we spend our lives in the improvement of arts: we make them but the instruments to advance our fortune, which is a kind of profanation. I am sorry to hear *Horace* say to himself, * *Poverty made me a Poet*. The rust of envy, the artifice of intrigue, the poison of calumny, the assassination of satire, (if I may venture to call it so) dishonour and disgrace a profession which of itself hath something in it almost divine.

For me, madam, led by an invincible inclination to the arts from my earliest years, I always admir'd those words which I have often repeated to you, of *Cicero*, the father of his country, of liberty and of eloquence, "Letters are the instruction of youth, and the delight of old age; an ornament in prosperity, in adversity a comfort and a relief; at home always agreeable, abroad never troublesome, in town or country, night and day; at every hour, and in every place, they are the truest happiness in life." †

I have always lov'd them for their own sakes, but now I cultivate them for yours, madam, that I may deserve, if possible, the happiness of spending the remainder of my life with you in retirement, in the bosom of peace, and in the search of that truth for which you, in the bloom of youth, have sacrificed all the false enchanting pleasures of the world, that I may one day, in short, have it in my power to say with *Lucretius*,
that

* —paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem.

HOR. Epist. lib. 2. v. 51.

† *Hæc Studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium, ac solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*

that poet and philosopher, whose beauties and whose faults you are so well acquainted with.

*——'Tis pleasant to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war ;
But much more sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd ;
From thence to look below on human kind
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind.

}

I will add nothing to this long epistle concerning the tragedy, which I have the honour to dedicate to you ; how indeed, madam, can I speak of that, after having talk'd of you ? All I can say is, that it was written in your house, and under your eye : I have endeavor'd to make it less unworthy of you by novelty, truth, and virtue, by setting forth that generous way of thinking, that humanity, that nobleness of soul, which is always pardoning evil, and doing good ; those sentiments so strongly recommended by the sages of antiquity, refined and improved by our own holy religion, those true laws of nature, for the most part so seldom obey'd ; you have corrected many faults in this piece, and know but too well how many still remain in it ; may the public, whose severity will be proportion'd to its former indulgence, be as favourable to my errors as you have been !

† May the work which I dedicate to you at least boast of longer life than the rest of my performances !
were

* Sed nil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena ;
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre,
Errare, atque viam palantes quærere vitæ ;
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate ;
Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.
O miseras hominum mentes ! O pectora cæca !

LUCRET. L. 2. line 7.

† All this was not merely an idle compliment, like most epistles dedicatory. The author did actually pass twenty years of his

were it worthy of her to whom it is address'd, it would be immortal.

I am, madam, with the profoundest respect, &c.

his life with this celebrated lady, in the study of Philosophy and the Belles-Lettres; and whilst she lived he would by no means leave her, though invited by a king, as appears by several letters printed in the second volume of this edition.

P R E.





P R E F A C E.

THIS Tragedy, the fable of which is invented, and almost of a new species, was written with a view of shewing how far superior the spirit of true religion is to the light of nature. The religion of a barbarian consists in offering up to his gods the blood of his enemies; a Christian badly instructed has seldom much more humanity: to be a strict observer of some unnecessary rites and ceremonies, and at the same time deficient in the most essential duties, to say certain prayers at particular times, and carefully to conceal his vices; this is his religion: that of a true Christian, is to look upon all mankind as his brethren, to do them all the good in his power, and pardon their offences: such is *Guzman* at the hour of death, and *Alvarez* during the whole course of his life; such a man was Henry IV. as I have described him, even with all his foibles: in every part of my writings I have endeavoured to enforce that humanity which ought to be the distinguishing characteristic of a thinking being: the reader will always find in them (if I may venture to say so much of my own works) a desire to promote the happiness of all men, and an abhorrence of injustice and oppression: it is this, and this alone, which hath hitherto saved them from that obscurity to which their many imperfections would otherwise long since have condemned them: it was this which supported the *Henriade*, in spite of all the efforts of some jealous Frenchmen, who were resolved absolutely to deny that France could ever be capable of producing an epic poem: but there are always a few readers who will not suffer their judgments to be tainted by the poison of cabals and intrigues; who love truth alone, and always look for the man in the author, with whom
I found

I found favour: to these few unprejudiced judges I beg leave to address the following reflections, and hope they will forgive that necessity which obliges me to make them.

A stranger at Paris was greatly astonished the other day at meeting with a heap of libels of various kinds, and a cruel combination against a poor man that grievously oppressed him: certainly, said he, this man must have been very ambitious, must have endeavoured to raise himself to some of those exalted posts that stir up the envy of mankind. No, it was replied, he is nothing but an obscure retired citizen, who keeps company with *Virgil* and *Locke* more than any of his countrymen, whose very person is as little known to some of his enemies, as to the graver who pretended to engrave his picture: he is the author of some pieces that have drawn tears from your eyes; of some performances, in which, in spite of all their faults, you admire that love of humanity, justice, and liberty, which reigns through every one of them: those who calumniate him are, for the most part, men even more obscure than himself, who quarrel with him only for a little idle breath of fame, and who will persecute him as long as he lives, only because he has given you pleasure. The stranger was touched with indignation against the persecutors, and felt some pity for the unhappy man who was thus persecuted.

It is hard indeed, that we cannot obtain that of our own countrymen and cotemporaries, which we have reason to expect from strangers and from posterity: very cruel, and at the same time very disgraceful it is to human wit, that literature should be infected with these personal animosities, these cabals and intrigues, which the slaves of fortune alone shou'd be tormented with. What do authors get by tearing one another to pieces? they bring contempt and ignominy on a profession, which, but for themselves, wou'd always be respectable: how melancholy a consideration is it to reflect, that the art of thinking, the noblest privilege of mankind, shou'd become the source of ridicule; and that men of wit, who often by their quarrels make themselves the jest of fools,

fools, shou'd only be the buffoons of the public, when they ought to be the masters of it?

Virgil, Varius, Pollio, Horace and *Tibullus* were friends; the monuments of their friendship still subsist, to teach mankind that great minds shou'd always be united. If we cannot attain to the excellency of their genius, may we not at least imitate their virtues? Those illustrious men, on whom the eyes of the whole universe were fixed, who contended for the admiration of *Asia, Africa,* and *Europe*, lov'd one another notwithstanding, and liv'd together as brethren; whilst we, confined as we are within this narrow theatre, we whose names, scarce known in one obscure corner of the world, will soon pass away like our fashions, and be heard of no more, quarrel and fight with each other for a flash of fame, that is scarce seen by a creature beyond our own little horizon. We live as it were in a time of general famine, and prey upon one another. *Virgil* and *Horace* had no dissensions, because they liv'd in a land of plenty.

I have seen a book, entituled, *de morbis artificum*, on the *diseases* of *artists*: the most incurable of them all is this meanness and jealousy; but the worst of all is, that interest has often a greater share even than envy in these little satirical pamphlets, with which we are so over-run. It is not long ago since a fellow, who had wrote an infamous libel against his friend and benefactor, being ask'd how he cou'd be guilty of so much ingratitude, reply'd with all the indifference in the world, † I must live.

Whatever may be the cause of this shameful practice, certain it is, that when a man is attack'd, merely on account of his writings, he shou'd by no means think of answering the criticisms; for if they are justly founded, he has nothing to do but to correct his works; and if they are not, they will perish as soon as they are born. Let us call to mind the fable of *Boccalini*. "A traveller, says he, was disturb'd in his journey by the noise of grasshoppers; he stopp'd with a resolution to destroy
 Vol. XXIV. D " them

† This answer was made by the Abbè des Fontaines to the count D'Argenson, secretary of state for military affairs.

“ them all, but to no purpose, it only led him out of his
 “ way : he ought to have proceeded peaceably on his
 “ journey, the grasshoppers wou’d all have died of them-
 “ selves in a week’s time.”

The author shou’d always forget himself, the man never ; *seipsum deferere turpissimum est*. Those who have not wit enough to attack our works, will often calumniate our persons ; and as foolish as it may be to answer them in some ways, it may be still more foolish not to answer them at all.

I have been abused in twenty libels as a man who had no religion ; and one of the excellent proofs brought in support of it is, that, in Oedipus, Jocasta speaks thus :

These priests are not what the vile rabble think them,
 Their knowledge springs from our credulity.

They who rais’d this calumny against me, are at least as reasonable as those who asserted in print, that the HENRIADE, in several parts of it, *savour’d* of the *Semi-pelagian*. This charge of irreligion is frequently reiterated against me, because it is the last resource of calumny. How am I to answer, or how am I to make myself easy under all this, but by calling to mind all those great men, from *Socrates* to *Descartes*, who have suffer’d from the same cause ? I will only ask them one question ; which has the most religion, the calumniator who persecutes, or the calumniated who forgives ?

I am treated in these very libels as a man envious of the reputation of others ; I am a stranger to envy, but from the evil consequences of it to myself. I have commanded my pen not to be satirical, and *it is impossible for my heart to be envious*. ’Tis incapable of envy. I appeal to the author of *Rhadamistus*, and *Electra*, who first inspir’d me, by those excellent performances, with the design of entering the lists with him in the same course : his success never cost me any other tears, but those which I shed at the representation on the stage : he knows that his merit rais’d no passion in my breast but emulation and friendship. I will venture to assert, that I am more strongly attach’d to the fine arts than to my

my own writings; fond even to excess from my infancy of every thing that carry'd with it the marks of genius, I look upon a great poet, a fine musician, a good painter, and an ingenious sculptor, (if he has integrity) as a man whom I ought to love and honour, one whom the arts teach me to look upon as a brother. Those young men who apply themselves to literature, shall always meet with a friend in me: some have found a father. Such are my sentiments, and those who have ever liv'd with me know that I have no other: I thought I was oblig'd to say thus much concerning myself once in my life: with regard to my tragedy, I shall say nothing: to refute criticism is vain self-love, but to confute calumny is a duty.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON GUZMAN, Governor of Peru.

DON ALVAREZ, } Father of Guzman, the late
Governor.

ZAMOR, Sovereign of a Part of Potosi.

MONTEZUMA, Sovereign of another Part.

ALZIRA, Daughter of Montezuma.

EMIRA }
CEPHALE. } Attendants on Alzira.

SPANISH Officers.

AMERICANS.

SCENE, LIMA.



A L Z I R A.

A

T R A G E D Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

ALVAREZ, GUZMAN.

Alv. **A**T length, for so the council hath decreed,
Guzman succeeds Alvarez ; long, my son,
May'st thou preserve for heav'n and for thy king
This better half of our new conquer'd world,
This fertile source of riches and of crimes !
Joyful to thee I yield the post of honour,
That suits but ill with feeble age like mine ;
In youth thy father trod the paths of glory ;
Alvarez first our winged castles bore
To Mexico's astonish'd sons ; he led
Spain's gallant heroes to this golden shore :
After a life spent in my country's service,
Cou'd I have form'd these heroes into men,
Cou'd I have made them virtuous, mild, and good,
I had been amply paid for all my toils :
But who shall stop the haughty conqueror ?
Alas ! my son, their cruelties obscure.

The lustre of their fame ; I weep the fate
Of these unhappy victors, rais'd by heav'n
To greatness but to be supremely wicked.
O Guzman, I am verging to the grave,
Let me but live to see thee govern here
As justice shall direct thee, and I die
With pleasure.

Guz. By thy great example fir'd,
With thee I fought and conquer'd for my country ;
From thee must learn to rule ; it is not mine
To give the wise and good Alvarez laws,
But to receive them from him.

Alv. No ; my son,
The sov'reign pow'r can never be divided :
Worn down with years and labour, I resign
All worldly pomp ; it is enough for me
If yet my feeble voice be sometimes heard
To counsel and direct thee ; trust me, Guzman,
Men are not creatures one wou'd wish to rule :
To that almighty being, whom too long
I have neglected, wou'd I consecrate
My poor remains of life ; one boon alone,
As friend, I ask of thee, as father claim ;
To give me up those slaves who by your order
Are here confin'd ; this day, my son, shou'd be
A day of pardon, mark'd by clemency,
And not by justice.

Guz. A request from you
Is a command ; but think, my lord, I beg,
What dangers may ensue : a savage people,
But half subdued, and to the yoke of slav'ry
Bending reluctant, ready for revolt,
Shou'd never be familiar with their conquerors,
Or dare to look on those they shou'd be taught
To tremble at : unarm'd with pow'r and vengeance
They wou'd despise us : these untutor'd Indians,
Fiery and bold, ill brook the galling rein
Of servitude, by chastisement alone
Made tame, and humble, pardon'd once, they think
You fear 'em ; pow'r, in short, is lost by mildness ;
Severity alone ensures obedience.

The

The brave Castilian serves in honour's cause,
 With cheerful resignation, 'tis his pride,
 His glory ; but inferior nations court
 Oppression ; force and only force constrains them :
 Did not the gods of these barbarians drink
 The blood of men, they wou'd not be ador'd.

Alv. And can a christian, as thou art, approve
 These tyrant maxims, the detested offspring
 Of narrow policy ? are these the means
 To win the wild barbarian to our faith ?
 Think'lt thou to rule them with an iron hand,
 And serve a God of peace with war and slaughter ?
 Brav'd I for this the burning tropic's rage,
 And all the terrors of a world unknown,
 To see our country curs'd, our faith disgrac'd ?
 God sent us here for other purposes,
 Sent us to make his holy name revered,
 His sacred laws belov'd : whilst we, my son,
 Unmindful of that faith which we profess,
 The laws we teach, and all the tender ties
 Of soft humanity, insatiate still
 For blood and gold, instead of winning o'er
 These savages by gentle means, destroy them.
 All is confusion, death, and horror round us,
 And nought have we of heaven but its thunder ;
 Our name indeed bears terror with it ; Spain
 Is fear'd, but hated too : we are the scourge
 Of this new world, vain, covetous, unjust ;
 In short, I blush to own it, we alone
 Are the barbarians here : the simple savage,
 Tho' fierce by nature, is in courage equal,
 In goodness our superior. O my Guzman,
 Had he, like us, been prodigal of blood,
 Had he not felt the throbs of tender pity,
 Alvarez had not liv'd to speak his virtues :
 Hast thou forgot that day, when by a croud
 Of desp'rate natives I was circled in
 On ev'ry side, and all my faithful band
 Of followers cut off ; alone I stood,
 And ev'ry moment look'd for death, when, lo ;
 At mention of my name, they dropp'd their arms ;

And straight a young American approach'd me,
 Embrac'd my knees, and bath'd 'em with his tears;
 And "is it you, he cry'd, is it my friend?
 "Live, good Alvarez, virtue pure as thine
 "May be most useful to us; be a father
 "To the unhappy; let thy tyrant nation,
 "That wou'd enslave us, learn from hence—to pardon,
 "And own a savage capable of virtue."

I see you're mov'd; O hearken to the voice
 Of mild humanity, by me she speaks,
 By me addresses Guzman; O my son,
 Can't thou expect the object of thy wishes,
 The fair Alzira e'er will crown thy hopes,
 If thou art cruel? think'it thou to cement
 The dearest bonds of nature in the blood
 Of her lov'd countrymen, or shall their groans
 Be heard, and Guzman soften into mercy?

Guz. 'Tis your command, my lord, and I submit;
 They have their freedom, but on this condition,
 For so our laws require, they must be christians:
 To quit their idols, and embrace our faith,
 Alone can save 'em; we must bend by force
 Their stubborn hearts, and drag 'em to the altar;
 One king must be obey'd, one God ador'd.

Alv. Hear me, my son, I wish, as much as Guzman,
 That truth may fix her sacred empire here,
 That neither heav'n nor Spain henceforth may find
 A foe on earth; but know, the heart oppress'd
 Is never conquer'd: I force none, yet I
 Have conquer'd many; the true God, my son,
 The God of christians is a God of mercy.

Guz. You've conquer'd, sir, the father o'er his son
 Is absolute; and you, my lord, wou'd soften
 The hardest heart, whilst virtue by Alvarez
 In mildest accents pleads her pow'rful cause:
 O, since kind heav'n to thee hath lent the art
 Of soft persuasion, use it for thy son,
 On thee alone depends the happiness
 Of Guzman's life: the proud Alzira scorns
 My proffer'd hand: I love her but too well,
 Heav'n knows how dearly! but I cannot stoop

Meanly

Meanly to sooth a haughty woman's pride,
 I cannot make myself a poor tame slave
 To her imperious will ; but thou hast pow'r
 O'er the fair tyrant's father ; talk to him
 For the last time ; let him command his daughter
 To take my hand, and make your Guzman happy ;
 And yet it hurts my soul to think Alvarez
 Shou'd stoop so low, and be a suppliant for me.

Alv. Already I have spoke, and Montezuma
 Hath seen his daughter ; she will soon be thine.
 I've been a friend to his unhappy race,
 And sooth'd the sorrows of captivity :
 Already he hath quitted his false gods ;
 Alzira too, a convert to our faith,
 To this new world shines forth a bright example.
 She only can unite the jarring nations,
 And make us happy ; thy long wish'd-for nuptials
 Shall join two distant globes ; these fierce barbarians,
 Who now detest our laws, when they shall see
 The daughter of their king in Guzman's arms,
 Cheerful beneath thy easy yoke shall bend
 Their willing hearts, and soon be all our own :
 But Montezuma comes ; away, my son,
 Expect me with Alzira at the altar.

S C E N E II.

ALVAREZ, MONTEZUMA.

Alv. At length, obedient to a father's will,
 Alzira yields, I hope, to thy persuasion.

Mon. If yet my daughter trembles at the thought
 Of wedding him who has destroy'd her race,
 Alvarez will forgive a woman's weakness ;
 For thou has been a father to the wretched :
 Thy gentle manners teach us to revere
 That holy faith from whence they sprung ; by thee
 The will of heav'n to this new world reveal'd,
 Enlighten'd our dark minds ; what mighty Spain
 D 5 Unconquer'd

Unconquer'd left, thy virtue has subdued :
 'Thy cruel countrymen's remorseless rage
 Had render'd ev'n thy God detestable,
 But that in thee his great perfections shine,
 His goodness, and his mercy ; in thy heart
 We trace his image ; Montezuma's thine,
 His daughter, and his house ; the good Alvarez
 Shall have them all ; Potosi and Peru,
 With my Alzira, shall descend to Guzman :
 Prepare the nuptial rites, adorn your temple,
 And let your son be ready to receive her :
 Methinks it is as if th' immortal beings
 Had deign'd to visit earth, and mix with men.

Alv. O Montezuma, let me live to see
 This blest event, and I shall die content.
 O God, whose gracious hand conducted us
 To this new world, enlighten and preserve it ;
 Propitious smile on these first holy vows
 Made at thy altar here ! adieu, my friend,
 'To thee I owe my Guzman's happiness.

S C E N E III.

MONTEZUMA, alone.

O thou true God, whose pow'rful arm destroy'd
 Those idle deities I once ador'd,
 Watch o'er the poor remains of my sad life,
 And sooth my sorrows ; I have lost my all,
 All but Alzira, O protect her youth,
 Watch o'er her steps, and guide her tender heart !

S C E N E IV.

MONTEZUMA, ALZIRA.

Men. Daughter, the hour is come to make thyself
 And the world happy, to command the conqueror,
 And

And make the vanquish'd smile, restore thy country.
To her lost honour, and to regal pow'r
Rise from the bosom of adversity.

Alzira will obey, I know she will ;

Dry up thy tears, a father must not see them.

Alz. I have no will but yours ; yet, O my lord,
See my despair, and look into my soul.

Mon. No more of that ; thy word is pass'd, Alzira,
And I depend on't.

Alz. 'Twas extorted from me ;
The cruel sacrifice : is this a time
To plight my faith, and think of nuptial joy,
This hapless day, when all I held most dear
Was ravish'd from me, when our wide-stretch'd empire
And all her hosts, the children of the sun,
Inglorious fell beneath the cruel Guzman ?
O 'twas a day mark'd by the hand of heav'n
As most unfortunate.

Mon. Our days, Alzira,
Are happy or unhappy from ourselves,
And not from circumstance or accident,
As superstition taught our ancestors
To credit ; think no more on't.

Alz. On this day
My Zamor fell, our country's great avenger,
My lover, chos'n by thee, by thee, my father,
To be Alzira's husband.

Mon. I have paid
The debt of sorrow due to Zamor's ashes,
And hold his mem'ry dear ; but death has cancell'd
Your mutual bonds ; therefore no longer shed
Those fruitless tears, but carry to the altar
A free and cheerful heart ; thy God commands,
He calls thee to him ; if thou art a christian,
Now hear his voice.

Alz. Alas ! my lord, I know
A father's pow'r, and know my duty to him,
'Tis to obey, to sail a sacrifice
Before him ; I have pass'd the utmost bounds
Which nature e'er prescribed ; thy will alone
Hath been my law, nor did I ever stain

With

With disobedience my true faith, for thee
 I left my country's gods, and am a christian :
 Alas ! my father, why wou'dst thou deceive me,
 Why tell me, the new deity I serve
 Wou'd bring me peace, that his all-healing pow'r
 Wou'd ease my tortur'd heart ? delusive promise !
 For, O my lord, the deadly poison still
 Lurks in my veins, still Zamor's image dwells
 In his Alzira's heart, nor time nor death
 Can e'er efface it : well I know Alvarez
 Condemns that passion which he once approv'd :
 But I will make him ample recompense
 By my obedience :—wed me to the tyrant,
 Give me to Guzman, 'tis a sacrifice
 I owe my country ; but remember, sir,
 How dreadful 'tis, and tremble at the thought
 Of such unnat'ral, such detested bonds,
 Thou who condemn'st me to these fatal nuptials,
 Who bid'st Alzira give her hand to Guzman,
 And at the altar promise him a heart,
 Which is no hers to give.

Mon. What says my child ?

O, in the name of ev'ry tender tie
 That binds thee to me, spare a wretched father !
 Pity my age, and do not, by the woes
 Which thou alone, Alzira, can'st remove,
 Let me intreat thee, O imbitter not
 The sad remainder of Alvarez' life !
 Have I not ever strove to make thee happy,
 And wilt thou not return it ? O my daughter,
 Let virtue guide thy steps in duty's path,
 And lead thee on to bliss ! thy country calls,
 Wilt thou betray her ? learn henceforth, Alzira,
 To be the mistress of thyself.

Alz. And must I

Learn to dissemble then ? ungrateful task !

SCENE

S C E N E V.

GUZMAN, ALZIRA.

Guz. These long delays, Alzira, are unkind,
 And, let me add, ungen'rous, to the man
 Who lives but to oblige you : for thy sake
 I stopp'd the hand of justice ; all those captives,
 Whose pardon you solicited, are free :
 But I shou'd blush to think that Guzman ow'd
 Thy kind compliance to so poor a service ;
 'Tis on thyself, and thy consenting heart,
 He founds his hopes, nor thought I ere till now
 My happiness cou'd make Alzira wretched.

Alz. Wretched indeed ! O grant, kind heav'n, this
 May not prove fatal to us both ! you see [day
 I am abash'd, confounded, left a prey
 To horror and despair : do not these eyes
 Alone betray the anguish of a mind
 Oppress'd with grief ? can't thou not read it there ?
 I know thou can't : such is my nature, Guzman ;
 Ne'er did Alzira's face bely her heart :
 Dissimulation and disguise, my lord,
 Are Euro-ean arts, which I abhor

Guz. I love thy frankness, but lament the cause ;
 Zamor is still belov'd, his mem'ry lives
 Within thy breast, my rival ev'n in death :
 This is too much, Alzira ; duty, honour,
 Virtue forbid it : weep no more, it wounds
 My heart, and I am jealous of thy tears.

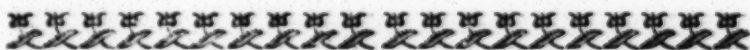
Alz. Jealous of him, my lord, who in the grave
 Is mould'ring now, my lov'd, lamented Zamor ?
 For I confess I lov'd him, we were bound
 By mutual vows, and still I weep his fate :
 If thou'rt a friend to constancy and truth,
 Thou wilt not blame my passion, but approve it.
 By this, and this alone, may Guzman gain
 Alzira's heart.

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

GUZMAN, alone.

Her pride astonishes,
 And yet, I know not how, her freedom charms me :
 There is a savage beauty in her heart
 That suits the wildness of her native clime ;
 But softer manners may subdue her mind,
 And bind her stubborn fierceness to the yoke
 Of duty ; Guzman now is lord of all,
 And nought remains unconquer'd but Alzira :
 Resolv'd by force or art to make her mine,
 Our hands, if not our hearts, shall be united.



A C T II. S C E N E I.

ZAMOR, Americans.

Zam. **M**Y noble friends, and fellow sufferers,
 Whom dangers strengthen, and misfortunes
 But more illustrious, shall we ne'er obtain [make
 Or sweet revenge, or honourable death ?
 Still must we live unable, or to serve
 Alzira, or our country ; shall we ne'er
 Find out the hated Guzman, and destroy
 That fell destroyer ? O my country's gods,
 Pow'rless and vain, ye gave up this fair land
 Of liberty to hostile deities ;
 And tamely suffer'd a few wand'ring Spaniards
 To spoil your altars, lay your temples waste,
 And desolate our empire ; I have lost
 A kingdom and Alzira ; all is gone
 But shame, and sorrow and resentment, those

I carry'd

I carry'd with me to the burning sands
 And gloomy desarts; there I cherish'd long
 The secret hopes of vengeance: you, my friends,
 Reviv'd your drooping Zamor, and inspir'd
 His soul with flat'ring thoughts of better days:
 Deep in the forest's shade we left a band
 Of chosen spirits, resolute and bold,
 And hither came, impatient to observe
 The walls uprais'd by our tremendous foe,
 They watch'd, and seiz'd us: in a dungeon long
 Confin'd, at length our tyrant masters grant us
 Leave to walk forth, and breath the wholesome air,
 Yet will not deign to let us know our fate:
 Can none inform me where we are, who dwells
 Within this seat of sorrow? where's Alzira,
 Where's Montezuma, lives he, is he free,
 Or a vile slave like Zamor? say, my friends,
 And partners in affliction, know ye not?

An American.

Like you, my lord, in chains, and hither led
 By secret paths, we're ignorant of all:
 Great Cacique, worthy of a better fate,
 If 'tis decreed that thou must fall, at least
 Thou shalt find friends prepar'd to perish with thee,
 And own them not unworthy of their master.

Zam. After a glorious victory, my friends,
 A glorious death is most to be desir'd;
 But O, to die in vile obscurity,
 To perish thus in ignominious bondage,
 To leave our bleeding country thus enslav'd
 By European robbers, those assassins
 Who thirst for blood and gold, these proud usurpers,
 Who would extort by ev'ry cruel art
 Of punishment those riches which we hold
 More cheap, more worthless than themselves, to leave
 My lov'd Alzira, Zamor's dearer half
 To their licentious fury, O my friends,
 'Tis worse than death: I tremble at the thought.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

ADVAREZ, ZAMOR, Americans.

Alv. Live, and be free.*Zam.* Good heav'n, what do I hear ?
O unexpected sound ! what God art thou
In human shape ? a Spaniard, and forgive !
It cannot be : art thou the ruler here ?*Alv.* No, captive ; I am only the protector
Of innocence oppress'd.*Zam.* Thou good old man,
What is thy office here ?*Alv.* To aid the wretched.*Zam.* What could inspire thee with a thought so
noble ?*Alv.* My gratitude, religion, and my God.*Zam.* God and religion ! what ! these cruel tyrants,
These ruffians, that still bath'd in human blood
Dispeople earth, and change the smiling face
Of nature to a dreary desert, they
Who worship avarice alone ! their God
Cannot be thine !*Alv.* It is the same, my son,
But they offend him, they disgrace his name,
And are indeed more guilty ; they abuse
Their new-got pow'r : thou know'st their crime, but
knowMy duty too : twice hath the trav'ling sun
Enlighten'd in his course our world and yours
Since a brave Indian, who he was I know not,
Stepp'd from amidst his fellow savages,
And sav'd me from their fury ; from that moment
I felt your sorrows, pity'd your misfortunes,
And held you as my brethern and my friends ;
Cou'd I but meet my kind deliverer,
That galliant stranger, I shou'd die in peace.*Zam.* His age, his features, his transcendent virtue,
All, all conspire to say it is Alvarez ;

Behold,

Behold, and mark us well, canst thou distinguish
The hand that sav'd thee?

Alv. Gracious heav'n! come near:
O Providence! it is, it must be he,
The wish'd-for object of my gratitude;
He whom these eyes, grown dim with age, have sought
So long in vain; my son, my benefactor,
What shall I do to serve thee? thou shalt live
With old Alvarez; he shall be thy father,
Thy guardian and protector here: kind heav'n
In gracious pity hath prolong'd my days,
That I might pay the debt I owe to thee.

Zam. O if thy barb'rous nation had possess'd
But half the virtues that adorn Alvarez,
Our willing world had bow'd submissive down
Before them; but their souls are not like thine,
For they delight in blood, whilst nature's self
Abhorring shudders at their cruelty;
Death were more welcome far than life with them:
Urge me not therefore, good Alvarez, all
I wish to know is this, have they destroy'd
My noble friend, the wretched Montezuma,
Where's my Alzira's father? O my lord,
Forgive these tears, the mem'ry of past griefs
Sits heavy on me.

Alv. Let 'em flow my son,
'Tis the best mark of our humanity:
The heart that feels not for another's woe
Is fit for ev'ry crime: thy friend survives,
And full of years and honours lives with us
In happiness and peace.

Zam. Might I behold him?

Alv. Yes; thou shalt see him soon: may his persua-
Induce thee to think better of us all, [sion
And follow his example!

Zam. Can he live
With christians, Montezuma live with christians?

Alv. Have patience, son, and he shall tell thee all,
Touching our union, and the sacred bonds
That soon shall bind in cords of amity
Our world to thine—but I must to my son,

And

And let him know my happiness ; I leave thee
But for a moment ; fare thee well.

S C E N E III.

ZAMOR, Americans.

Zam. At last

Heav'n seems to smile on Zamor ; I have found
Amongst these vile barbarians one just man,
Honest and true : Alvarez is a god,
Sent down from heav'n to soften this rude world,
And bless mankind : he said he had a son,
That son shall be my brother and my friend,
If he is worthy of his noble father :
O glorious hope ! shall I again behold
Great Montezuma after three long years ?
Alzira too, my dear my lov'd Alzira,
Shall I embrace thee, hast thou kept thy faith,
That first of virtues, to reward thy Zamor ?
The heart oppress'd is ever diffident :
Another old man comes this way : my soul
Is still perplex'd.

S C E N E IV.

MONTEZUMA, ZAMOR, Americans.

Zam. O noble Montezuma,

Do I once more embrace thee ? see thy Zamor
Snatch'd from the jaws of death ; he lives to save
And to defend his prince : behold thy friend,
Thy soldier, and thy son : O where's Alzira ?
Be quick, and tell me, let me know her fate,
My life depends on that.

Mon. Unhappy Cacique,

With grief sincere we have lamented thee ;
Thy fellow soldiers to thy mem'ry rais'd
The decent tomb, and ev'ry honour paid

Due to thy virtues : but, thank heav'n ! thou liv'st,
Henceforth may happier days await thee, Zamor !
But say, why cam'st thou hither ?

Zam. To revenge

My gods, myself, my father and Alzira.

Mon. What say'st thou ?

Zam. Call to mind that dreadful day
When the fierce Spaniard, terrible in arms,
Rush'd through our pow'rless hosts, o'erthrew our bul-
warks,

And laid our empire waste ; his name was Guzman :
That name, thou well remember'st was the signal
Giv'n for destruction ; at that name they snatch'd
The sweet Alzira, thy lov'd daughter, from me,
And bore her to captivity with thee
And all thy race ; destroy'd the holy altar,
Where I had hoped to make Alzira mine,
Then dragg'd me to the tyrant : shall I tell thee
What cruel torments that insatiate monster
Inflicted on me, to extort confession
Of hidden gold, the christian's deity,
Which we despise and trample on ; half dead
They left me and retir'd : time, Montezuma,
Can never bury injuries like mine ;
Thou see'st me here, prepar'd for great revenge :
Some chosen friends, attach'd to Zamor's cause,
By equal wrongs provok'd, with equal hate
Inspir'd, await me in the neighb'ring forest,
Resolv'd with me to conquer or to die.

Mon. O Zamor, whither wou'd thy headlong passion
Transport thee ? wherefore wou'd'st thou thus pursue
That death which seems so willing to avoid thee ?
What can thy friends do for thee ? their weak arms,
Their fish-bone spears, their sabres made of stone,
Their soldiers naked, and ill-disciplin'd,
Against these giants arm'd with mortal steel,
And launching their dread thunder-bolts against thee ?
Swift as the winds, their fiery coursers bear them
To certain victory ; the world is theirs,
And we, my Zamor, must submit.

Zam.

Zam. Whilst life

Shall animate these veins, I never will :
 No, Montezuma: their destructive thunder,
 Their coats of steel, their fiery courfers taught
 Like them to fight, and share their master's glory,
 This might affright, and terrify a while
 O r gaping savages, but I behold
 This pompous scene unruffled : to subdue
 Our haughty foe one thing alone's requir'd,
 And that is, not to fear them ; novelty,
 That conquers cowards, only has enslav'd us :
 Gold, that pernicious native of our soil,
 Draws Europe hither, but defends us not
 Against her ; niggard nature has deny'd us
 A nobler metal, her all conqu'ring steel,
 And giv'n it to barbarians ; but kind heav'n,
 In lieu of this indulgence, hath bestow'd
 Virtues on us which Europe never knew :
 I come to fight and conquer for Alzira.

Mon. Urge it no more, my Zamor, heav'n declares
 Against us, calm thy rage ; the times are chang'd.

Zam. Chang'd, did'st thou say, my lord ! it cannot
 If Montezuma's heart is still the same, [be,
 If my Alzira's faithful, if I live
 Still in her memory.—thou turn't it aside
 And weep'st.

Mon. Unhappy Zamor !

Zam. Am I not

Thy son, our tyrants have not alter'd thee ?
 They cannot, sure they cannot have corrupted
 An old man's heart, and made it false as theirs ?

Mon. I am not guilty, Zamor, nor are all
 These conqu'rors tyrants ; some were sent by heav'n
 To guide our footsteps in the paths of truth,
 To teach us arts unknown, immortal secrets,
 The knowledge of mankind, the arts, my son,
 To speak, to think, to live, and to be happy.

Zam. O horrid ! can'st thou praise these ruffians, whilst
 Thy daughter, thy Alzira, is their slave ?

Mon. Zamor, Alzira's free.

Zam.

Zam. Ha! Montezuma,
Alzira free? forgive me, but remember,
She's mine, my lord, by every solemn tie;
You promis'd me, before the gods you promis'd,
To give her to me; they receiv'd our vows;
She is not perjur'd?

Mon. Call not on those gods,
For they are vain, and fancy'd idols all;
I have abjur'd them, and henceforth must worship
That pow'r supreme which hath subdued them.

Zam. Ha!
The law of thy forefathers, thy religion,
Is that deserted?

Mon. I have found its weakness,
And left its vain chimeras: may the God
Of Gods convert thee, and inspire with truth
Thy unenlighten'd soul! unhappy Zamor,
Soon may'st thou know that Europe thou condemn'st,
Her virtues, and her faith!

Zam. What mighty virtues
Has she to boast? thou art indeed a slave
If thou hast lost thy gods, thy faith, thy honour,
And broke thy sacred word: Alzira too,
Has she betray'd me? O take heed!

Mon. My heart
Reproaches me for nothing: fare thee well!
I bless my own good fate, and weep for thine.

Zam. If thou art false, thou'st cause to weep indeed:
Pity the torments which I feel for thee,
And for thy guilt; pity a heart distracted
By love and vengeance; let me find out Guzman,
Let me behold Alzira, let me fall
Beneath her feet; O do not hide her from me:
Conduct me, urge me not thus to despair,
Put on a human heart, let thy lost virtue——

SCENE

S C E N E V.

MONTEZUMA, ZAMOR, Guards.

Guard. The ceremony waits, my lord.

[To Montezuma.

Mon. I come.*Zam.* Thou wilt not leave me ? tell me, Montezuma,
What ceremony's this ?*Mon.* No more : away,
And leave this fatal place.*Zam.* Though heav'n itself
Forbade me, I wou'd follow thee.*Mon.* Forgive
My rude denial, Zamor, but you must not,
I say you must not—guards, prevent him—pagans
Must not profane our christian altars ; I
Command not here, but Guzman speaks by me ;
You must obey : farewell.

S C E N E VI.

ZAMOR, Americans.

Zam. What do I hear ?
Guzman ? O shameful treason ! Montezuma
The slave of Guzman ! where is virtue fled ?
Alzira too, is my Alzira guilty ?
Has she too drank corruption's pois'nous bowl
From these vile christians ?—that destroyer Guzman
Rules here, it seems ; what's to be done ?*First American.* Permit me
To counf l you, my lord ; the good old man
Who sav'd thee with his son will soon return,
He can deny you nothing ; ask of him
Safe conduct to the city gates ; that done,
We may return and join our noble friends
Against the foe : I doubt not of success:

We will not spare a man of them except
 Alvarez, and his son : I've mark'd, my lord,
 With most observant eye, their fossies, ramparts,
 And brazen thunders, European arts
 That fright not me : alas ! our countrymen
 Forge their own shameful chains, and tamely bend
 Beneath these sons of pride ; but soon, my lord,
 When they shall see their great avenger here,
 Then will they rise indignant, and destroy
 This ignominious work of slavery :
 Yes ; on the bleeding bodies of our foes
 We'll make a path to glory ; on the heads
 Of those vile christians turn the fiery tempest,
 And with their own destructive instruments
 Of murder shake this all-usurping pow'r,
 Founded by pride on ignorance and fear.

Zam. O how I joy, ye great unfortunate,
 To find your kindred breasts thus nobly beat
 With sympathetic fury ! let us punish
 The haughty Guzman, let his blood atone
 For our lost country's : O thou deity
 Of injur'd mortals, sweet revenge, O come,
 Assist thy servants, let but Guzman perish
 And we are satisfy'd ! but, O my friends
 We talk of vengeance, yet are captives still,
 Still groan beneath the yoke of shameful bondage ;
 Deserted by Alvarez, and betray'd
 By Montezuma, all I love perhaps
 Is in the pow'r of him whom most I hate,
 The only comfort left me is—to doubt
 But hark ! what noise is that ? the torches flame
 On ev'ry side, and yield a double day :
 This barb'rous people's brazen thunder speaks
 Some horrid rites, or pompous sacrifice
 Preparing ; look around, and see if Zamor
 Shall save his much-lov'd friends, or perish with them.

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T



A C T III. S C E N E I.

A L Z I R A alone.

YE manes of my dear departed Zamor,
 Forgive me, O forgive the wife of Guzman!
 The holy altar hath receiv'd our vows,
 And they are seal'd in heav'n: pursue me not,
 Indignant shade! O, if Alzira's tears,
 Her bitter anguish, her remorse, the pangs
 Of her reluctant soul, can reach the dead,
 If in a happier world thou still retain'st
 Thy gen'rous noble spirit, thou wilt pardon
 My weakness; 'twas a father's cruel will,
 A people's happiness requir'd it of me;
 Cou'd I refuse the dreadful sacrifice?
 Thou art at peace, my Zamor, do not thus
 Distract my soul, but leave me to my fate;
 Alas! already it has cost me dear.

S C E N E II.

A L Z I R A, E M I R A.

Alz. And shall I not behold my countrymen;
 The lov'd companions of my infant years,
 Those wretched captives, may I not enjoy
 The mournful privilege to mix with theirs
 My friendly tears, and mourn their cruel fate?

Emi. O madam, we have cause indeed to weep,
 To dread the wrath of Guzman, to lament
 And tremble for our country; for the hour
 Of slaughter and destruction is at hand:
 Again I saw the bloody flag display'd,

The

The proud tribunal's met, and Montezuma
Is summon'd to appear: all dreadful omens!
What will become of us?

Alz. Unpitying heav'n!
I've been deceiv'd, betray'd:—O cruel Guzman!
Was it for this I gave him at the altar
My long reluctant hand? that fatal bond
I shall repent of to my latest hour:
O under what malignant star, my father,
Mad'st thou these cruel, these detested nuptials?

S C E N E III.

ALZIRA, EMIRA, CEPHANES.

Ceph. One of those slaves, whom this propitious day
Restor'd to freedom, begs admittance to you
In secret.

Alz. Let him enter; 'twill rejoice
My heart to see him; he and all his friends
Are welcome to Alzira: but why comes he
Alone?

Ceph. Some secret labours in his breast,
Which you and only you, he says, must know.
'Twas he, it seems, whose heav'n-directed arm
Sav'd the good father of thy valiant lord,
The noble Guzman.

Emi. He has fought you long;
But Montezuma's private orders were,
He shou'd not see you: melancholy sits
On his dark brow, as if he were intent
On some great purpose.

Ceph. Grief and anguish seem
To rack his soul: at mention of your name
He sigh'd, and wept, as if yet ignorant
Of your new honours and the rank you bear.

Alz. Unworthy rank, and honours I despise!
Perhaps the hero knows my wretched race,
And is no stranger to Alzira's woes:
Perhaps he knew my Zamor; who can tell

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But

But he might be a witness of his death,
 And comes to tell the melancholy tale ?
 A dreadful duty ! that wou'd but renew
 A lover's pangs, and double my distress ;
 But let him come : I know not why my heart
 Shou'd flutter thus ; this hateful palace ever
 Hath been a scene of sad disquietude
 And trouble to me : bid him enter.

S C E N E IV.

ALZIRA, ZAMOR, EMIRA.

Zam. Yes :

It is Alzira : is she then restored ?

Alz. Such were his features, voice, and motion :
 heav'n !

It cannot be : O Zamor !—O support me. [*She faints.*

Zam. 'Tis he.

Alz. Ha ! Zamor at Alzira's feet ?

'Tis all delusion.

Zam. No ; I live for thee,
 And at thy feet reclaim thy plighted faith ;
 O my Alzira, idol of my soul,
 Wilt thou not hear me ? where are all thy vows,
 The sacred ties that bound us fast together,
 Thou hast not broke them ?

Alz. Thou dear fatal object
 Of grief and joy, of rapture and despair,
 In what a dreadful moment hast thou chose
 To meet Alzira ? ev'ry word thou utter'st
 But plunges a new dagger in my heart.

Zam. Thou weep'st, yet look'st on Zamor !

Alz. 'Tis too late :

Zam. I know you thought me dead : ere since that
 hour

Of terror, when those European tyrants
 Depriv'd me of my gods, my throne and thee,
 I've been a poor unhappy wanderer.

Know'st

Know'st thou, my love, that savage murth'rer, Guzman,

With ignominious stripes, and cruel torture,
Insulted me; the husband of thy choice,
Thy once lov'd happy Zamor, fell a prey
To ruffians:—how it wounds thy tender heart!
Thou burn'st with fierce resentment of my wrongs,
And thou wilt join with Zamor to revenge them:
Some guardian god, propitious to our loves,
Sav'd me from death, that we might meet again
In happiness: I hope Alzira's true:
Thou hast not left thy gods, betray'd thy country,
Thou art not grown a false perfidious Spaniard?
They tell me I shall meet with Guzman here,
I come to free thee from that proud barbarian:
Thou lov'st me, my Alzira, and wilt give
The victim to my wrath.

Alz. Thou hast been wrong'd;

Revenge thyself, and see thy victim—here.

Zam. What say'st thou?—ha! thy faith, thy vows—

Alz. No more,

But strike—I merit not, or life or thee.

Zam. O cruel Montezuma! what thou told'st me
Was but too true.

Alz. And cou'd he tell thee all;

Nam'd he the wretch for whom I quitted Zamor?

Zam. He did not, durst not name him; that remains
For thee; O speak it: I shall be surpriz'd
At nothing.

Alz. Hear then all my guilt.

Zam. Alzira!

Alz. That Guzman——

Zam. Gracious heav'n!

Alz. Thy murderer,

Within this hour receiv'd my guilty hand;
He is—my husband.

Zam. Guzman!

Alz. Montezuma,

Alvarez—they betray'd my easy youth,
And urg'd me to the deed: the lost Alzira
Did at the christian altar give up all,

That she held dear on earth, her gods, her country,
Her—Zamor: O by those dear injur'd names
I beg thee, take this hated life.

Zam. Alzira,

Can it be true? is Guzman then thy husband?

Alz. To plead a father's undisputed right,
To say how long I struggled with my duty,
To number o'er the fruitless tears I shed
For three long years lamenting Zamor's death,
That still I lov'd thee, that I left in wrath
Those pow'rless gods that had deserted thee,
And from despair alone became a christian,
Perhaps might mitigate Alzira's crime;
But I disdain it, I acknowledge all,
Confess my guilt and sue for punishment.
Who shall absolve the wretch whom love condemns?
Take then a life that is not worth my care
Without thee; dost thou not abhor me, Zamor?

Zam. No: if thou lov'st me still, thou art not guilty:
May I yet hope that Zamor has a place
In his Alzira's heart?

Alz. When old Alvarez
And Montezuma led me to the altar
I thought on Zamor, thought him then no more,
But rev'renc'd, but ador'd his memory:
Our tyrants, our usurpers know I lov'd thee;
I told 'em all, told heav'n and earth, nay told
My husband—and, O take this last farewell,
I love thee still.

Zam. Is this then our last hour
Of happiness, and must we part so soon,
So lately met? O, if the voice of love——

Alz. 'Tis Guzman and his father.

S C E N E V.

ALVAREZ, GUZMAN, ZAMOR, ALZIRA,
Attendants.

Alv. Son, behold [To Guzman.
With thy Alzira stands my great preserver,

My

My benefactor, my deliverer.

[To Zamor.

O noble youth, to thee I owe my life,
Let me embrace thee, be my second son,
And share the pleasures of this happy day
With Guzman and Alvarez.

Zam. He thy son!

Is Guzman then thy son, that proud barbarian?

Alz. Avert the terrors of this dreadful moment,
Indulgent heav'n!

Alv. In what astonishment——

Zam. How cou'd a father, brave and good, like thee,
Be curs'd with such a son?

Guz. Insulting slave,
Who gave thee license thus to spurn thy master?
Thou know'st not who I am.

Zam. I know thee well;
And thou, among the wretches thou hast made,
Perhaps may'st one day meet the injur'd Zamor.

Guz. And art thou he?

Alv. Ha! Zamor!

Zam. 'Tis the same,
'Tis Zamor, whom thy cruel hand oppress'd
With ignominious tortures, he whose eye
Thou dar'st not meet; thou tyrant ravisher,
Com'st thou at last to rob me of my best
And dearest treasure? with thy ruthless sword
Make sure thy vengeance, and prevent the fate
Which thou deserv'st, ere Zamor, who preserv'd
The father, shall chastise the guilty son.

Alv. What say'st thou, Guzman, can'st thou answer
this?

[To Guzman.

Guz. It were beneath me; punishment alone
Shou'd answer insolence, and, but for thee,
Ere this he shou'd have met with it.

[Turning to Alzira.

You, madam,
For your own honour might have more regard,
If not for mine, than thus to parley with
A traitor: come, no more of this, Alzira,
Thy tears offend me: husbands may be jealous;
Remember that and tremble.

Alz. Cruel Guzman !

[*To Guzman.*

My kind protector,

Good Alvarez, hear me :

[*Turning to Alvarez.*

And thou,

[*To Zamor.*

In better days my dearest hope,

O look with pity on the lost Alzira !

Behold the husband whom my father chose,

[*Pointing to Zamor.*

Long ere this hapless country bow'd the neck

To European tyrants, Zamor fell,

So fame reported, and with him Peru,

Then first subdued : my wretched father, old,

And full of sorrows, to the christian's God,

Forsaken by his own, indignant fled ;

The christian altar saw Alzira's hand

Giv'n to her lover's murth'rer : thy new faith,

Which yet I know not, may condemn Alzira,

But virtue will forgive me when I add,

'That still I love thee, Zamor ; but my oath,

My marriage vow, rash, fatal marriage ! says

I never must be thine—nor can I now

Be Guzman's—false to both, ye both have cause

To hate me : which of you will kindly end

My wretched being ? Guzman's hand, already

Stain'd with the blood of my unhappy race,

Were fittest to revenge the injur'd rights

Of honour and of love ; be just for once,

And strike the guilty.

Guz. Dar'st thou thus abuse

The goodness thou deserv'st not ? but remember

'Twas thy request ; thy punishment is ready :

My rival dies ;—away with him.

Alv. Inhuman !

O stop, my son, consider what is due

To him, who sav'd thy father—ye are both

My children—let that tender name inspire

Your breasts with pity for an aged father :

At least—

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

ALVAREZ, GUZMAN, ALZIRA, ZAMOR,
Don ALONZO, a Spanish officer.

Alon. My lord, the foe is at our gates ;
On ev'ry side their brazen bucklers ring
With barb'rous dissonance : aloud they cry,
Revenge, and Zamor, whilst with measured steps,
Solemn and slow, the close-wedg'd phalanx moves,
As if these savages had learn'd from us
The arts by which we conquer'd them.

Guz. Away :

Let us begone ; my presence soon shall teach
These slaves their duty—heroes of Castile,
Ye sons of vict'ry, this new world was made
To wear your chains, to fear, and to obey you.

Zam. To fear and to obey ? 'tis false, proud Guzman ;
Ye are but mortals like ourselves, no more.

Guz. Guards, drag him hence.

Zam. Ye dare not : are ye gods,

[To the Spaniards surrounding him.]

And must we worship deities thus bath'd
In our own blood ?

Guz. Obey me, slaves.

Alz. My lord !

Alv. Remember, son, that Zamor sav'd thy father.

Guz. My lord, I shall remember your instructions,
You taught me how to conquer, and I fly
Once more to victory : farewell !

S C E N E VII.

ALVAREZ, ALZIRA.

Alz. My lord,
Behold me at your feet, accept the homage
Due to thy virtues ! Guzman's injur'd honour

[Kneeling.]

Calls for revenge, Alzira was to blame ;
 But I was bound to Zamor by the ties
 Of sacred love, long ere I knew thy son ;
 We cannot give our hearts a second time :
 Zamor had mine, and ever must preserve it :
 O he is good and virtuous, for he sav'd
 Thy life, Alvarez—O forgive me !

Alv. Rise,

Alzira, I forgive and pity thee ;
 Feel as a father and a friend thy sorrows,
 Lament thy Zamor's fate, and will protect him :
 But let the solemn vow thou mad'st to Guzman
 Be grav'd within thy heart ; thou art no longer
 The mistress of thyself : remember well
 Thou art my daughter—Guzman was most cruel,
 I know he was, but still he is—thy husband :
 Perhaps he may relent ; heav'n grant he may !
Alz. Alas ! why art not thou my Zamor's father ?



ACT IV. SCENE I.

ALVAREZ, GUZMAN.

Alv. FORTUNE, my son, has crown'd thee with
 success,
 Endeavour to deserve it ; do not stain
 The laurel wreath with blood, but let fair mercy,
 That adds new lustre to the conqueror's glory,
 Inspire thy breast with pity ; be a man,
 A christian, and forgive : Alvarez asks thee
 To pardon Zamor, shall a father plead
 In vain ? O Guzman, shall I never soften
 Thy savage manners, never teach my son
 To conquer hearts ?

Guz. Alvarez has pierc'd mine
 Most deeply ; ask my life, and it is yours :

But

But leave me honour, leave me my revenge;
How can I pardon Zamor, when I know
Alzira loves him?

Alv. Therefore he deserves
Thy pity more.

Guz. O, to be pity'd thus,
And thus belov'd, Guzman wou'd die with pleasure.

Alv. With all that fierce resentment, feel'st thou too
The pangs of jealousy?

Guz. And can'st thou blame
An injur'd husband? I have too much cause
For jealousy, and yet thou pity'st not
Th' unhappy Guzman.

Alv. Thou art wild, impetuous,
And bitter in thy wrath; Alzira's virtues
Deserve a milder treatment; when oppos'd,
Her open heart, rough as her native soil,
Resists with stubborn firmness, but wou'd yield
To soft persuasion; gentle means, my son,
Are ever the most pow'rful.

Guz. Must I sooth
The pride of beauty, wear a brow serene,
And cover my resentment, to expose
My easy heart to new indignities?
I shou'd have thought, that jealous of my honour
You wou'd approve, and not condemn my rage:
Is it not shame enough that I am wedded
To a proud slave, who hates me, braves my pow'r,
And owns her heart is given to another?
Whom yet, to make me more accurs'd, I love.

Alv. Why blush at that? it is a lawful passion,
Indulge but keep it within proper bounds,
For all excess is guilty—only promise
You will determine nothing till I've seen her
Once more.

Guz. A father's will must be obey'd;
I will suspend my wrath, but urge me, sir,
No further.

Alv. All I want is time: farewell.

[Exit.
Guz.

Guz. alone] And have I liv'd to envy Zamor's fate,
To envy a vile slave, who scarce deserves
The name of man!—What do I see? Alzira!

S C E N E II.

GUZMAN, ALZIRA, EMIRA.

Alz. 'Tis I, my lord, 'tis the afflicted wife
Of Guzman; she who honours, who reveres,
And yet has injur'd thee: I come, my lord,
To throw me at your feet, to own my crime,
And beg forgiveness: nought have I disguis'd,
My open heart confess'd its fatal passion
For the unhappy Zamor; if he dies,
He dies because Alzira was sincere;
But I shall more astonish thee, I come
To plead for him: I know that Guzman's proud,
Resentful, and severe, and yet I hope
He may be gen'rous, 'tis a conqueror's pride,
His glory to forgive: an act like this
Wou'd gain thee more than conquest can bestow,
Win ev'ry heart, perhaps ev'n change Alzira's.
A fawning Spaniard might have promis'd more,
Have sigh'd, and wept, and soften'd thee with tears,
Which I disdain; the hand of nature form'd
My plain untutor'd heart, if ought can move it,
'Tis generosity: let Guzman try
If it is made of penetrable mould.

Guz. If you're so fond of virtue, 'twould become you
To know and practice it, to study, madam,
Those manners you condemn, to learn your duty,
To treat yourself, your honour, and your fame
With more respect; nor dare to name a rival
Whom I abhor, but wait in humble silence
Till I determine what shall be his fate;
It is enough if I forgive Alzira:
This heart is not insensible; but know,
Those who believe shall always find me cruel.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

ALZIRA, EMIRA.

Emi. He loves you still, and yet may be persuaded.

Alz. Ay, but he's jealous, that destroys my Zamor,
I lost his life by asking it; but say,
Emira, canst thou save him? shall he live,
Tho' far from his Alzira? did'st thou try
That soldier?

Emi. Yes; the grand corrupter, gold,
Has bought him to our int'rest; he is ready.

Alz. Thank heav'n, that metal doth not always prove
The instrument of ill: but haste, Emira.

Emi. Is Zamor then devoted to destruction?
Cannot Alvarez save him? have the council—

Alz. I have a thousand fears for him: alas!
These tyrants think the world was made for them,
That they were born the sov'reigns of mankind,
That Zamor is a rebel and a slave:
Barbarians as they are—this cruel council—
But I'll prevent their murth'rous purposes:
That soldier, my Emira, how he lingers!

Emi. Be not alarm'd; night's friendly shade protects
him,
And he will soon be here with Zamor; sleep
Hath clos'd the tyrant's eyes, and we are safe.

Alz. O let him lead me to the prison gate
That I may set him free.

Emi. Behold, he comes:
But shou'd ye be discover'd, foul dishonour,
Disgrace, and infamy—

Alz. Attend on her
Who wou'd betray the man she loves; this shame
Thou talk'st of is an European phantom,
Which fools mistake for virtue! 'tis the love
Of glory not of justice, not the fear
Of vice but of reproach; a shame unknown
In these untutor'd climes, where honour shines

In

In its own native light, and scorns the aid
Of such false lustre; honour bids me save
A lover and a hero thus deserted.

S C E N E IV.

ALZIRA, ZAMOR, EMIRA, a Soldier.

Alz. O Zamor, all is lost, thy punishment
Already is prepar'd, and thou art doom'd
To instant death; lose not a moment's time,
But haste away, this soldier will conduct thee:
Alas! thou see'st my grief and my despair,
O save my husband from the guilt of murder,
Save thy dear self, and leave me to my fate.

Zam. Thou bid'st me live, I must obey Alzira:
But wilt thou follow the poor friendless Zamor?
A desert and this heart are all I now
Have left to offer, once I had a throne.

Alz. What were a throne and empire without thee?
Alas! my Zamor, to the gloomy desert
My soul shall follow thee; but I am doom'd
To wander here alone, to drag a life
Of bitterness and woe, to spend my hours
In sad reflections on my wretched state,
To be another's, and yet burn for thee:
I bid farewell to Zamor and to joy;
Away, and leave me to my duty; fain
Would I preserve my honour, and my love,
They both are sacred.

Zam. What's this idol honour,
This European phantom, that deludes thee;
This christian altar, those detested oaths
Extorted from thee, this triumphant God;
What have they done to rob me of Alzira?

Alz. My sacred promise—

Zam. 'Twas a guilty vow,
And binds thee not; perdition on thy oaths,
And thy false God, whom I abhor! farewell!

Alz. O stop, my Zamor.

Zam.

Zam. Guzman is thy husband.

Alz. Do not upbraid but pity me.

Zam. O think

On our past loves.

Alz. I think but on thy danger.

Zam. Thou hast betray'd me.

Alz. No; I love thee still:

If 'tis a crime, I own, nay glory in it;

But hence, and leave me here to die alone;

Some dreadful purpose labours in thy breast:

How thy eyes roll! O Zamor—

Zam. 'Tis resolv'd.

Alz. Where art thou going?

Zam. Glorious liberty,

I'll use thee nobly.

Alz. If thou dy'st, remember

I perish with thee.

Zam. In this hour of terror

Thou talk'st to me of love: but time is precious,

Conduct me, soldier: fare thee well.

S C E N E V.

A L Z I R A.

He's gone;

But where I know not: dreadful moment! Guzman,

For thee I quitted Zamor: haste, Emira,

Follow him, fly, return, and tell me all.

Think'st thou that soldier will be faithful to us?

[*Exit Emira.*]

I know not why, but something tells me here,

This day, for me, will be a day of horror.

O God of christians, thou all conq'ring pow'r,

Whom yet I know not, O remove the cloud

From my dark mind; if by my fatal passion

I have offended thee, pour all thy vengeance

On me, but spare my Zamor; O conduct

His wand'ring footsteps thro' the dreary desert!

Is Europe only worthy of thy care?

Art

Art thou the partial parent of one world,
 And tyrant o'er another? all deserve
 Thy equal love, the victor and the vanquish'd
 Are all the work of thy creating hand.
 But hark! what dreadful cry is that? methought
 They call'd on Zamor—hark! again that noise!
 It comes this way: my Zamor's lost.

S C E N E VI.

ALZIRA, EMIRA.

Alz. Emira,

I'm glad thou'rt come: what hast thou seen, what done,
 Where is he? speak, and ease my troubled soul.

Emi. O it is past all hope; he cannot live:
 Conducted safely by the faithful soldier
 He pass'd the guards, then darting from him rush'd
 Towards the palace; trembling I pursued him,
 Amidst the horrors of the silent night,
 Almost to Guzman's chamber; there he 'scap'd me,
 Tho' oft I call'd on him, oft look'd in vain:
 I heard a dreadful shriek, some cry'd aloud,
 He's dead: the palace is in arms: fly, madam,
 And save yourself.

Alz. Let us begone, and help
 My Zamor.

Emi. What can we do for him?

Alz. Die.

S C E N E VII.

ALZIRA, EMIRA, Don ALONZO, Guards.

Alon. I've orders, madam, to secure you.

Alz. Slave,

What mean'st thou? where's my Zamor?

Alon. That I know not:

Permit me to conduct you.

Alz.

Alz. Cruel fate !

I must not die then ? Zamor is no more,
And yet I live, a captive, and in chains :
O ignominious !—dost thou weep, barbarian ?
I must indeed be wretched, if my woes
Can touch a heart like thine ; I'll follow thee ;
If death awaits me, I obey with pleasure.



ACT V. SCENE I.

ALZIRA, Guards.

Alz. **P**Repare your tortures, you, who call yourselves
The judges of mankind ; why am I left
In dread suspense, uncertain of my fate ?
To live, or die ? if I but mention Zamor,
The guards around me tremble, and look pale,
His very name affrights them.

SCENE II.

MONTEZUMA, ALZIRA.

Alz. Ha ! my father !

Mon. O my Alzira, what a scene of woe
Hath thy imprudent fatal passion brought
Amongst us ! we were pleading for thy Zamor,
The good Alvarez had well nigh prevail'd,
When on a sudden an arm'd soldier rush'd
With violence in, and bore down all before him ;
'Twas Zamor's self ; with fury in his aspect,
And wild distraction, on he sprung to Guzman,
Attack'd, and plung'd the dagger in his breast :
The blood, that issued from your husband's wound,
Gush'd on your father : Zamor then resign'd,

With

With calm submission at Alvarez' feet
 Fell humble ; " take," he cry'd, " this guilty sword,
 " Stain'd with thy Guzman's blood, I am reveng'd ;
 " Now nature calls on thee to do thy duty,
 " As I have mine ; strike here : " then bar'd his breast
 To the expected blow : the good Alvarez
 Sunk breathless in my arms ; confusion follow'd
 And cries and horror ; Guzman's friends uprais'd him,
 Bound up his wounds, and try'd by every art
 Of med'cine to preserve his life ; the people
 Accuse thee as accomplice in the deed,
 And call for justice on thee.

Alz. And cou'd'st thou——

Mon. O no ; my heart suspects thee not, Alzira,
 Thy soul I know is capable of error,
 But not of guilt : alas ! thou did'st not see
 The precipice before thee : Guzman dies
 By Zamor's hand, thy husband by thy lover ;
 They will condemn thee to a shameful death,
 But I will try if possible to move
 The council in thy favour.

Alz. Do not sue

For me, my father, of these cruel tyrants,
 Let but Alvarez live, and love me still,
 I ask no more : Guzman's untimely fate
 I must lament, because 'twas horrible ;
 Because, more dreadful still, he had deserv'd it :
 Zamor reveng'd his wrongs, I cannot blame
 Nor can I praise him for it ; he must die ;
 Alzira wishes but to follow him.

Alv. O heav'n, assist me in this work of mercy !

S C E N E III.

A L Z I R A.

Now end, all gracious pow'r, this wretched being !
 Alas ! Alzira, the new God thou serv'st
 Withholds thy hand, and says thou must not finish

Thy

Thy hated life ; the deities I left
 Deny'd me not the privilege to die.
 Is it a crime to hasten on, perhaps
 A few short years, the universal doom
 Appointed for us all ? and must we drink
 The bitter cup of sorrow to the dregs ?
 In this vile body is there aught so sacred
 That the free spirit shou'd not leave at will
 Its homely mansion ? this all-conqu'ring nation,
 Shall they dispeople earth, destroy my race,
 Condemn Alzira, and I not be mistress
 Of my own life ? Barbarians ! Zamor then
 Must die in tortures.

S C E N E IV.

ZAMOR in chains, ALZIRA, Guards.

Zam. Yes, it is decreed ;
 We both must die ; beneath the specious name
 Of justice, the tribunal hath condemn'd us ;
 Guzman yet lives, my erring hand had left
 Its work unfinish'd ; the barbarian lives
 To glut his vengeance with Alzira's blood,
 To taste a tyrant's savage joy, and see us
 Perish together—to pronounce our doom
 Alvarez comes : I am the guilty cause ;
 Thou dy'st for me, Alzira.

Alz. Then no more,
 For death is welcome if it comes with Zamor :
 O bless the happy hour that shall dissolve
 My ties to Guzman ; I may love thee now
 Without a crime, without remorse ; receive
 The heart that's due to thee, and thee alone :
 Yon dreadful scaffold, for our death prepar'd,
 Shall be the altar of my love ; there, Zamor,
 I'll offer up my faith, and expiate there
 My crime of infidelity—the worst
 Of all our sentence is, that it must come
 From good Alvarez.

Zam.

Zam. See, he's here ; his cheeks
Are bath'd in tears.

Alz. Alas ! who most deserves
Compassion ? this will be a dreadful parting.

SCENE V.

ALZIRA, ZAMOR, ALVAREZ, Guards.

Zam. From you we both expect to hear our fate,
Pronounce it, we are not afraid to die :
Zamor deserves it, he has slain thy son,
The son of good Alvarez, of my friend ;
But what, my lord, has this fair innocent,
What has Alzira done ? thou art not cruel,
Proud, and revengeful, like thy countrymen :
Distinguish'd by thy clemency, we lov'd
Alvarez ; wilt thou give up the fair title
Of just and good, and bathe thee in the blood
Of innocence ?

Alz. Revenge thyself, revenge
Thy son ; but do not thus condemn the guiltless :
I am the wife of Guzman, that alone
Shou'd tell thee, I wou'd save, and not betray him,
Ev'n tho' I hated, I respected him,
And swerv'd not from my faith, thou know'it I did not :
Careless of what the stand'ring multitude
May think, I rest my character on thee,
Acquitted by Alvarez, for the rest
'Tis equal all : if Zamor dies, Alzira
Must go with him : I pity thee alone.

Alv. Amazing scene of tenderness and horror !
That he should be the murth'rer of my son,
Who was my kind deliverer ! O Zamor,
To thee I owe a life which I abhor ;
It was a fatal gift, and bought too dear :
I am a father, yet I am a man ;
Spite of a parent's grief that cries aloud
For vengeance on thee, gratitude pleads strongly ;

She

She will be heard :—and thou, who wert my daughter,
Whom yet I call by that dear tender name ;
Think not I joy in the inhuman pleasure
Of fell revenge ; I lose a friend, I lose
A daughter, and a son : the counsel dooms thee
To death, and bids a wretched father pass
The cruel sentence ; I cou'd not refuse
The dreadful task, and now am come, my children,
To save you both : it is in Zamor's pow'r.

Zam. To save Alzira ? say, what's to be done ?

Alv. Believe in him who now inspires Alvarez ;
One word will change your fate : the law decrees,
Whoe'er becomes a christian meets forgiveness,
The God of pardon will himself o'ershade
Thy ev'ry crime, and take thee to his mercy ;
Spain will protect and love thee as a brother ;
Alzira shall be safe, ye both shall live ;
I'll answer for her life as for thy own ;
Zamor, to thee I speak ; of thee I ask
Another life, I owe thee one already ;
A father asks thee only to be happy,
To be a christian, and to save Alzira.

Zam. What says my love ? say, shou'd we purchase
So dearly ? Shall I quit my gods for Guzman's, [life
And be a traitor ? tell me, thou sage tyrant,
When I was master of thy fate, wou'dst thou,
Had Zamor sued, have quitted thy own gods
For mine ?

Alv. I shou'd have done as now I do,
Implor'd th' almighty being to enlighten
A heart like thine, and make thee a true christian.

Zam. O cruel contest ! what am I to choose,
Or life or death, Alzira, or my gods,
Which must I leave ? Alzira, 'tis thy cause,
Determine it ; I think thou wou'dst not bring
Dishonour on thy Zamor.

Alz. Hear me then :
Thou know'st that, to obey a father's will,
I gave another what to thee alone
I had devoted ; I embrac'd his faith,
And worshipp'd Montezuma's God ; perhaps

It was the error of my easy youth,
 And thou wilt blame me for it; but methought
 The law of christians was the law of truth,
 And therefore only did I make it mine
 But to renounce those gods our heart adores;
 That is no venial error, but a crime
 Of deepest die; it is to give up both,
 The God we worship, and the God we leave;
 'Tis to be false to heaven, to the world,
 And to ourselves: no, Zamor, if thou dy'st,
 Die worthy of Alzira; hear the voice
 Of conscience; act as she alone directs thee.

Zam. Thou hast determin'd as I thought thou wou'd'st,
 Zamor shall die with honour.

Alv. Then ye scorn
 Our proffer'd mercy: hark! those mournful cries—

S C E N E VII.

ALVAREZ, GUZMAN, ZAMOR, Americans,
 Soldiers.

Zam. O save Alzira; let me perish.

Alz. No:

I will be join'd to Guzman, and to thee.

Alv. My son is in the agonies of death;
 O Guzman, hear me.

Zam. Look on Zamor, learn
 Of him to die.

Guz. Perhaps I may teach thee
 Another lesson: I have ow'd the world
 A good example long, and now I mean
 To pay the debt.

[To Zamor.

My soul is on the wing, [Turning to Alvarez.
 And ere she takes her flight but waits to see
 And imitate Alvarez; O my father,
 The mask is off, death has at last unveil'd
 The hideous scene, and shew'd me to myself;
 New light breaks in on my astonish'd soul:
 O I have been a proud ungrateful being,

And

And trampled on my fellow creatures: heav'n
 Avenges earth: my life can ne'er atone
 For half the blood I've shed: prosperity
 Had blinded Guzman, death's benignant hand
 Restores my sight; I thank the instrument
 Employ'd by heav'n to make me what I am,
 A penitent: I yet am master here;
 And yet can pardon: Zamor, I forgive thee,
 Live and be free; but O remember how
 A christian acted, how a christian dy'd.
 Thou, Montezuma, and ye hapless victims

[*To Montezuma, who kneels to him.*]

Of my ambition, say my clemency
 Surpass'd my guilt, and let your sov'reigns know,
 That we were born your conquerors.

Observe

[*To Zamor.*]

The difference, Zamor, 'twixt thy Gods and mine:
 Thine teach thee to revenge an injury,
 Mine to forgive and pity thee.

Alv. My son,

Thy virtue's equal to thy courage.

Alz. Heav'n!

How wonderful a change! amazing goodness!

Zam. Thou wilt oblige me to repent.

Guz. Yes, Zamor,

I will do more, thou shall admire and love me:
 Guzman too long hath made Alzira wretched,
 I'll make her happy; with my dying hand
 I give her to thee, live and hate me not,
 Restore your country's ruin'd walls, and bless
 My memory.

Alvarez, be once more

[*To Alvarez.*]

A father to them, let the light of heav'n
 Shine forth upon them; Zamor is thy son,
 Let him repair my loss.

Zam. Amaz'd, confounded,

And motionless I stand; can christians boast
 Of such exalted virtue? 'twas inspir'd
 By heav'n; the christian's law must be divine:
 Friendship, and faith, and constancy I knew

Already;

Already ; but this soars above them all :
I must indeed admire and love thee, Guzman.

[Falls at his feet.]

Alz. My lord, permit me to embrace thy knees :
O I cou'd die for Guzman ; will you then
-Forgive my weakness ?

Guz. Yes : I pardon all,
I cannot see thee weep and not forgive thee.
Come near, my father, take my last farewell !

[dies.]

Alv. I see the hand of God in all our woes,
[To Montezuma.]
And humbly bend myself before that pow'r
Who wounds to heal, and strikes but to forgive.

END of the FIFTH ACT.



OLY-



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T H E

EDITOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS new Tragedy, which I lay before the public, will, I hope, prove acceptable to all that have a taste for literary performances.

Mons. de *Voltaire* sent the manuscript some time ago to his Serene Highness the Elector *Palatine*. This Prince, renowned throughout *Europe* for talents which render the throne respectable, had a desire to see this piece, and caused it to be acted last year by his comedians at the Theatre of *Schwetzingen*, on the thirtieth of *September*, and the seventh of *October*, whilst the Author endeavour'd to get it represented at his own house. The Author, with whom I have the honour to correspond, and under whose direction I wrote for five years, sent me a copy of this piece, together with the alterations which he made in it every day. As I assisted at the several representations of it at *Schwetzingen*, I informed him of its success, and took the liberty to communicate to him a few observations which I had made on it. In return he communicated to me some observations of his own.

This Tragedy has been acknowledged to have something original in it. The pomp of its decorations excited admiration at the palace of his Serene Highness. Several striking and happy incidents rendered the conduct of the piece interesting, and at once inspired pity and terror. Every thing contributed to make the catastrophe shocking. I can assure the public, that the dagger never produced such an effect upon
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the stage as in the last Act of *Olympia*. The decorations were extremely magnificent: the stake in its proper place made the spectators shudder; the flames were real. The altar upon which was *Olympia*, discovered the whole sight. The Priests and Priestesses, placed at a distance from her, left the Princess at liberty to throw herself down; in a word, the piece was represented with a magnificence worthy of their Serene Electoral Highnesses. Nothing was wanting but the presence of him for whom my master has so great an esteem, whose work I have caused to be printed, as a token of the profound respect I have for him.

COLINI, Secretary and Historiographer to his
Serene Highness the Elector *Palatine*.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

CASSANDER, Son of Antipater, King of Macedonia.

ANTIGONES, King of Part of Asia.

The Hierophantes, or High Priest, who presides at the Celebration of the great Mysteries.

SOSTHENES, an Officer of Cassander's.

HERMAS, an Officer of Antigones.

W O M E N.

STATIRA, the Wife of Alexander.

OLYMPIA, the Daughter of Alexander and Statira.

Priests, Priestesses, Soldiers, Populace.

... ..



OLYMPIA.

A NEW

TRAGEDY.

SCENE I.

The back part of the theatre represents a temple, the doors of which are shut, and adorned with lofty pillars: the two wings form a vast porch. Sosthenes is seen in the porch. The great door opens; Cassander in great agitation approaches Sosthenes, and the great door is again shut.

CASSANDER, SOSTHENES.

Cas. **T**HES E rites, oh! Sosthenes, must quickly
end:

Cassander hopes to find propitious Gods;
My days will soon more calmly glide away,
And my wild agitation subside.
Already I feel ease——

Sos. ——Near Ephesus
The warlike chiefs who serv'd your royal fire,
The oath accusom'd in my presence swore.
All Macedon acknowledges your sway.
Her two protectors Ephesus has chosen.
The throne which with Antigones you share,
Will doubtless make your great designs succeed.

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A reign,

A reign, which with the worship of the Gods
 Begins, must doubtless be approv'd by men.
 Initiation in the sacred rites,
 Will make your diadem beheld with awe.
 Appear in public.—

Cas. ————— Yet it is too soon.
 When I possess the crown, your faithful eyes
 Shall be the witnesses of all my deeds.
 Stay in this porch, the Priestesses to day
 Present Olympia to the powers divine :
 This day in secret she must expiate
 Sins, which are even to herself unknown.
 This day a better life I shall begin.
 Oh ! dear Olympia, may you never know
 The heinous crime that's hardly yet effac'd,
 To whom your birth you owe, what blood I've shed.

Ses. Can then, my Lord, a girl in infancy,
 Stol'n on Euphrates' banks, and by your fire
 Condemn'd to slavery, in your royal breast
 Raise such a conflict? ———

Cas. ————— Sostrhenes, respect
 A slave to whom the world should homage pay :
 The wrongs of fate I labour to repair.
 My father had his reasons to conceal
 The noble blood to which she ow'd her birth:
 What do I say ? Oh cruel memory !
 He set her down among the victims doom'd
 To bleed, that he might unmolested reign. . . .
 Altho' in cruelty and carnage bred
 I pity'd her, and turn'd my father's heart ;
 I, who the mother stabb'd, the daughter sav'd,
 My frenzy and my crime she never knew.
 Olympia, may thy error ever last,
 Tho' as a benefactor thou dost love
 Cassander, quickly he would have thy hate,
 Wert thou to know what blood his hands have shed.

Ses. I don't into those secrets strive to pry,
 Of your true interest I speak alone.
 Of all the several monarchs, who pretend
 To Alexander's throne, Antigones,
 And he alone, is to your cause a friend.

Cas.

Cas. His friendship I have always held most dear.
I will to him be faithful—

Ses. ——— He to you
Equal fidelity and friendship owes;
But since we've seen him enter first these walls,
His heart by secret jealousy seems fill'd,
And from your love he seems to be estrang'd.

Cas. What matters it? O ever honour'd shades
Of Alexander and Statira—Dust
Of a fam'd hero, of a demi-god,
By my remorse you are enough reveng'd.
Olympia, from their shades appeas'd obtain
The peace, for which my heart so long has sigh'd;
Let your bright virtues all my fears dispel,
Be my defence and Heaven propitiate;
But to this porch just open'd ere the day
I see Antigones the King advance.

S C E N E II.

CASSANDER, SOSTHENES, ANTIGONES,
HERMAS.

ANTIGONES. [To Hermas behind.]

I must this secret know, it importunes me.
Even in his heart I'll read what he conceals.
Depart, but be at hand——

Cas. When scarce the sun
Darts his first rays, what cause can bring you here?

Ant. Your interests, Cassander, since the gods
By penitence you have propitious made,
'The earth between us we must strive to share.
No more war's horrors Ephesus dismay:
Your secret mysteries, which awe inspire,
Have banish'd discord and calamities.
Monarchs' contentions are a while compos'd,
But this repose is short, and soon our climes
By flames and by the sword will be laid waste;
The sword's not sheath'd, nor flames extinguish'd yet.
Antipater's no more, your courage, cares,

His undertaking doubtless will complete.
 The brave Antipater had never borne
 To see Seleucus and the Lagides,
 And treacherous Antiochus, insult
 The tomb of Alexander, boldly seize
 His conquests and his great successors brave.

Cas. Would to the gods, that Alexander could
 From heaven's height this daring man behold;
 Wou'd he were still alive—

Ant. Your words surprize;
 Can you then Alexander's loss regret?
 What can to such a strange remorse give rise!
 Of Alexander's death you're innocent.

Cas. Alas I caus'd his death—

Ant. —He justly fell.
 That victim loudly all the Grecians claim'd.
 Long was the world of his ambition tir'd.
 The poison that he drank from Athens came,
 Perdicas cast it in the sparkling bowl;
 The bowl your father put into your hand,
 But never intimated the design.
 You then was young, you at the banquet serv'd,
 The banquet where the haughty tyrant dy'd.

Cas. The impious parricide excuse no more.

Ant. Can you then abjectly thus deify
 The murderer of Clitus, whose fell rage
 Destroy'd Parmenio, and who madly vain,
 Dishonouring his mother, durst aspire
 To be a god, and adoration claim'd!
 'Tis he deserves the name of parricide;
 And when at Babylon we cut him off,
 When fate o'ertook him in the poison'd bowl,
 We mortals and the gods at once reveng'd.

Cas. Altho' he had his faults, you still must own
 He was a hero and our lawful King.

Ant. A hero! —

Cas. —Doubtless he deserves the name.

Ant. It was our valour, 'twas our arms, our blood,
 To which the ungrateful wretch his conquests ow'd.

Cas. Ye tutelary gods!
 Who cou'd be more ungrateful than our fires?

All to that rank exalted strove to rise.
 But wherefore were his wife and children slain?
 Who can relate the horrors of the day?

Ant. This late repentance fills me with surprize.
 Jealous and quite suspicions of his friends
 He was become a Persian, had espous'd
 The daughter of Darius; we were slaves.
 Do you then wish that, furious for revenge,
 Statira had his subjects rous'd to arms,
 And to his shade had sacrific'd us all?
 She arm'd them all, Antipater himself
 That day with difficulty 'scap'd her rage.
 A father's life you sav'd——

Cas. 'Tis true, but still
 This hand the wife of Alexander slew.

Ant. It is the fate of combats, our success
 Should not be follow'd by regret and tears.

Cas. After the fatal stroke I wept, I own,
 And stain'd with that august but hapless blood,
 Astonish'd at myself and mad with grief,
 For what my father forc'd me to commit,
 I long have groan'd in secret——

Ant. ——But declare
 Wherefore to-day you feel these pangs of grief.
 A friend should to a friend his heart disclose,
 You still dissemble——

Cas. Friend, what can I say?
 Depend upon it there's a time, the heart
 To virtue's paths by instinct's force returns;
 And when the memory of former guilt
 With terror harrows up the frightened soul.

Ant. Of murders expiated think no more;
 But let us to our interests still attend.
 If your soul must be ruff'd by remorse,
 Repent that you've abandon'd Asia's plains
 To insolent Antiochus's sway
 May my brave warriors and your valiant Greeks
 Again with terror shake Euphrates' shores:
 Of all these upstart Kings elate with pride
 Not one is worthy of the name, not one

Like us has serv'd Darius' conqueror.
Our chiefs are all cut off——

Cas. ——— Perhaps the Gods
Have sacrific'd them to their monarch's shade.

Ant. We who still live should labour to restore
The few, who have surviv'd the general wreck.
The victor dying, to the worthiest left
His host ; who saves it is the man he meant.
My fortune and your own at once secure,
The strongest all men must the worthiest own.
The fallen powers of Greece let's raise again :
Let discord from our councils be remov'd,
Left to these tyrants we should fall a prey ;
They were not born to vie with men like us.
Say will you second me.——

Cas. ——— My friend, I swear
I'm ready to assert our common cause.
Unworthy hands have Asia's sceptre seiz'd,
Nile and th' Euphrates both are tyranniz'd ;
I'll fight for you, for Greece and for myself.

Ant. Int'rest your promise dictates ; both I trust,
But much more in your friendship I confide,
That secret tie by which we both are bound.
But of your friendship I require a proof ;
Do not refuse it.

Cas. By your doubt I'm wrong'd.
If what you ask is in my pow'r, your will
I as a sacred order shall obey.

Ant. Perhaps you will consider with surprize
The trifle, which in friendship's name I ask ;
'Tis but a slave——

Cas. ——— All mine you may command,
They're prostrate at your feet, chuse which you will.

A. t. A foreign damsel suffer me to ask,
In Babylon made captive by your fire,
She's yours by lot, I claim her as the prize
Of labours, which for you I've undergone.
Your father hardly us'd her, I am told,
But in my court she'll meet with due respect.
Her name's Olympia.—

Cas. Olympia !

Ant.

Ant. That's the fair one's name.

Cas. How unexpectedly he wounds my heart !
Must I resign Olympia ?

Ant. Hear me, friend,
I hope I shall Cassander grateful find ;
In trifles a refusal may offend,
And sure you do not mean to injure me.

Cas. No, you shall soon the youthful slave behold ;
You shall yourself decide if 'twould be fit
That I should give her up at your request :
To this shrine none profane can find access.
Under th' inspection of the pow'rs divine,
Olympia 'midst the priestesses remains.
The gates will open at the proper time
Within this porch, to which access is free ;
My coming wait, and all complaint suspend.
New mysteries may strike you with surprize ;
You quickly may determine, whether kings
Can to Olympia now have any claim.

[*He enters the temple again, and Sosthenes goes out.*]

S C E N E III.

ANTIGONES and HERMAS in the porch.

Her. My Lord, you move my wonder, whilst alarms
Disturb all Asia, and a hundred kings
For power supreme in fields of blood contend ;
When fortune Alexander's wide domains
Prepares amongst the valiant to divide,
Whilst greatly you to sovereign sway lay claim,
Can a slave be the object of your wish ?

Ant. Your wonder's just ; but reasons, which to none
I dare disclose, to this pursuit excite.
Perhaps this slave may of importance prove
To Asia's kings ; to all men who aspire ;
To him who in his bosom bears a heart,
Which nobly aims at Alexander's throne.
Strangest conjectures long my soul has fram'd

Upon

Upon the slave's adventures, and her name.
 I sought for information ; oft my eyes
 Have gaz'd upon her from these ramparts height,
 The time and place to which she owes her birth,
 The great respect which even a master shews her,
 Cassander's sorrow and obscure discourse,
 With fresh suspicions have my soul inspir'd ;
 The mystery dark, I think, I can see thro'.

Her. He loves her, I am told ; and, with the care
 Of a kind father, educates her youth.

Ant. We'll know the truth, but see the temple opens,
 And shews the sacred altar deck'd with flowers.
 The priestesses are rang'd on either side ;
 The high-priest sits within the sacred shrine,
 Cassander and Olympia now advance.

S C E N E VI.

The three doors of the temple are opened. The inside
 of the temple is discovered. The priests advance
 slowly on one side, and the priestesses on the other.
 They are all clothed in white raiment, with blue gir-
 dles, the ends of which touch the ground. Cassander
 and Olympia lay their hands upon the altar. Anti-
 gones and Hermas stand in the porch.

Cas. Oh God of kings and gods, eternal mind,
 Who in these sacred mysteries stand'st reveal'd ;
 Who dost the wicked punish, and the just
 Support, with whom remorse atones for crimes :
 Great God, confirm the vows which here I make.
 Olympia, heavenly fair ! those vows receive ;
 To you my throne, my life I dedicate.
 A love as pure, as holy as the fire
 Of Vesta, which ne'er dies, I promise here.
 To heaven devoted, priestesses august,
 Receive the vows and promises I make,
 Bear them in clouds of incense to the throne

Of listening gods, and may they still avert
The punishment that's due to crimes like mine.

Oly. Protect, O Gods! in whom I put my trust,
The master, who supply'd a father's care:
Let my kind lover and my husband still
Be dear to you, and worthy of your care.
My heart is to you known, his rank, his crown,
Are the least gifts which on me he bestows:
'Tis yours to answer for my ardent flame,
Who here bear witness to it's purity.
May I from him to please you learn, and may
Your justice doom me to th' infernal shades,
If faithless to your laws I e'er forget
My former state, and what I owe to him.

Cas. Let's to the shrine return, where bliss invites.
The solemn pomp, you Priestesses, prepare,
The pomp from which my happiness I date;
Sanctify both my passion and my life.
I've at the temple seen the Gods, in her
I see them; may they hate me, if I am false.
Antigones, you hear what I have said,
Sufficient answer have I now return'd?
Acknowledge now, that you should cease to claim
Cassander's slave; know even my throne itself,
And all my grandeur, are below her worth.
Whatever friendship may unite our hearts,
You cannot such a sacrifice expect.

[They enter the temple again, and the doors are shut.]

S C E N E V.

ANTIGONES, HERMAS.

Ant. I doubt no more, I have discover'd all.
He brav'd me, but his ruin is at hand.
He's ardent and impetuous, and prone
Sometimes to serve the Gods, sometimes offend;
The world has many characters like his,

Made

Made up of passion and religious zeal.
 With headlong passion tenderness they mix,
 They oft repent, and all things undertake.
 He says he weds a slave, ah ! never think,
 That love could make him so debase himself.
 That slave is of a race himself respects.
 His secret machinations I surmise.
 He thinks, in virtue of Olympia's rights,
 He one day may become supreme of Kings.
 Had love alone been master of his breast,
 He had not from me kept it thus conceal'd.
 His friendship weak you'll quickly see give place
 To rancour and inveterate enmity.

Her. Perhaps, to his insatuated heart.
 Designs too deep for lovers you ascribe ;
 Our actions oft, even in our great concerns,
 Are but effects which from our passions spring.
 Their power tyrannic we in vain disguise,
 The weak is oft a politician deem'd ;
 Cassander's not the first King, who has stoop'd
 To love a slave, and raise her to his bed.
 Heroes have often, by their flames subdu'd,
 Yielded to women, whilst they monarchs brav'd.

Ant. What you have said, is just, you reason right,
 But all I see, suspicion has confirm'd.
 Shall I avow the truth ? Olympia's charms
 Have jealousy excited in my soul :
 My secret sentiments too plain you see.
 Perhaps love mingles with these great concerns.
 More than I thought, their marriage grieves my soul.
 Cassander's not the only man that's weak.

Her. But he rely'd upon you. Can then kings
 Never be to the laws of friendship true ?
 Nor your alliance, nor your fellowship
 In arms, the dangers which you both have shar'd,
 Nor oaths redoubl'd, nor united cares,
 Can save you from the woes that discord brings.
 Is then true friendship banish'd from the earth ?

Ant. I know to friendship Greece has temples rais'd,
 To int'rest none, tho' int'rest's there ador'd.
 At once with love and with ambition blind,

Cassander.

Cassander hides from me Olympia's birth.
 Cassander views me with a jealous eye :
 He's in the right ; perhaps this very day
 The object of his wishes will be mine.

[The initiated, the priests and the priestesses pass, over the stage in procession, with garlands of flowers in their hands.]

Her. He has receiv'd her hand, the sacred shrine
 Already sees their nuptial pomp prepar'd ;
 Th' initiated, follow'd by the priests,
 With garlands in their hands, attend in crowds.
 Over the rites love's sacred pow'r presides.

Ant. His conquest may be ravish'd from him soon.
 I shall on your fidelity rely.
 Gods, laws, and people, will for me declare.
 Let us a moment fly these odious pomps,
 And take the measures my designs require ;
 Let us pollute this sanctuary o'er,
 Not with the blood of bulls, but human gore.



ACT II. SCENE I.

The three doors of the temple are opened. Though this scene, and many others, are supposed to pass in the innermost part of the temple, as theatres are not built in a manner favourable to the voice, the performers are obliged to advance forwards towards the porch : but the three doors of the temple are open, to shew that they are supposed to be in the temple.

The Hierophantes, the Priests and the Priestesses.

The HIEROPHANTES.

WHAT, in these sacred days, this shrine august,
 When God consoles the just, and sins forgives,
 Shall

Shall one of all the priestesses presume
To interrupt the rites, and disobey?
Must Arzane from duty be exempt?

One of the PRIESTESSES.

Arzane, bent on silence in retreat,
Bathes with her tears the statues of the gods;
She hides herself, my lord, from every eye:
A prey to grief, and weaken'd by her woes,
And wishes death may end her misery.

The Hier. Her woes we pity, but she must obey;
Let her a moment at the rites attend.

Since she has lain conceal'd in her retreat,
First on this day her presence is requir'd.

* Bid her approach, the sacred will of heav'n
Calls to the altar, and won't brook delay.

Adorn'd by her with wreaths of gayest flow'rs,
Olympia must before the Gods be led.

Initiated in our sacred rites,

Cassander must be purify'd by her;

Our mysteries soon must be complete, and all;

The orders of the gods must be obey'd;

They never vary, are for ever fix'd,

Not like the changeful laws of human kind.

SCENE II.

The HIEROPHANTES, the Priest and Priestesses,
STATIRA.

The HIEROPHANTES, to Statira.

You must not duty's sacred call neglect,
Nor your most holy ministry decline.
Since in this blest asylum first you made
The vow, which never more can be recall'd;
Upon this day first by the gods you're chosen
Their laws to Asia's victors to declare.
Be worthy of the God you represent.

STATIRA,

† The inferior priestess goes in quest of Arzane.

STATIRA, *covered with a veil, which does not conceal her features.*

Oh heavens, why after fifteen years that here,
Within deep solitudes and silent walls,
Remote from mankind fate has bury'd me ;
Why do you force me from obscurity ?
Why do you bring me to the light and woe ?

[*To the Hierophantes.*]

My Lord, when to this temple I repair'd,
'Twas but to weep, and die in secret here.
You know that was my purpose.——

The Hier. —Other laws.

The will of heaven prescribes you on this day,
And since at nuptials now you first preside,
Your name, your rank no longer must be hid.
You must declare them.——

Stat. —Sir, what matter these ?

The blood of beggars and the blood of kings,
Are they not equal in the sight of heaven ?
By heaven we're better known than by ourselves,
Great names might formerly have dazzled me ;
They're all forgotten in the silent tomb,
Let them be ever blotted from my mind.

The Hier. Vain glory and ambition we renounce,
In this point we're agreed ; but still the gods
Exact a full confession of the truth.
Say all, you shudder——

Stat. —So you will yourself.

You, who on heaven's high majesty attend,

[*To the Priests and Priestesses.*]

Who share my fate, whose lives are past in prayer,
Religiously my secret ever keep.

The Hier. We swear it solemnly.

Stat. —Ere I proceed

Say is Cassander, that blood-thirsty man
Admitted to your sacred mysteries.

The Hier. Madam, he is——

Stat. —Are then his crimes aton'd ?

The Hier. Of mercy every mortal stands in need.
If innocence alone could heaven approach,
Who in this temple would the gods adore ?

All

All human virtue from repentance springs.
Such is th' eternal order of the gods,
Mortals are guilty, but heaven pardons all.

Stat. If you then knew the barbarous, horrid deeds,
Which make him sue for grace, and vengeance dread,
If you then knew that by him his master fell,
A master dear to heaven, and if you knew
What blood he shed within these flaming walls,
When, even in dying Alexander's eyes,
He gor'd the bosom of his weeping queen,
And threw her dying on her husband's corpse,
You'll still be more surpriz'd when I've reveal'd
Secrets, as yet unknown to human kind.
That wife, who once on glory's summit sat,
Whose memory bleeding Persia honours still,
Darius' daughter, Alexander's wife,
She's here before you, ask her nothing more.

[The Priests and Priestesses lift up their hands and bend their bodies.]

The Hier. What have I heard ! you gods, whom crimes
How do you strike your images on earth ! [offend,
Statira in this temple ! give me leave
Respect profoundest—

Stat. —Rise, thou reverend priest ;
No longer am I mistress of the world,
Only respect the anguish of my mind,
In me of human greatness see the fate :
What my fire found the moment of his death,
I found in Babylon when drench'd in blood.
Darius, king of kings, of throne depriv'd,
A fugitive in deserts, quite forlorn,
By his own treacherous followers was slain,
A stranger, wretched out-cast of the earth,
Consol'd his misery in his dying hour,
See you that woman, to my court a stranger.

[Shewing the inferior Priestess.]

Her hand, her hand alone preserv'd my life.
'Twas she that brought me from the slaughter'd heap,
Where my base friends had left me to expire ;
She is of Ephesus ; my steps she led
To this asylum, on my realm's confines.

I saw

I saw my spoils by numerous plunderers torn,
 The field strew'd o'er with dying and the dead,
 All Alexander's soldiers rais'd to kings,
 And public robberies call'd great exploits.
 The world I hated and its various woes ;
 I left it, and liv'd here interr'd alive.
 I own I mourn a daughter much belov'd,
 Torn from me whilst I welter'd in my gore,
 This stranger here is all my family.
 My husband, daughter, and Darius lost,
 Heaven's my resource alone——

The Hier. —Be heaven your prop.
 From the throne which you lost to heaven you rise,
 God's temple is your court, be happy there.
 Your grandeur tho' august was dangerous,
 The throne was terrible ; forget it quite,
 And look upon it with a pitying eye.

Stat. This temple, Sir, sometimes has calm'd my
 griefs.

But you may well conceive how much I'm shock'd
 At seeing by Cassander the same gods
 Implor'd, whom I've invok'd against his head.

The Hier. This, I acknowledge, needs must give you
 But our laws speak to you and must be heard. [pain :
 You have embrac'd it.——

Stat. —Could I ever think
 It would so horrid an injunction lay ?
 The torch of my sad days grows pale and dim,
 And these last moments which high heaven bestows
 What purpose serve they ?——

The Hier. ——You'll perhaps forgive,
 You have yourself trac'd out your great career,
 Proceed in it, and never look behind.
 Shades, when unbound from cumbrous, fleshly chains,
 Taste lasting rest, and are from passion free.
 A new day gives them light, a cloudless day ;
 They live for heav'n, their lot is like to ours.
 Soon on our hearts a blest retreat bestows
 Oblivion of our enemies and griefs.

Stat. I'm priestess now, 'tis true, tho' once a queen.
 My duty's harsh, oh ! with my weakness bear.
 What must I do ?——

The

The Hier. —Olympia on her knees
Will soon appear before you, then 'tis yours
To bless the marriage of th' illustrious pair.

Stat. I'll reconcile her to a life of woe,
That is the lot of mortals. —

The Hier. —The incense,
The water for ablution and the gifts,
Offer'd up to the gods, your royal hands
Shall bear, and at their sacred shrine present.

Stat. For whom should I present them, wretch, must
My life be fill'd with horror to it's close? [then
In my retreat I thought to scape from woe,
Oh fruitless hope, woe every where abounds :
Let me obey the law which I have made.

The Hier. Farewel, I both lament you and admire.
Behold she comes. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

STATIRA and OLYMPIA. [*The stage shakes.*

Stat. Dark and awful cells,
You shake, a horrid murmur strikes my ear :
The temple quakes, must nature then be mov'd
When she appears, must all my senses fail,
And the same trouble and confusion feel?

Oly. Ah madam ! [terrified.

Stat. Young, tender victim, to the nuptial law,
Approach, these frightful omens crimes denote,
Such charms as yours for virtue's self seem made.

Oly. My sinking courage, oh just Gods, support,
Oh you, the confidens of their decrees,
Deign to direct my innocence and youth.
I claim your care, my terror dissipate.

Stat. Alas, mine yours exceeds, embrace me, daughter.
Do you then know your husband's history,
Or do you know your country or your birth?

Oly. Of humble birth, I never did expect
My present rank, to which I have no right.
Cassander, madam's, King, he deign'd in Greece

To educate me at his father's court.
 Since I've been near his person, I have seen
 In him the greatest of all human kind.

The husband's dear, the master is rever'd,
 Thus have I all my sentiments made known.

Stat. How easily a youthful heart's deceiv'd?
 How much I love your candid innocence?
 Cassander then has taken charge of you.

Do you not from some King derive your birth?

Oly. Can none love virtue or obey its laws,
 But such as from a kingly race descend?

Stat. I think not so, guilt dwells too near the throne.

Oly. I was a slave, no more——

Stat. ——I'm much surpriz'd.

Upon your front august, and in your eyes,
 In every noble feature of your face
 We read the virtues of a royal mind.
 Could you be then a slave?

Oly. ——Antipater

Seiz'd on my infancy by chance of war.

All to his son I owe.——

Stat. ——Your first days thus
 Have felt misfortunes, which at length have ceas'd;
 My woes have been as lasting as my life.

Say where, and when, you were by fate involv'd
 In ills which brought you to captivity.

Oly. I'm told a King, the world's victorious lord,
 Was slain, and rivals for his empire strove;

That, whilst it was by fierce contentions torn,
 In Babylon Cassander sav'd my life,
 When it was threaten'd by the murd'rous blade.

Stat. In days, made sad by Alexander's death,
 Were you then captive of Antipater,
 And did you by Cassander's favours live?

Oly. I never could learn more, misfortunes past
 Felicity has banish'd from my thought.

Stat. Captive at Babylon! eternal powers,
 Do you then make of mortals woes your sport?
 The time, the place, her age, have in my soul
 At once rous'd joy, grief, tenderness, and dread.

Am

Am I not then deceiv'd ? Upon her face
My valiant husband's image is impress'd.——

Oly. What say you ?——

Stat. —Heavens ! such looks the hero cast,
When mild and from the bloody field retir'd !
He rais'd my family which scarce had 'scap'd
Th' insatiate fury of the murderous blade !
When he rais'd all my fallen family
To their first rank, and when his hand touch'd mine !
Illusion dear ! enchanting hope ! but vain.
Can it be possible ! Lift, princess, lift,
Pity the agitation of my soul !
Have you no memory of a mother left !

Oly. Those, who have had it in their pow'r to tell,
Of the transactions of my infancy,
Inform'd me, that I, in those days of slaughter,
Was even, when in my cradle, made a slave.
A mother's fondness ne'er to me was known.
I know not who I am, from whom I'm sprung.
Alas, you sigh, you weep ; my trickling tears
I mix with yours, and in them I find charms.
With faint embrace your languid arms clasp me ;
Your organs fail ; you strive to speak, in vain.
Speak to me.——

Stat. My utterance fails, I sink, I'm overwhelm'd ;
The trouble which I feel will end my days.

S C E N E IV.

STATIRA, OLYMPIA, the HIEROPHANTES.

The Hier. Priestess of heav'n, and queen of human
Say what new change has happen'd in your fate ? [races,
What must we do ? What art thou now to hear ?

Stat. Misfortunes, but I'm now prepar'd for all.

The Hier. The greatest good is ever dash'd with grief ;
No bliss is pure. Antigones's rage,
The troops, the citizens, that rise in arms,
The general voice, by ardent zeal inspir'd,

All these things prove the object you behold,
Like you long bury'd in obscurity.
The object which your hands should to Cassander
This day have given, Olympia—

Stat. —What means this!

The Hier. Is daughter of the late victorious king.

Stat. My torn heart has told me this before.

[*running to embrace Olympia.*

My child! my daughter! dear, but fatal names;
Do I then press you in a close embrace,
When by your marriage thus you wound my soul.

Oly. Does then to be my mother make you grieve?

Stat. No, I thank Heav'n, whose anger long I felt,
Nature pleads loudly, joy pours on my soul;
But Heav'n deprives me of the promis'd bliss.
You are to wed Cassander.—

Oly. If from you
Olympia is descended, if the love
A parent bears a child inspires your heart,
Cassander surely never could offend.

The Hier. You are descended from her, doubt it not;
Cassander owns and will attest the truth.
With him united, may you both find means
To make two hostile races live in peace.

Oly. Is he your foe then, am I so accurs'd?

Stat. The villain poison'd your victorious sire;
He plung'd his dagger in your mother's breast,
Even in her breast whose hapless womb first bore you;
He plung'd the steel which oft had princes pierc'd:
Even to this temple he pursues my steps;
The Gods he braves, pretending to appease:
He tears you from your weeping mother's arms.
And can you ask me why I hate this man?

Oly. Does then the conqueror's family survive?
Are you his widow; is he then my sire?
Have I my mother's assassin espous'd?
Am I become an object of your wrath?
And is this marriage then a horrid crime?

The Hier. Hope in the Gods——

Oly. Ah, if their ruthless hate
To my soul's wishes can no hopes afford;

Opening

Opening my eyes a pit they op'd before me.
 Knowing myself too well I know my fate.
 My great misfortune is to know my birth,
 Before the altar where you join'd our hands
 I should have fallen, and at your feet expir'd.
 STATIRA, OLYMPIA, the HIEROPHANTES, and
 a PRIEST.

The Priest. The temple's threaten'd, all our mysteries
 Quickly will be prophan'd by impious hands ;
 The two contending Kings dispute the right
 There to command where Gods alone should sway,
 Groans heard within these vaults foreboded this,
 In sign of this the ground shook under us.
 The Gods denounce some change to mortal man,
 The earth offends them ; they must be pleas'd.
 The furious people, whom fell discord fires,
 Run headlong to this temple's sacred porch,
 Two rival factions Ephesus divide.
 Like other nations we should be at strife ;
 Morals, peace, sanctity, shall all give way ;
 Kings shall prevail and we shall have a Lord.

The Hier. Ah may they bear from Ephesus their crimes,
 And leave one place of refuge to the earth :
 Oh royal mother, sprung from royal race,
 Olympia, shall I say Cassander's wife ?
 Before these altars you'll protection find.
 To daring Kings I shall present myself.
 I know how much respect is due to crowns,
 But more by far is due to Heaven that gives them.
 Let them keep fair with Heaven if they would reign :
 We have not arms or soldiers, it is true,
 Our power we only from our laws derive.
 God's my support, his temple's my defence,
 Should tyranny once dare to make approach,
 My bloody corse a while shall bar its way.

[*The Hierophantes goes out with the inferior Priest.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

STATIRA, OLYMPIA.

Stat. Oh fate ! oh God of altars and of thrones !
 Oppose Cassander, shield Antigones.
 I must, my daughter, in my close of life,
 Aid only from my enemies expect,
 And look for vengeance in my misery
 From the usurpers of your father's throne ;
 From my own subjects, who with jealous rage
 Contend for states of which I was possess'd !
 They're now my masters ; once they were my slaves.
 Oh noble race, of Cyrus the renown'd,
 How from thy antient glory art thou fallen !
 So vain is greatness, thou art known no more.

Oly. Mother, I follow you : in this sad day
 Render me worthy of your glorious name ;
 To do my duty's all I hope for now.

Stat. Sprung from a King, who over Kings has reign'd,
 Do that and equal glory thou hast gain'd.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

(The Temple is shut.)

CASSANDER, SOSTHENES, within the Porch.

Cas. **T**HE truth prevails, no more can I suppress
 The fatal secret by my fire conceal'd :
 Forc'd to the public voice at length to yield
 To a King's daughter I have justice done ;
 Should I then longer injure royal blood
 By cruel silence keeping it conceal'd ?
 Already I've incurr'd enough of guilt.

Soft. A jealous rival of Olympia's name
 Avails himself intent upon your ruin ;

The people he excites, the town's alarm'd.
 Antigones religious zeal contemns,
 And yet has blown its fire to tenfold rage.
 'Tis thought a shocking crime in you to wed
 The daughter, you who had the mother slain.

Caf. Ye Gods the keen reproaches of my heart
 Torture me more than all the Ephesians say.
 The hearts of all the citizens I've calm'd,
 Yet still my own is by the furies torn
 Victim of love and of my cruelty.
 I would have had her all things owe to me,
 Not know a fate replete with horrors dire.
 Her fire's dominions to her I restor'd,
 Transmitted from Antipater to me.
 Blest in the favours on my love conferr'd,
 I was to calm tranquillity restor'd,
 I had repair'd all wrongs and justice done,
 My heart indeed was conscious of no crime ;
 I kill'd Statira by the chance of war,
 Even whilst I strove to save a father's life,
 'Twas in the heat of slaughter and of rage,
 When duty to excess my valour drove ;
 'Twas in the blindness which a sable cloud
 Of horror shed upon my darken'd eyes ;
 I shudder'd to think on it, ere I felt
 The fatal passion which enslav'd my soul,
 I thought myself acquitted in the fight
 Of God and of the world, not in my own,
 Nor in Olympia's, that's what racks my soul ;
 Despair lies that way : she must either chuse
 To seal my pardon or to pierce my heart,
 This heart, that burns with love's consuming fire.

Soft. 'Tis said, Olympia to this temple brought
 Can here retract the faith which she has sworn.

Caf. I know it, Sosthenes ; and if this law
 Should be abus'd by her my soul adores,
 Woe to my rival and the temple too ;
 Tho' I am here a model of true zeal,
 The temple I'd a scene of vengeance make.
 But let me banish far this terror vain ;
 I am belov'd, her heart was ever mine ;

The God of love shall undertake my cause :
To her upon the wings of love I fly.

S C E N E II.

CASSANDER, SOSTHENES, the HIEROPHANTES,
coming out of the Temple.

Cas. Interpreter of Heaven, and minister
Of clemency, I in this solemn day
Have from your temple banish'd war's alarms :
I have not fought against Antigones.

Days to peace consecrated I rever'd ;
That peace to my distracted soul restore.
My rites are numerous, I'll defend them all ;
Let us conclude this marriage. But first say,
What does the daughter of the conqueror ?

The Hier. My Lord, Olympia duties now fulfils,
Duties most sacred, to her heart most dear.

Cas. Mine shares them. Where's the priestess, whose
kind hand

Is to present the bride and bless our loves.

The Hier. She'll bring her quickly, may such glorious
Not end in the destruction of you both. [ties

Cas. Alas ! upon this very day the woes
I long groan'd under, seem to have an end.
For the first time a moment of repose
Seem'd to becalm the troubles of my soul.

The Hier. Perhaps Olympia's woe surpasses yours.

Cas. What do you say ? can she have ought to fear ?

The Hier. Too soon you'll know it— [going.

Cas. Stay, explain yourself.

Do you espouse Antigones's cause ?

The Hier. Forbid it, Heaven, that I should pass the
Which to my zeal my duty has prescrib'd. [bounds

The din of factions, the intrigues of courts,
The passions that distract the human soul
Have never troubled our obscure retreats ;
We lift pure hands unto the God we serve.

Contests of Kings, too much to discord prone,
 We learn but with intention to compose ;
 And of their greatness we should never hear,
 Did they not often need our friendly prayers.
 I go, my Lord, to invoke the immortal Gods
 For you, Olympia, and for many more.

Cas. Olympia !

The Hier. This moment to the temple she returns.
 Try if she still will own you for her Lord.
 I leave you. *[He goes out, and the temple opens.]*

S C E N E III.

CASSANDER, SOSTHENES, STATIRA,
 OLYMPIA.

Cas. By heaven she trembles, and I quake all o'er.
 You cast upon the ground your streaming eyes !
 You turn aside that face where nature's hand
 With the most strong expression trac'd at once
 The noblest and the tenderest of souls !

Olym. Ah cruel man ! ah madam !

[Throwing herself into her Mother's arms.]

Cas. Speak, explain

This agitation. Wherefore do you fly me ?
 Whose arms do you run into ? What means this ?
 Why must my anxious soul be thus alarm'd ?
 Who is't attends and bathes you with her tears ?

Stat. Hast thou forgot me ?——

[Unveiling and turning towards Cassander.]

Cas. ——At that voice, those looks,
 My blood runs cold, where am I ? What means this ?

Stat. That thou'rt a villain——

Cas. Is Statira here ?

Stat. Behold, thou wretch, the widow of thy Lord,
 Olympia's mother.——

Cas. Oh, you bolts of Jove,
 Against my guilty head point all your rage.

Stat. Thou should'st have sooner for destruction pray'd,
 Eternal enemy of me and mine,

If 'twas the will of Heaven, that both my throne
 And husband to thy rage should owe their fall,
 If amidst carnage, in that day of crimes
 Thy cowardice and cruelty was such,
 That thou could'st pierce a woman's breast, and plunge
 Her body in the flood of gore she shed,
 Leave me what of that hapless blood remains,
 Must you be ever fatal to my peace ?
 Tear not my daughter from my heart, my arms,
 Deprive me not of her whom Heaven restores,
 Respect the place of refuge which I've chosen,
 That from earth's tyrants I might live retir'd.
 Monster, to crimes inur'd, cease, cease at length
 In sacred tombs to persecute the dead.

Cas. Less dread the voice of thunder would inspire.
 I dare not prostrate kiss the ground before you :
 I own I'm made unworthy by my crimes,
 If in excuse war's horrors I should urge,
 If I should say I was impos'd upon
 When the illustrious hero was cut off ;
 That I, to serve my fire, took arms against you,
 I should not pacify your angry soul.
 You'll no excuse admit, tho' I might say
 I sav'd your daughter, whom my soul adores ;
 That at your feet I lay my crown and realms :
 All makes against me, no defence you'll hear ;
 Soon to my wretched life I'd put an end,
 A life whose punishment outweighs its guilt,
 If your own child, spite of herself and me,
 Did not attach me to detested life.
 Your daughter I brought up with tender care,
 And to her, friends and father's place supply'd ;
 She has my ev'ry wish, my heart ; the Gods
 Perhaps have made us in this temple meet,
 That we by Hymen's sacred ties might change
 The horrors of our destiny to bliss.

Stat. Heav'ns ! what a match ! could you the villain
 wed

Who slew your fire, and would have murder'd me ?

Olym. No, no ; extinguished ever be the torch,
 The guilty torch of nuptials so accurst :

Blot from my heart the shocking memory
 Of those dire bands which were to join our hands.
 My soul prefers, you'll wonder at the choice,
 Your ashes to the sceptre he bestows.
 I must not hesitate; in your kind arms,
 Let me forget his love, and all his crimes.
 Your daughter loving him partook his guilt.
 Forgive me, my dire sacrifice accept:
 Think not his villanies involve my heart,
 But keep me, keep me ever from his sight

Stat. Thou shew'st a spirit worthy of thy race;
 These sentiments revive my drooping soul.
 Eternal Gods! could you have then decreed,
 That with these hands I should Olympia give
 To the most barbarous of the human race?
 Can you exact it of me? Such a deed
 The Priestess and the mother both disclaim.
 You pity'd me, it was not your design
 That I so dire a duty should perform . . .
 Villain, no more the altar and the throne
 Insult; the walls of Babylon you stain'd
 With this heart's blood, but I would rather see
 That blood shed now by such a parricide,
 Than see my foe, my subject—see Cassander
 Presume audaciously to proffer love
 To Alexander's daughter, and to mine.

Cas. Still with more rigour I condemn myself:
 But then I love, to frantic love give way.
 Olympia's mine; who was her fire I know:
 Like him I am a king, I have the right,
 I have the power, in fine, Olympia's mine:
 Her fate and mine are not to be disjoin'd.
 Neither her fears, nor you, the Gods, my crimes,
 Nor ought shall break a tie so sanctify'd.
 The Gods did not my penitence reject;
 When they united us they pardon'd all.
 But if you'd rob me of my charming bride,
 Whose hand I have received and plighted faith,
 This blood you first must shed, pluck out this heart
 Which beats for her alone, which you detest.
 No privilege your altars shall protect;

Who murder'd, now shall sacrilege commit.
 I'll from this temple, from your very arms,
 From th' unpitying Gods bear off my wife.
 I seek for death, 'tis my desire, my wish,
 But I'll the husband of Olympia die.

In spite of you I'll carry to the grave
 The tenderest love, and most illustrious name,
 And grief for an involuntary crime,
 Which will the manes of her fire appease.

[Exit Cassander with Sosihenes.]

S C E N E IV.

STATIRA, OLYMPIA.

Stat. What horrid blasphemies have reach'd my ear?
 Daughter, how dearly for thy life I pay!
 The horrors which I feel you suffer too,
 My grief I in your eyes conspicuous read;
 Our hearts still sympathize, your kind embraces
 And deep-fetch'd sighs console my wounded soul;
 Because you share my griefs I feel them less;
 In you I find a shelter from the storm.
 I brave my fate, since you possess a heart
 Worthy of Alexander and of me.

Olym. Heav'n knows my heart was ne'er by nature
 To copy after yours, to be inspir'd [form'd]
 By such high sentiments, such swelling virtues.
 O widow of fam'd Alexander, sprung
 From fam'd Darius, wherefore, being torn
 From thy maternal arms, was I brought up
 By this Cassander, thy most mortal foe?
 Why on Olympia did your assassin
 Unask'd new favours every day confer?
 Why did he not with cruel hand oppress me?
 Too dangerous favours! why was I belov'd?
 Heavens, who do I behold in this retreat!

[Antigones advances.]

S C E N E V.

STATIRA, OLYMPIA, ANTIGONES.

Ant. — Retire not, queen.

You see a king by Alexander taught ;
 His widow I respect and will defend.
 You from that altar's foot again might rise
 To the high rank which you possess'd before ;
 Replace your daughter there, and vengeance take
 Of that proud ravisher who injures both :
 Your story's known, and every heart is yours ;
 All men are weary of those tyrants' yoke,
 Who at your husband's death the empire seiz'd.
 Your name this revolution will support ;
 As your defender will you own me here ?

Stat. Yes, if 'tis pity that directs your heart,
 And if this friendly offer is sincere.

Ant. I will not suffer an audacious youth
 To gain a double right to Cyrus' throne,
 When of your virtuous daughter's hand possesst.
 He is unworthy, and I cannot doubt
 But you will never grant him your consent.
 I have not to the Priest explain'd myself ;
 Tho' I came hither as a worshipper,
 Who to the Gods for clemency applies,
 I come before you with fierce vengeance arm'd :
 The widow of the conqueror may forget
 Her greatness, but the honour of her race
 She never can forget or overlook.

Stat. I'm weary both of life and of the throne ;
 One's taken from me, t'other near an end.
 If from an impious ravisher you snatch
 The only comfort Heaven has left my woe :
 If you protect her and revenge her fire,
 I'll own you as my tutelary God.
 Oh ! Sir, whilst on life's utmost verge I stand,
 Preserve my daughter from the dangerous crime

Of marrying him, whose bloody malice strove
Her hapless mother to deprive of life.

Ant. Say, worthy offspring of the conqueror,
Dost thou accept the offer which I make?

Olym. Cassander I shou'd hate.——

Ant. —— You then must grant
The prize, the noble prize I come to ask.
Against my all I will assert your cause;
Since I deserve you, be my recompense.
'Tis this I ask, all other prize I scorn:
Such worth shou'd never be Cassander's lot;
Speak: the unequall'd glory I will owe
To this right arm, the queen, and to yourself.

Stat. Decide.——

Olym. — My scatter'd spirits let me first
A while recover. Scarce my eyes are open'd,
'Trembling and terrify'd from slavery,
I, to this temple's hallow'd cells retir'd,
Sprung from Statira and a demi-god;
A mother in this shrine august I find
Divested of her name, her rank, her all,
And hardly from a dream of death awak'd.
I, as a benefactor wed the man
Whose dagger had my mother's bosom gor'd.
While thus disasters compass me about,
Your arm you offer to avenge my cause.
What answer can I make? . . . At such a time

[*Embracing her mother.*]

'Tis here that my fresh duties are requir'd.
Judge if the torch of Hymen e'er was made
To yield its light amidst this gloom of woe;
See in one day how I'm with ills o'erwhelm'd,
And think not I can listen now to love.

Stat. I'll answer for her, Heav'n decrees her to you.
Perhaps in former times the majesty,
Or call it pride, of my imperial throne,
My daughter to a subject had deny'd;
But you deserve her since you wou'd defend:
'Twas you that Alexander meant his heir.
He nam'd the worthiest, you the worthiest prove,
His throne you have a right to, who support.

May the unceasing favour of the Gods
 Second you, may their pow'r to empire raise.
 Both Alexander and his queen interr'd ;
 He in his tomb, and I within these walls,
 Will see you on our throne without regret :
 And may henceforth the fates, grown less severe,
 Oppose for you that strange fatality,
 Which oft has overwhelm'd that throne in blood.

Ant. It shall be rais'd by fair Olympia's hand.
 To Asia's people shew yourself and her.
 Quit this asylum, all things I'll prepare
 Your husband to revenge, and fill his place.

[*Exit Antigone.*]

SCENE VI.

STATIRA, OLYMPIA.

Stat. By your means, daughter, I the barrier break
 That keeps me distant from all human kind ;
 Again I enter this degenerate world
 My husband to revenge, and break thy chains.
 New strength the Gods will to a mother give,
 And soon thou shalt be set at liberty.
 Help me to keep my word, by a new oath
 Help me to wipe away the former's guilt.

Olym. Alas !

Stat. You groan !

Olym. Must then this fatal day
 Twice light up Hymen's inauspicious torch ?

Stat. What dost thou say ?

Olym. — Permit me, this first time,
 My thoughts to utter with a trembling voice.
 So much I love thee, mother, I wou'd shed
 The blood which from thee I derive, if so
 The Gods wou'd, by new added years, protract
 Thy life, or render it completely blest.

Stat. Dearest Olympia !

Olym. Shall I tell those Gods
 I ask no throne except this calm retreat ;

In it you'll see me lead my life resign'd,
 And look with scorn on crowns forgot by you.
 Think'st thou my father, in the silent tomb,
 Desires his foe shou'd perish by our hands?
 Amidst the horrors of the fight, let kings
 Destroy each other, and revenge his death:
 But we, the victims of so many ills,
 Shall we, with feeble hands, assist their rage?
 Shall we a fruitless murder undertake?
 Tears are our portion, crimes for them were made.

Stat. Our portion tears! For whom thus dost thou weep?

Is Alexander's daughter by the Gods
 Restor'd me? Heavens! is't her whose voice I hear! !

Olym. Mother!

Stat. Ye angry gods!

Olym. Cassander! . . .

Stat. Explain yourself, my soul is shock'd to hear you. . .

Olym. I cannot speak——

Stat. —— You wound me to the heart.:

End this anxiety, I charge thee, speak.

Olym. Madam, too well I see I give you pain,
 But whom I love I never will deceive. . .

Altho' for ever I'm resolv'd to shun . . .

My guilty husband, I must love him still.

Stat. O words accurst! ah daughter, since you love . . .
 This cruel husband, you will never fly him.

Thus Alexander you betray, and me!

Ye Gods, I saw my fire and husband die:

My daughter from me torn, your cruel will . . .

Restores to make me perish by her fault. . .

Olym. Thus prostrate falling——

Stat. —— Daughter, ever dear . . .

But cruel and unnatural——

Olym. Alas!

Oppress'd with woe I bathe your knees with tears. . .

Mother, forgive me.——

Stat. —— So I will and die.

Olym. Be calm and hear me——

Stat. —— What have you to say. . .

Olym.

Olym. I swear by Heaven, by my own name, by you,
 By nature, I the punishment will bear
 Of my own guilt; this hand to day shall shed
 My blood ere I'd consent to be his wife.
 You know my heart, I've told you that I love;
 By this confession and my weakness judge
 If my heart's yours, if love for you prevails
 Over that love which has subdu'd my senses.
 Consider not my sex or tender age;
 Courage from my great parents I derive.
 I might offend them, I cannot betray,
 You'll know Olympia, when you see her die.

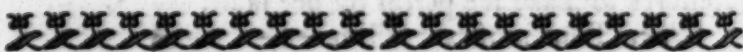
Stat. Dear, but inhuman daughter, can you die,
 And yet not hate th' assassin of your fire!

Olym. Tear out my heart, examine it, you'll find,
 Tho' dear, my husband reign'd not there like you.
 The blood which animates it then you'll know;
 Your daughter sacrifice.——

Stat. —— I know your heart.
 I pity you, my child, and don't condemn.
 Your courage and your duty give me hope,
 I pity even the love that injures me.
 You tear my heart, yet you affect it too.
 Console your mother whilst you cause her death.
 Alas! I'm wretched, but you're not to blame.

Olym. Which bears, oh heavens! of woe the greatest
 weight!

Which has most reason to complain of fate!



ACT IV. SCENE I.

ANTIGONES, HERMAS, [*in the Porch.*]

Her. **Y**OU warn'd me well; the holy place profan'd,
 Will soon of strife and slaughter be the scene.
 Your soldiers guard our passage near the shrine,

Cassander

Cassander, mad with love, with grief, and rage,
 Daring the gods whom he before invok'd,
 Advances towards you by another path.
 The signal's given, but in this enterprise
 The people doubt whose cause they shou'd espouse.

Ant. [going out.] I'll soon unite them.

S C E N E II.

ANTIGONES, HERMAS, CASSANDER, SOS-
 THENES.

CASSANDER, [*stopping* Antigones.]

—— Stay, unworthy friend!

False ally, and detested enemy!

How durst thou claim what heav'n bestows on me?

Ant. I do, should that in thee excite surprise?

The conqueror's daughter has sufficient right

To make the sons of Asia rise in arms,

And haughty tyrants tremble on their thrones.

Her portion's Babylon, but she may claim

The empire's wide extent in right of birth.

I to possess them both aspire, and know

Thy tears, thy expiations, and thy grief,

The piercing eyes of nations cannot blind.

Think not Olympia's love still prone to doubt,

If thou art guilty of her father's death,

In her opinion you are now condemn'd.

Your heart enslav'd, and tyranniz'd by love,

Seduc'd Olympia, and you hid her birth,

You thought to bury in oblivion's night,

The fatal secret which to me is known.

Her love you owe to baseness and deceit.

But time at length her eyes has op'd, and now

Cassander his pretensions must forego.

What were thy hopes, presumptuous? Didst thou think

By her right to become the King of Kings? . . .

By arms I may defend Statira's cause,

But wou'd you our alliance still preserve?

In

In your new kingdom wou'd you reign in peace,
Regain my friendship, on my arm depend ?

Cas. Proceed——

Ant. Olympia yield, and we are friends :
For you I'll spill my blood ; if you refuse,
I'll henceforth be the greatest of your foes.
Maturely weigh your interests, and chuse.

Cas. My choice is easy, and I hither came
To make to you an offer that may please.
You know nor law, nor pity, nor remorse ;
Friendship to violate to you is sport.
The gods I fear'd, you heavenly justice mock ;
The fruit of all your crimes you now enjoy ?
You shall not long——

Ant. — What mean these swelling words ?

Cas. If your fierce soul of virtue is not void,
Let us not to our soldiers have recourse
Our rage to second, and our anger serve.
Our people should not in our quarrels bleed,
They should not in our contests be involv'd.
You, if you're bold enough, alone shou'd brave
My courage, and my single arm oppose :
I was not to the commerce of the gods
Admitted in their fight to slay my friend ;
'Tis an unheard-of crime prepar'd by you :
Come, we were born to act this bloody part.
Come on, decide both of my fate and yours,
Pour out your blood, or glut yourself with mine.

Ant. With joy the combat I accept ; be sure
Olympia weds the man by whom thou'rt slain.

[*They draw.*

SCENE

S C E N E III.

The Hierophantes comes precipitately from the temple with the priests and the initiated, who, with a multitude of the populace, part Cassander and Antigones, and disarm them.

The Hier. Hold your audacious hands, you men prophane!

Respect our god, respect the sacred rites!

Haste, priests and people, part these barbarous men:

Banish fierce discord from this sacred shrine.

Your crimes atone—swords quickly disappear—

Ye gods, grant pardon—monarchs, heav'n obey.

Cas. To you and heav'n I yield.—

Ant. — I still persist,

I call to witness Alexander's shade,

I call to witness the avenging gods,

That, whilst I live, Olympia, my belov'd,

Ne'er shall be folded in my rival's arms,

The impious match on Ephesus wou'd bring

Shame, and make Asia's sons with horror shrink.

Cas. It wou'd, no doubt, had it been made by you.

The Hier. With spirit calmer, and with heart less fierce,

Yield to the law obedience and respect.

All men it binds, by all shou'd be fulfill'd.

The poor man's hut, the haughty monarch's throne,

Alike subjected, hear the voice of laws;

The weak she aids, transgressors she restrains,

And her pow'r sets the blameless victim free.

Whene'er a husband of whatever rank

Has chanc'd the parents of his wife to slay,

Tho' he be by our myst'ries purify'd,

By Vesta's fire, and by her healthful stream,

And by repentance more essential still,

His wife that day may new engagements form;

She may, without offence, except she chuse

To imitate the gods and pardon him.

As

As still Statira lives you well may think,
 That she will of her daughter's fate dispose.
 A mother's woes, a mother's rights respect,
 The law of nations, and the character
 Which nature gives, and nothing can efface.
 Her voice august Olympia must obey.
 All your attempts are vain since you must wait,
 The widow's and her daughter's final will.

[Exit with his followers.]

Ant. I to these terms subscribe, she's surely mine.

[Exit Antigones with Hermas.]

S C E N E IV.

CASSANDER, SOSTHENES, [in the porch.]

Cas. You shall not find her, treacherous, cruel man.
 Let us remove her from this fatal shrine,
 And disappoint this daring villain's hopes,
 He laughs at my remorse, insults my grief,
 And wou'd, with calm serenity and joy
 Conceal'd, destroy my peace and tear my heart.

Sof. Statira he seduces; Sir, the deed
 He justifies by laws, he violates,
 And by the gods, his impious soul contemns.

Cas. Let's take her from the gods whom I have serv'd,
 Those cruel gods by whom I am betray'd.
 I'd gladly die, the thund'rer's stroke I'd bless;
 But that my wife shou'd in this fatal day
 Pass from Cassander's to his rival's hand.
 Ere that I bear, this temple shall be laid
 In ashes: oh ye Gods, you pardon'd me!
 My soul grown calm with blest tranquillity,
 Gave itself up to that delusive hope;
 Ye gods, you snatch Olympia from my arms,
 Thus do you pardon expiated crimes?

Sof. You have not lost the fair; her tender heart
 To you obedient and devoted still
 Cannot so soon the man she lov'd forget:
 Changes so quick are to the heart unknown.

By

By loving you she breaks not nature's law ;
 The wounds which you in fight at random dealt
 Have, I will grant you, shed most precious blood !
 The gods permitted that calamity.
 You are not guilty of her father's death.
 Your tears have for her mother's blood aton'd ;
 Her woes are past, your favours present still.

Cas. The anguish of my soul you sooth in vain :
 Statira's blood and Alexander's ghost
 Cry from the ground and fill my soul with dread.
 She is their daughter, and may justly hate
 Her hapless husband with relentless rage ;
 Olympia hates me, she, whom I prefer
 To Cyrus' throne, to all the thrones on earth.
 Those expiations, secret mysteries
 By Kings neglected, fought with care by me,
 She was their object, and my guilty soul
 Approach'd the gods her presence to enjoy.

SOSTHENES, [*seeing Olympia.*]

Alas ! behold her to her griefs a prey,
 She clasps the altar, bathes it with her tears.

Cas. 'Tis time to take her from the shrine by force ;
 Go, lose no time, but every thing prepare.

[*Exit Sosthenes.*]

CASSANDER, OLYMPIA, [*reclin'd upon the altar
 without seeing Cassander.*]

Olym. How my heart rises in my throbbing breast !
 How in despair 'tis plung'd ! how self-condemn'd ?

What do I see ?—— [*Seeing Cassander.*]

Cas. Your husband plung'd in woe.

Olym. Cassander, to that name no more pretend,
 That you shou'd be my husband's not in fate.

Cas. I own myself unworthy of such bliss.
 I know the crimes which cruel destiny
 For both our ruin made my hand commit.
 Thinking to expiate I've their measure fill'd.
 My presence hurts you and my love insults.
 Howe'er vouchsafe to answer ; has my aid
 From war and from destruction sav'd your youth ?

Olym. Why did you save it ?——

Cas.

Cas. Even in infancy
Was not your innocence by me rever'd?
Did I not idolize you?—

Olym. That's my grief.

Cas. After acknowledging the purest flame,
Free in your choice and mistress of yourself,
Did you not, in the presence of the gods,
Before this shrine, receive my solemn vows?

Olym. It is too true, may pitying Heav'n avert
The punishment I have thereby incurr'd.

Cas. I had your heart, Olympia.—

Olym. Do not add
To my distress by such a keen reproach.
My youth 'twas easy for you to seduce;
My ignorance and weakness you deceiv'd:
Your guilt's by this inhan'd; fly hence! to hear
Your conversation is in me a crime.

Cas. Beware how you a greater crime commit,
In listening to a treacherous villain's vows.
If for Antigones—

Olym. Cease, wretched man,
My soul rejects his vows as well as yours.
Since I was once deluded and this hand
Was join'd to thine stain'd with my parent's blood,
No mortal to my heart shall e'er lay claim:
Marriage, the world, and life alike I hate.
Since now my soul is mistress of her choice,
I without hesitation chuse these tombs,
Which hide my mother, for my last retreat;
I this asylum chuse, whose God alone
My heart, by thee deceiv'd, shall now possess.
These altars I embrace, all thrones detest,
All Asia's thrones, but far above the rest
That which by proud Antigones is fill'd.
See me no more, go, let me weep alone
That promis'd love which now I must abhor.

Cas. If then your heart my rival's love rejects,
You can't deprive me of a ray of hope;
And when your virtue a new husband shuns,
I think a favour is conferr'd on me.
Altho' I with your parent's blood am stain'd,

My soul, my being must depend on you;
 Wife ever dear, whose virtues turn'd aside
 The thunders aim'd at my devoted head,
 Still o'er my soul maintain'd a sovereign sway,
 And shou'd your mother's rigour have disarm'd.

Olym. My mother! can your tongue pronounce her name!

Ah, if repentance, pity, or soft love
 Have any influence upon your heart,
 Fly from the places she inhabits, fly
 The altars I embrace.——

Cas. No, without you
 I cannot go, you must my steps attend.
 Come, dearest wife.——

[*He takes her by the hand.*]

Olym. [*pulling back her hand.*] Then like my mother
 treat me,

This bosom, to its duty faithful, pierce:
 A surer dagger plunge in this sad heart;
 To shed my blood that cruel hand was form'd.
 Strike here.——

Cas. Your vengeance carries you too far.
 My cruelty and violence were less.
 Heav'n pardons man, you how to punish know:
 But your ingratitude exceeds all bounds,
 When thus a benefactor feels your hate.

Olym. Have you not by your deeds incurr'd my hate?
 Cassander: had thy fierce, thy bloody hand,
 Which with the murderous steel my mother gor'd,
 Stabb'd me alone and shed no other blood,
 I cou'd have pardon'd thee and lov'd thee still.
 Fly, cruel man, fate wills that we shou'd part.

Cas. No, destiny itself can't separate
 Our fates, did you Cassander more detest;
 Had you even married me to pierce my heart,
 You must my steps attend; 'tis fate's decree.
 Let me still love you as a punishment:
 I swear by you it never will have end:
 Punish, detest your husband, don't forsake.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

CASSANDER, OLYMPIA, SOSTHENES.

Sof. Appear, or soon Antigones prevails:
 The gate he blocks, your warriors he harangues,
 Your friends assembled near the sacred shrine
 He strives to gain, and their fidelity
 Seems to be shaken by his daring words:
 He on Olympia calls, and on her fire;
 Tremble both for your love and for your life:
 Come.——

Cas. Is it thus you sacrifice me then
 To a detested rival? I in quest
 Of death will go, since you my death desire.

Olym. Alas! Olympia cannot wish thy death.
 Live distant from her.——

Cas. Without thee the light
 Of Heav'n is odious to my eyes, and life
 An object full of horror; if I 'scape
 Death's rage, I to this temple will return
 And force thee hence, or with the vital drops
 That warm my heart the sacred pavement stain.

[*Exit with Sosthenes.*]

S C E N E VII.

O L Y M P I A, alone.

Ah, wretch! 'tis he that causes my alarms!
 Wherefore, Cassander, shou'd I weep for you?
 Is it so hard our duty to perform?
 The blood from whence I sprung shall o'er my mind
 Rule with despotic sway. By nature's voice
 I'll be directed, by her pow'r I swear
 To sacrifice my sentiments to you.
 Far different oaths I at this altar made,
 Gods, you receiv'd them, and your clemency
 Approv'd the passion which inspir'd my soul.

My

My state your pow'r has chang'd, then change my heart,

Give me a virtue suited to my woe.

Pity a soul by ruthless passion torn,

Which must its nature or its faith forego.

Whilst yet obscure, I liv'd in perfect bliss,

The world forgetting in captivity ;

Both to my parents and myself unknown.

Ruin to my illustrious name I owe,

At least I'll strive to merit it. *Cassander*,

I must forsake, must fly thee ; can I hate ?

How little pow'r has woman o'er her heart !

Weeping, I tear the wound that rankles there,

And whilst my hand, with trembling, seeks the dart,

I plunge it deeper, make the wound more wide.

S C E N E VIII.

OLYMPIA, the HIEROPHANTES, Attendants.

Olym. Pontiff, where go you ? Oh ! protect the weak :
You tremble, and your eyes with tears o'erflow.

The Hier. I grieve, unhappy Princess ! at your lot.

Olym. Since I am forlorn, afford me then thy aid.

The Hier. With resignation to their heav'nly will
Expect protection from the gods alone.

Olym. Alas ! what words are these !——

The Hier. —O daughter dear !

The widow of great Alexander.——

Olym. —— Gods !

Has ought befall'n my mother ? quickly speak.

The Hier. All's lost, both kings, rous'd up to furious
rage,

Trampling on law, and arm'd against the gods,

Within this temple's consecrated porch,

Their troops spurr'd on to murder and to rage.

Blood flow'd on ev'ry side, with sword in hand,

To you *Cassander* cut himself a path.

I march'd against him having no defence,

But laws neglected and offended gods.

Your

Your mother in despair his fury met,
She thought him master of the shrine and you.
Tir'd of such horrors, tir'd of such black deeds,
She seiz'd the knife with which we victims slay,
And plung'd it in those loins wherein you found
The source of life and of calamity.

Olym. I die, support me ; is she yet alive ?

The Hier. Cassander's with her, he laments her fate,
And even presumes to offer her relief,
To second those whose virtuous hands assist her.
He raves, himself he blames, throws down his arms,
Her feet embraces, bathes them with his tears.
Hearing his cries, her dying eyes she opes,
And looks upon him as a monster fierce
Come to deprive her of life's poor remains,
By the same hand which she had 'scap'd before,
She makes an effort weak to raise herself,
Then falls again and gasps for her last breath ;
Cassander and the light she hates alike,
Then opening with regret her half-clos'd eyes,
Go, says she to me, hapless minister
Of a sad shrine profan'd with human gore,
Console Olympia, she her mother loves,
Tell her it is my pleasure that she wed
Antigones, he will revenge my death.

Olym. I'll go and near her die; now hear me, gods!
Accompany my steps and close my eyes.

The Hier. Intrepid courage to your ills oppose.

Olym. Perhaps I soon may shew to proud mankind,
That courage may inspire the female mind.



ACT V. - SCENE I.

ANTIGONES, HERMAS [*in the porch.*]

Her. VENGEANCE in vain, compassion now shou'd
speak,
A hapless rival is not worth your hate.

Fly

Fly from this dire abode ; Olympia, fir,
Is loft both to Caffander and yourfelf.

Ant. Is then Statira dead?—

Her. ——— Caffander's fate
Has made him fatal to the conqueror's race.
Statira, finking with a load of woe,
Expires with horror in her daughter's arms.
Tender Olympia stretch'd upon the corfe,
Seems fcarcely to retain the breath of life.
The priests and priefteffes difolv'd in tears,
Increase their griefs by mixing them with hers.
With cries and groans the temple's vaults refound,
A funeral pile's prepar'd, and all the pomp
With which man's vanity adorns the dead.
'Tis faid Olympia in this folitude
Will dwell, where once her mother liv'd retir'd ;
And that, renouncing marriage and the world,
She'll dedicate to heav'n her future life,
And that, she'll in eternal filence weep
Her family, her mother, and her birth.

Ant. No, no, her duty's law ſhe muſt obey,
My right to her admits of no diſpute.
Statira gives her to me, and her will
When at the point of death's a law divine.
Frantic Caffander and his fatal love
Statira's daughter muſt with horror fill.

Her. Sir, can you think it ?

Ant. She herſelf declares

That her ſad heart diſclaims this barbarous man.
Shou'd he perfiſt in his audacious love,
He ſhall with life for his preſumption pay.

Her. Wou'd you mix blood with tears, and with the
flames

'Of the ſad pile where burns the royal corſe ?
Your awe-ſtruck ſoldiers will with horror ſtart
From ſuch an object, they'll not follow you.

Ant. No, I will not diſturb the funeral rites ;
This I have ſworn ; Caffander will revere them,
Awhile Olympia ſhall my rage ſuſpend,
But when the funeral's o'er I'll give it ſcope.

[The temple opens.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

ANTIGONES, HERMAS, the HIEROPHANTES,
the Priests, [*advancing slowly*] OLYMPIA [*in mourn-
ing, and supported by the Priestesses.*]

Her. Olympia, scarce alive, is this way led.
I see the pontiff of the sacred shrine,
Who following bathes her tracks with floods of tears.
The Priestesses support her in their arms.

Ant. I own these objects in the hardest heart
Wou'd raise emotion. Madam, give me leave.

[*To Olympia.*]

To mix with yours my sorrows, and to swear,
That I'll revenge the wrongs you have sustain'd.
The wretch, by whom you twice a mother lost,
A hope presumptuous madly entertains,
But know his punishment is not far off.
To your afflictions add not trembling fear;
But all his rash attempts defy secure.

Olym. Ah! speak not now of vengeance and of blood;
Statira's dead, I'm dead to human kind.

Ant. Her loss I mourn, and I pity you,
Her sacred will I justly might alledge,
Dear to my hopes, and by yourself rever'd;
But I know what is in this juncture due,
Both to her shade, her daughter, and your grief.
Madam, consult yourself, her will obey.

[*Exit with Hermas.*]

S C E N E III.

OLYMPIA, the HIEROPHANTES, Priests, Priestesses.

Olym. You, who alone compassionate my woes,
Priest of a God of mildness and of peace,
Can't I for ever dedicate my woe
To this sad shrine, bath'd with my mother's tears?

Sure,

Sure, sir, you cannot have so hard a heart
To shut this place of refuge from my grief?
'Tis all that's claim'd by one of royal race,
Do not refuse this poor inheritance.

The Hier. I mourn your fate, but how can I assist you?
Your mother dying has your husband nam'd.
You yourself heard her last will declare,
Whilst with our hands we clos'd her dying eyes,
And, if you will not her commands obey,
Cassander still may claim you as his right.

Olym. 'Tis true, I to my dying mother swore
Ne'er to receive Cassander's bloody hand,
My oath I'll keep. —————

The Hier. ——— You freedom still enjoy,
The gods alone can of your hand dispose;
Things will soon change; you now, Olympia, may
Determine and dispose your future life.
Indeed it fits not, that the self same day
Shou'd light the funeral pile and hymen's torch.
Such a marriage wou'd be shocking, but a word
Suffices, and that word I want to hear,
In this extremity your heart shou'd know
What to your royal race is justly due.

Olym. Sir, I have told you any nuptial tie
Hateful to my heart, and shou'd to your's.
A mother's injur'd shade I'll not betray:
A husband I forsake, that shou'd suffice.
Both from the throne and marriage let me fly.

The Hier. Antigones or else Cassander chuse.
Those arm'd rivals, jealous as they're proud,
Are forc'd by your decision to abide,
You with a word confusion may prevent,
And slaughter which wou'd quickly rage again;
Were not men fill'd with reverence and respect
By all that funeral pomp, that pile, those altars,
Those duties, and those honours, which awhile
To serious contemplation souls dispose.
Virtue lasts not long amongst the great;
Their rage I hardly could a while suspend;
To-morrow blood will Ephesus o'erflow.
Princes decide, and all will be appeas'd:

The people ever to the laws adhere,
 When you have spoken they'll support your choice ;
 If not, with sword in hand within this shrine
 Cassander will your plighted faith require ;
 What he possess'd he has a right to claim,
 Tho' with just horror he inspires your soul.

Olym. Enough: your apprehensions I conceive,
 My soul shall never to complaint give way :
 To fate I yield, you all its rigour know,
 My choice already in my heart is made :
 I have resolv'd.—

The Hier. —Then shall Antigones
 Be happy, and your plighted faith receive ?

Olym. Howe'er that be, this juncture, Sir, ill suits
 With such engagements ; you yourself must own
 The fatal day on which a mother dy'd,
 Should quite engross a daughter's every thought.
 Must you not bear her to the funeral pile ?

The Hier. 'Tis ours that mournful duty to perform:
 All that remains of her, an urn shall hold ;
 Her ashes to deposit be your care.

Olym. Alas ! her guilty daughter caus'd her death,
 Something that daughter owes her injur'd shade.

The Hier. All things I'll now prepare.—

Olym. —Say, do your laws
 Permit me to behold her on the pile ?
 May I approach the funeral pomp, and shed
 Tears on her body while the flames ascend ?

The Hier. It is your duty, we partake your grief.
 You've nought to dread, those armed rivals now
 Will not presume your sorrows to disturb.
 Present perfumes, your veils and lock of hair,
 And a libation, offering sad, but pure.

[*The priestesses lay these offerings upon the altar*]

Olym. This is the only favour I require.

[*To the Hierophantes*]

You who attended her in this abode

[*To the inferior priestesses*]

Of death, and shar'd the horrors of her fate,
 Return and give me notice when the fire
 Is ready to consume those lov'd remains :

Since 'tis permitted, let my last farewell
Her manes satisfy——

Priest. I shall obey.

[*Exit.*

Olym. Go, holy priest, the sacred pile erect,

[*To the Hierophantes.*

Prepare the wreaths of cyprus and the urn :
Bid the two rivals to the pile repair,
I in their presence will explain myself
Before my mother's corpse, and in the sight
Of holy priestesses, who to my woes
And to my promises can witness bear,
My sentiments, my choice shall be declar'd :
You must approve them, tho' perhaps you'll grieve.

The Hier. You still are mistress of your destiny :
This day expir'd, your freedom will be o'er.

[*Exit with the priests.*

S C E N E IV.

OLYMPIA, at the front of the stage, the priestesses in
a semi-circle at the bottom.

Olym. Oh thou, who to my shame dost still enslave
My heart, which has deliberately made choice ;
Who o'er Statira dead dost triumph still,
O'er Alexander and their hapless race !
O'er earth and heaven against thee both conspir'd.
Reign, hapless lover, o'er my tortur'd sense :
If you still love me, which I scarce can wish,
Your fatal victory will cost you dear.

S C E N E V.

OLYMPIA, CASSANDER, the Priestesses.

Cas. Your wishes to fulfil, I hither come ;
This fatal pile shall with my blood be stain'd.
Accept my death ; the only hope I've left
Is, that your pity not your vengeance asks it.

H 2

Olym.

Olym. Cassander !

Cass. Dearest wife !

Olym. Ah cruel man !

Cass. No pardon for this criminal remains,
The hapless slave of cruel destiny ;
To be a parricide was still my fate :
Still I am thy husband : Spite of all my crimes,
My soul Olympia idolizes still.
Altho' you hate me, Hymen's rites respect :
You have no tie on earth except to me :
'Tis death alone can separate our fates ;
I must, in dying, see you and adore.

[He throws himself at her feet.]

Wreak vengeance on my guilty head, my crimes
Severely punish, but forsake me not.
Hymen's more sacred are than nature's ties.

Olym. Rise, rise, the funeral rites prophane no more,
No more prophane the ashes of the dead.
Whilst on the dreadful pile the flames consume
My mother's body, don't pollute the gifts
Which here I at the funeral pile present :
Do not approach, but at a distance hear me.

S C E N E VI.

OLYMPIA, CASSANDER, ANTIGONES, and
the Priestesses.

Ant. Your virtue cannot still decline a choice :
Her will Statira at her death explain'd :
This day of terror fill'd my soul with awe,
And I the dead respected ; else this arm,
This vengeful arm had plung'd the shrine in blood ;
And, in obedience to your orders, now
I come as to my rival's judge and mine :
From apprehensions free pronounce our doom.
I hope you will a just distinction make
Between the man by whom your mother bled,
And him who strove her murder to revenge.
Nature has sacred rites ; Statira, plac'd

By

By Alexander, looks on you from heaven.
 Within this darksome shrine you're bury'd now,
 But heaven and earth attentive mark your deeds :
 Between us two Olympia must decide.

Olym. I shall ; but you must treat me with respect.
 You see these preparations and these gifts,
 Which to th' infernal gods I must present ;
 And you, like furious rivals, chuse this time,
 Midst tombs to talk of marriage and of love !
 You, soldiers of the potent king my fire,
 Who, by his death, are kings become yourselves,
 If I am dear to you, I charge you swear,
 You'll not oppose my duties or my choice.

Cas. I swear it solemnly, and you shall find,
 That I respect you as I scorn that traitor.

Ant. I swear it too ; for sure I am, your heart
 Must from my barbarous rival shock'd recoil.
 Declare yourself. —————

Olym. Think then, what e'er befalls,
 That Alexander's present, that he hears us.

Ant. Decide before him. ———

Cas. ——— I your pleasure wait.

Olym. Then know the heart which thus you persecute,
 And judge what resolution I should take.
 Whatever choice I make, must fatal prove ;
 The grief that racks my soul too well you know,
 Know likewise that I have deserv'd it all.
 My parents I betray'd, who might have known ;
 I caus'd the death of her who gave me birth.
 I found a mother in this dire abode :
 I quickly lost her, in these arms she died.
 To her sad daughter, dying thus she spoke ;
 Marry Antigones, I die content.
 Then she was seiz'd with agonies, and I,
 Her death to hasten, her desire oppos'd.

Ant. Thus do you brave me and insult my love,
 Your mother injure, nature's laws betray ?

Olym. Her shade I injure not, nor injure you ;
 I justice do to all, and to myself
 Cassander first to you my faith I gave :
 Think you the gods our union could approve ?

Decide this point yourself : you know your crimes,
 I will not now reproach you with your guilt.
 Repair it when you can.——

Cas. ——I can't appease you !
 I can't assuage the horror I inspire,
 My heart you soon shall know : your promise keep.

[The temple opens, and the pile is seen in flames.]

S C E N E the L A S T.

OLYMPIA, CASSANDER, ANTIGONES, the
 HIEROPHANTES, PRIESTS, PRIESTESSES.

The inferior Priestess. Princess, 'tis time.——

Olym. Behold yon flaming pile ! *[to Cassander.]*
 Now mourn, Cassander, your unhappy fate.
 Those royal ashes and that pile remark ;
 Remember Alexander and my chains !
 Behold his widow ! Tell me how to act.

Cas. Exterminate me.——

Olym. ——You pronounce your doom. . . .
 To mine bear witness †. Oh thou sacred shade,
 Shade of my mother ! I this duty pay
 To thee, who justly may be still incens'd ;
 Perhaps these gifts your manes may appease,
 They may prove worthy of my fire and you.
 Thou husband of Olympia, who by fate

[To Cassander.]

Wert ne'er intended for her ; who preserv'd
 My life, by whom I both my parents lost ;
 Thou who so lov'd me, and for whom my soul
 Felt all the weakness of a tender love ;
 Thou think'st my guilty passion from my breast
 Is banish'd ; know that I adore thee still,
 And will upon myself that guilt revenge.
 Oh ever-honour'd ashes of Statira,
 The body of Olympia now receive !

[She stabs herself, and throws herself into the pile.]
 All

† She mounts the steps before the altar, which is near the funeral pile. The priestesses present her the offerings.

All present cry out *,

Oh heavens!

Cas. Olympia!

[*Running to the pile.*]

Priests. Heavens!

Ant. Oh frenzy strange! [*Running also to the pile.*]

Cas. She's now no more, our efforts all are vain.

[*Returning to the porch.*]

Gods are you satisfy'd? My hands accurs'd,

A royal pair have of their lives depriv'd.

Still dost thou envy me, Antigones?

Can'st thou, unmov'd, this shocking death behold,

And think'st thou still Cassander's fate is blest'd?

If my felicity provokes thy rage,

Share it, this dagger take and do like me.

[*Stabs himself.*]

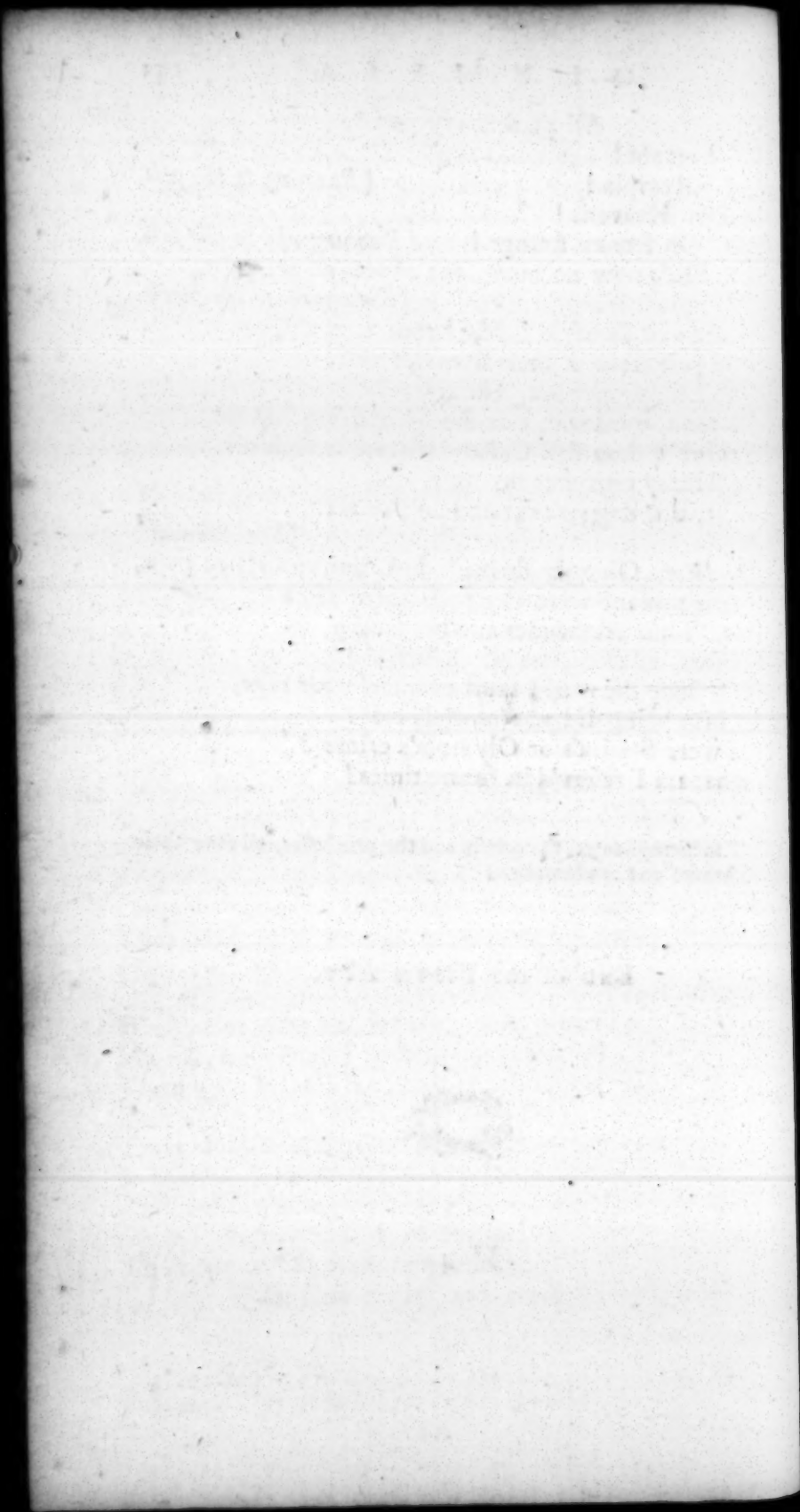
The Hier. Oh holy shrine! Just, but vindictive gods,
In courts profane were e'er such horrors seen!

Ant. Thus Alexander and his family,
Successors, assassins, are all destroy'd!
Gods! since the world must ever feel your rage,
Why into being did you mortals call?
What were Statira's or Olympia's crimes?
To what am I reserv'd in future times!

* The hierophantes, the priests and the priestesses, all shew their
astonishment and consternation.

END of the FIFTH ACT.



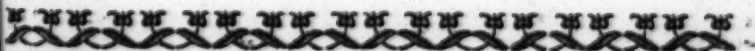




C A T I L I N E.

A

T R A G E D Y.



H 55



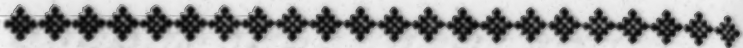
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS tragedy differs in many respects from that which appear'd at *Paris* under the same title in the year 1752, when it was transcribed from the representation by some vile copyists, who most shamefully disfigur'd it: the parts then omitted were fill'd up by other hands, and above an hundred verses interpolated not written by the author of *Catiline*. From this imperfect copy was publish'd a surreptitious edition, full of errors from beginning to end, which was follow'd by another in *Holland*, still more faulty. The present edition was carefully inspected by the author himself, who even alter'd several whole scenes in it. It is certainly a most flagrant abuse, which calls every day for redress, that the works of authors shou'd be printed in spite of themselves. A bookseller is in a hurry to publish a bad edition of a work that falls into his hands, and this very bookseller shall afterwards complain most bitterly, when the author, whom he has injur'd, gives us the performance as it really is. Such is the miserable condition of modern literature.

P R E-



P R E F A C E.

TWO motives induced me to make choice of a subject for tragedy, which seem'd on the first view of it but ill adapted to the manners and customs of the *French* theatre. I was willing to endeavour once more, by a tragedy without any declarations of love in it, to put an end to the reproaches so often thrown out against us in the learned world, of filling our stage with nothing but gallantry and intrigue, and at the same time to make our young men, who frequent the theatre, better acquainted with *Cicero*. The amazing grandeur of *Rome* in past times still commands the attention of all mankind; and modern *Italy* derives part of her glory from the discoveries she is every day making of the ruins of the antient. The house where *Cicero* liv'd is shewn to us with some degree of veneration, his name echo'd by every tongue, and his writings in every hand. Those who are unable to inform us who presided at the courts of justice within these fifty years in their own country, can tell you when *Cicero* was at the head of *Rome*. The more light we have into the last period of the Roman commonwealth the more do we admire this great man; tho' it must be confess'd, that most of our too lately civilized nations have entertained very false and imperfect ideas concerning him: his works indeed made a part of our education, but we remained still ignorant of his true merit; the author was superficially study'd the consul almost utterly unknown; the lights which

which we have since acquir'd let us into his real character, and set him far above all those who ever were employ'd in the affairs of government, or were distinguish'd by their eloquence.

Cicero might, perhaps, have been any thing, and every thing that he chose to be : he gain'd a victory in the streights of *Issus*, where *Alexander* had conquer'd the Persians : it is very probable that if he had apply'd himself intirely to the art of war, a profession which requires a good understanding, and extraordinary industry he wou'd have shone amongst the most illustrious commanders of his age ; but as *Cæsar* wou'd have been but the second of orators, *Cicero* would have been but the second of generals : he prefer'd to all other glory that of being the father of *Rome*, the mistress of the world ; and how extraordinary must have been the merit of a private gentleman of *Arpinum*, who cou'd make his way through such a number of great men, and attain, without intrigue, the most exalted place in the whole universe, in spite of the envy and malice of so many Patricians, who at that time bore sway in *Rome* !

What we have still more reason to be astonish'd at is, that amidst a thousand cares and disquietudes, and during a whole tempestuous life burthen'd as he was both by public and private affairs, this wonderful man cou'd yet find leisure to acquaint himself with all the various sects of religion in *Greece*, and shine forth one of the greatest philosophers, as well as orators, of his age. Are there many ministers, magistrates, or lawyers, now in *Europe*, of any eminence, who are able, I will not say to explain the discoveries of *Newton*, or the ideas of *Leibnitz*, in the same manner as *Cicero* illustrated the principles of *Zeno*,

Zeno, Plato, and Epicurus, but even to solve any difficult problem in philosophy?

Cicero, a circumstance which very few are acquainted with, was withal one of the best poets of the age he liv'd in, when poetry was yet in its infant state: he even rivall'd Lucretius. Can any thing be more beautiful than these verses yet remaining of his poem on Marius, which makes us still regret the loss of that excellent performance?

His Jovis altifoni subitò pinnata satelles
Arboris è trunco, serpentis faucia morsu,
Ipsa feris subigit transfigens unguibus anguem
Semianimum, & varia graviter cervice micantem:

Quem se in torquentem lanians, rostroque
cruentans,

Jam satiata animos, jam duros ulta dolores
Abjicit efflantem, & laceratum affligit in undas

Seque obitu a solis nitidos convertit ad ortus.

I am thoroughly persuaded, that our language is incapable of expressing the harmonious energy of Greek and Latin verses: I will, however, venture to give a slight sketch from this little picture, painted by the great man whom I have characterised in my Rome preserv'd, and whose Catilines I have imitated in some parts of the tragedy.

Thus wounded by an earth-born serpent flies
The bird of Jove, and in his talons bears
His struggling foe; the dying reptile wreaths
His tortur'd scales that glitter in the sun:
Till the fierce eagle drops his bleeding prey,
Soars to the skies, and seeks his native heav'n.

Those

Those who have the least spark of taste will perceive, even in this imperfect copy, the force of the original: whence comes it then that *Cicero* shou'd pass for a bad poet? only because *Juvenal* has thought fit to say so, and imputed to him that ridiculous verse,

O fortunatam natam me consule *Romam*!

So ridiculous that the *French* poet, who was desirous of pointing out the absurdity of it in a translation, cou'd not succeed in it:

O Rome fortunée sous mon consulat née

does not express half the nonsense of the Latin.

Is it possible the author of those fine verses I just now quoted cou'd ever write any thing so ridiculous! there are follies which a man of sense and genius can never be guilty of: but the real truth is, that prejudice, which will never allow two species of excellency to one man, deny'd *Cicero's* ability to make verses, because he himself thought fit to renounce it. Some low buffoon, who envy'd the reputation of this great man, wrote that foolish verse, and attributed it to the orator, the philosopher, the father of *Rome*. *Juvenal*, in the succeeding age, adopted this popular error, and handed it down to posterity in his satirical declamations: I believe many a reputation both good and bad is establish'd in the same manner. These two verses, for instance, are imputed to *Mallebranche*.

Il fait en ce beau jour le plus beau tems du
monde
Pour aller à cheval sur la terre & sur l'onde.

To

To which it is added, that he made them on purpose to shew that a philosopher cou'd be a poet whenever he had a mind to it. What man, with common sense, cou'd ever be persuaded that *Mallebranche* was capable of writing any thing so absurd? and yet let but a retailer of anecdotes, or a literary compiler, transmit this idle tale to posterity, and in process of time it shall gain credit; and tho' *Mallebranche* was one of the greatest of men, it will be said one day or other, that this great man turn'd fool when he got out of his sphere.

Cicero has been reproach'd for too much sensibility, and too much dejection in adversity: he imparts his well-grounded complaints to his wife and friends, and his frankness is imputed to cowardice: but let who will blame him for pouring into the bosom of friendship that grief which he conceal'd from his persecutors, I love him the more for it: the virtuous soul alone is capable of feeling. *Cicero*, fond as he was of glory, had no ambition of appearing to be what he was not. We have seen men in our own times dying with grief at the loss of very trifling emoluments, after a ridiculous pretence of not regretting them at all. What is there then so mean or cowardly, in acknowledging to a wife or friend, that a man was unhappy at being banish'd from his country, which he had serv'd, or at being persecuted by a set of ungrateful and perfidious villains? surely we ought to shut our hearts against the tyrants who oppress us, and open them to those we love.

Cicero was free and ingenuous throughout his whole conduct; he spoke of his afflictions without shame, and of his thirst after true glory without disguise: this character is natural, at the same time that it is great: shall we prefer to this the policy of *Cæsar*, who tells us in his commen-

taries

taries, that he offered peace to Pompey, and yet in his private letters vows that he never had any such intention? Cæsar was a great, but Cicero was an honest man : but his having been a good poet, and philosopher, an excellent governor, or an able general, that he had a feeling and a good heart, are not points that concern our present purpose : he saved Rome in spite of the senate ; one half of which at least oppos'd him, from motives of the most inveterate envy and malice ; even those whose oracle, whose deliverer and avenger he was, were amongst his worst of foes : he laid the foundation of his own ruin by the most signal service that man ever performed for his country : to represent this is the principal design of the tragedy : it is not so much the ferocious spirit of Catiline, as the generous and noble soul of Cicero, which I have there endeavour'd to describe.

It has always been asserted, and the opinion gains ground amongst us, that Cicero is one of those characters which shou'd never be brought upon the stage.

The English, who hazard every thing without knowing what they hazard, have given us a tragedy on the conspiracy of Catiline, wherein Ben Johnson has made no scruple of translating seven or eight pages of Tully's oration ; he has even translated them into prose, not imagining it possible to make Cicero speak in verse. The consul's prose, to say the truth, mingled with the verse of the other characters, form a contrast worthy of the barbarous age of Ben Johnson : but to treat a subject so grave, and withal so totally void of those passions which generally captivate the heart, we must have to do with a serious and cultivated people, worthy in some measure of having the manners of antient Rome exhibited before them. I acknowledge at the same time that this subject

is

is not well adapted to our stage: we have much more taste, decorum, and knowledge of the theatre than the English, but our manners for the most part are not so strong. We are only pleas'd with the struggle of those passions which we ourselves experience; those amongst us who are best acquainted with the works of Cicero, and the Roman republic, are not frequenters of a play-house, they do not in this respect follow the example of Tully himself, who we know was constantly there: it is astonishing they shou'd pretend to more gravity than he: they have only less taste for the fine arts, or they are withheld by a ridiculous prejudice: what progress soever those arts may have made in France, those gentlemen of distinguish'd genius and abilities who have cultivated them amongst us, have not yet imparted true taste to the whole nation: we are not born so happy as the Greeks and Romans, but frequent the theatre more out of idleness than from any real regard to literature.

This tragedy seems rather to be made for the closet than the stage; it met with applause indeed, and even more than *Zara*, but it is not of such a species as to support itself on the stage like *Zara*: it is written, notwithstanding, with more strength: the single scene between *Cæsar* and *Catiline* was executed with more difficulty than half those pieces which are fill'd with nothing but love: but to these the heart returns with pleasure, whilst our admiration of the antient Romans is quickly exhausted. In our times nobody enters into conspiracies, but every body is in love. The representation of *Catiline* requires withal a large company of actors, and a magnificent apparatus.

The learned will not here meet with a faithful narrative of *Catiline's* conspiracy: a tragedy, they
very

every well know, is not a history, but they will see a true picture of the manners of those times: all that Cicero, Catiline, Cato and Cæsar do in this piece is not true, but their genius and character are faithfully represented: if we do not there discover the eloquence of Cicero, we shall at least find display'd all that courage and virtue which he shew'd in the hour of danger. In Catiline is described that contrast of fierceness and dissimulation which form'd his real character; Cæsar is represented as growing into power, factious, and brave; that Cæsar who was born at once to be the glory and the scourge of Rome.

I have not brought on the stage the deputies of the Allobroges, who were not the ambassadors of Gaul, but agents of a pretty province of Italy, subject to the Romans, who only appear'd in the low character of informers, and were therefore not proper persons to appear in company with Cicero, Cæsar, and Cato.

If this performance shou'd appear tolerably well written, and to give us some idea of antient Rome, it is all that the author pretends to, and all the reward which he expects from it.

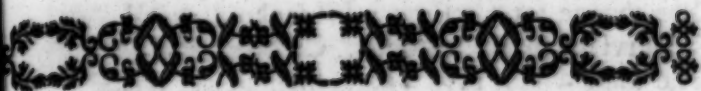
DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CICERO,
CÆSAR,
CATILINE,
AURELIA,
CATO.
LUCULLUS,

CRASSUS,
CLODIUS,
CETHEGUS,
LENTULUS—SURA,
Conspirators,
Lictors.

The SCENE represents on one side, the palace of Aurelia; on the other, the temple of Tellus, where the senate assembled: At a distance, a gallery communicating to some private passages that lead from the palace of Aurelia to the vestibule of the temple.



CATILINE:

OR

ROME PRESERVED.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CATILINE.

[Soldiers at the bottom of the stage.]

YES, thou proud talker, thou vile instrument

Of a deluded people, soon thy pow'r

Will be no more; and thou whose savage virtue,

Flexibly severe, destroys the nation

Means to save, imperious Cato, know

Thy doom is pass'd, thou and the tyrant senate

Must fall together; they who keep the world

In bondage shall themselves be slaves; their chains

Are forg'd already, and usurping Pompey

Will pay for dear bought honours with his blood.

Cæsar, his haughty rival, shall oppose him,

Equal Cæsar: he who, like myself,

Ever factious, shall assist my cause;

The

The snare is laid, and Cæsar shall prepare
 The throne for Catiline ; I'll make them all
 Subservient to my purpose : Cic'ro's self,
 The man whom most I hate, shall be my friend :
 My wife too may be useful, and may prove
 A step to greatness : fathers, husbands, all
 Those empty names mistaken mortals call
 Most sacred, hence, I give you to the winds :
 Ambition, I am thine.

S C E N E II.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS.

Cat. Well, my Cethegus,
 Whilst Rome and our designs are hid in night,
 Say, hast thou call'd together our brave chiefs ?

Cet. Ev'n here, my lord, beneath this portico,
 Safe from the consul's prying eyes, and near
 That impious scene where our proud tyrants sit,
 Thy friends shall meet—already they have sign'd
 The solemn compact, and are sworn to serve thee.
 But how stands Cæsar, will he second us ?

Cat. He is a turbulent unruly spirit,
 And acts but for himself.

Cet. And yet without him
 We never shall succeed.

Cat. I've laid a snare
 He cannot 'scape : my soldiers, in his name,
 Shall seize Preneste—he's been long suspected.
 This will confirm his guilt—the furious consul
 Shall soon accuse him to the senate—Cæsar
 Will hazard all to satiate his revenge.
 I'll rouse this sleeping lion from his den,
 And make him roar for me.

Cet. But Nonnius still
 Rules in Preneste ; he's a friend to Rome.
 In vain already thou hast try'd to tempt
 His stubborn virtue—what must be his fate ?

Cat. Thou know'st I love his daughter, tho' I hate
 Her surly father : long he strove in vain
 To thwart our mutual passion, and prevent
 Our private marriage, which at last the churl
 Unwillingly consented to : he fear'd
 T' incur his angry party's high displeasure
 And the proud consul's—but I've made his pride
 Subservient to our purpose—he is bound
 By solemn oaths to keep our marriage still
 A secret : Sura only and Cethegus
 Are privy to it : this perhaps may serve
 More purposes than one : Aurelia's palace
 Conducts us to the temple ; there I've plac'd
 My instruments of ruin, arms, and firebrands,
 To execute our great design : thy zeal
 To friendship much I owe, but own thy love
 Hath been most useful, and I thank thee for it :
 Beneath the senate's sacred vault, beneath
 The roof of Nonnius will we sacrifice
 These tyrants—you, my friends, must to Preneste ;
 You to the capitol ; remember whom
 You serve, the oath that binds you and the cause
 Ye are engag'd in—thou, my lov'd Cethegus,
 Must watch o'er all, and guide the great machine.

S C E N E III.

AURELIA, CATILINE.

Aur. O Catiline, my lord, my husband, ease
 My troubled heart, remove my doubts, my fears,
 My horror, my despair—alas ! what means
 This dreadful preparation ?—ev'ry step
 I tread alarms me ; why these soldiers, why
 With arm and torches is my palace fill'd ?
 The days of Marius and of Sylla sure
 Are now return'd, and discord reigns amongst us :
 Explain, my lord, this dreadful mystery :
 Do not turn from me—by the sacred tie

That

That joins our hearts, by the dear babe thou lov'st,
 I talk not to thee of its mother's danger,
 For thee alone I tremble : pity me,
 Pity a wretched wife, and tell me all.

Cat. Know then, my life, my fortune, and my fame,
 Thy safety, and my own, the common cause,
 Demand a conduct which thy fears condemn :
 But if thou lov'st me, let whate'er thou seest
 Be bury'd in thy breast : I mean to save
 Rome's better part ; the senate and the people
 Are disunited—danger threatens the state
 On ev'ry side ; I've taken the best means
 To make all well again.

Aur. I hope thou hast ;
 But can we hide our hearts from those we love ?
 Can'st thou deceive me ? yet what thou hast said
 Doubles my fears. Alas ! thy looks are wild,
 And full of horror. What will Nonnius say
 When he shall see these dreadful preparations ?
 The voice of nature, and the tender names
 Of father and of brother oft have pass'd
 Unheard and unregarded when the cause
 Of Rome requir'd it—well thou know'st our marriage
 Gave much offence, and when my angry father
 Returning shall behold these sad effects
 Of our unhappy union, what, my lord,
 Must I expect ? O why wilt thou abuse
 The pow'r which love has giv'n thee o'er a heart
 Devoted to thy service ?—thou hast gain'd
 A party, but consider well my father,
 Cato, and Cicero, and Rome, and heav'n,
 Are all thy foes : Nonnius perhaps may come
 This very day on purpose to destroy thee.

Cat. Be not afraid, I know he cannot.

Aur. How !

Cat. Whene'er he comes he must approve our pur-
 I am not left at liberty to tell thee [pose :
 What we design, suffice it that his int'rest
 And mine are one : I know when he shall find
 The fair result, he then will join with me
 To pull down the proud tyrants he obeys :

Trust

Trust me, Aurelia, what I do shall prove
The fertile spring of everlasting glory
And honour to you both—

Aur. Alas! the honour

I fear is doubtful, and the danger certain:

What seek'st thou? wherefore wou'd'st thou urge thy
Is't not enough to rank among the first [fate?

Of human kind, and rule the subject world?

Why wou'd'st thou mount the giddy heights of pow'r,

And court destruction? my forboding heart

Already sees, and trembles at thy danger.

Are these the promis'd joys of flatt'ring love?

The peace I hop'd for? I have lost it now

For ever: O, my lord, when last these eyes

Were in a short and broken slumber clos'd,

Methought I saw in flames imperial Rome;

Saw murders, deaths, and rivers stain'd with blood,

My father massacred in open senate,

And thee, my Catiline, amidst a band

Of vile assassins, breathing forth thy soul

In dreadful agonies I rose, and fled

From these sad images to find my lord,

My guardian, my protector—thou art here,

And I, alas! am but the more unhappy.

Cat. Away—your omens fright not Catiline;

Complain not, but be resolute: I want

Your courage, not your tears, when I am serving

You and my country.

Aur. Is it thus you mean

To serve her? O, my lord, I know not what

Your purpose is, but were it fair and just

Perhaps I might long since have been consulted;

Our mutual int'rest claim'd it from a husband:

If you dissemble with me, I have cause

To doubt, and to be wretched—Cicero

Has long suspected thee, and Rome thou know'st

Adores him.

Cat. Whom? my hated rival?

SCENE IV.

CATILINE, AURELIA, MARTIAN, one of the
Conspirators.

Mar. Sir,
The consul comes this way—by his command
The senate meet ; he wishes first to see
And speak with you.

Aur. I tremble at his name.

Cat. Why tremble at the name of Cicero ?
Let Nonnius fear and reverence him, disgrace
His rank and character by mean submission ;
I pity the weak senator, but hop'd
To find in thee a nobler soul : not thus,
Remember, acted your brave ancestors :
Gods ! that a woman, and a Roman, sprung
From Nero's blood, shou'd thus be void of pride
Or of ambition ! noble minds are ne'er
Without them.

Aur. Mine perhaps thou think'st is mean
And timid ; cruelty alone with thee
Is courage ; thy reproach is most unkind ;
But know me better ; know that this fond wife,
Whom thou contemn'st, who has not pow'r to change
Or soften thee, has more of Roman in her
Than thou can'st boast ; and, coward as she is,
Can teach thee how to die.

Cat. How many cares
At once surround me !—Cicero comes—but him
I fear not : this Aurelia,——

SCENE V.

CICERO, CATILINE, Chief of the Lictors,

Cic. Do as I [To the chief Lictor.
Commanded you—I'll try if I can sound

This

This faithless heart ; leave me alone with him :
 Sometimes a villain may be wrought by fear
 To better council, and renounce his purpose.
 Who's there ? the proud Plebeian, chos'n by Rome
 To be her master ?

Ere the senate meet,

[To Catiline.

Cat'line, I come for the last time to hold
 The friendly torch, and save thy wand'ring steps
 From the dread precipice of guilt and ruin.

Cat. Who, thou ?

Cic. Yes, I.

Cat. And is it thus thy hate
 Pursues me ?

Cic. Call it pity—but observe me,
 The capitol is weary of thy plaints,
 Thy factious cries, and bold impertinence ;
 Rome, and the senate have, it seems, debas'd
 The consul's dignity by choosing me :
 Thy pride we know expected it, but how
 Had'st thou deserv'd it ? was it by thy name,
 Or family, thy valour, or the pride
 Of a loose prodigal in shews and feasts
 And idle pomp ; cou'd these entitle thee
 To such exalted honours ? cou'd it thou hope
 To be the great dispenser of the laws,
 To guide the mistress of the world, who rules
 O'er prostrate kings ? had Catiline been what
 He ought to be, I might perhaps to him
 Have yielded the contested palm.—Hereafter
 Thou may'st support the state, but to be consul
 'Tis fit thou first should'st be—a citizen.
 Think'st thou by vile reflections on my birth,
 My fortune, and my fame, to taint my honour,
 Or weaken the firm basis of my pow'r ?
 In our corrupted days it is not name,
 Or family, that Rome has need of : no :
 'Tis virtue ; and the pride of Cicero
 Hath ever been, that he shou'd nothing owe
 To his forefathers—my nobility
 Springs from myself, and thine may end in thee.

Cat. It ill becomes a temporary pow'r,
Like thine to boast of its authority.

Cic. Had Cic'ro us'd that pow'r as thou deserv'st,
Thou wou'd'st not have been here to question it :
Thou who hast stain'd our altars with pollution
And sacrilegious rage, thy days are number'd
But by thy crimes : thy merit is to dare,
To strike at all, dissemble, and betray :
Thou hast abus'd the precious gifts that heav'n
Bestow'd on thee for other purposes :
Sense, beauty, courage, and heroic warmth,
All the fair ornaments of human nature,
Are but in thee the instruments of ill.
My voice, which still is rais'd to scourge the wicked,
And plead for the oppress'd, hath spar'd thee yet ;
Nor with the odious Verres rank'd the name
Of Catiline ; but long impunity
Hath made thee shameless, and insensible
Of all reproof—thou hast betray'd the state :
At Rome, and in Etruria all is discord,
And foul confusion ; Umbria is revolted ;
Preneste staggers in her faith ; the soldiers
Of barb'rous Sylla, drench'd in blood, come forth
From their dark caves prepar'd for slaughter, arm'd
By cruel Mallius ; all are leagu'd with thee ;
Thy partizans declar'd, or secret friends,
All are united in one guilty bond,
And sworn to the destruction of their country :
I know thee for their chief, for I have eyes
On ev'ry side, and hands too, thou shalt find,
That, spite of thee, shall vindicate the cause
Of injur'd Rome ; thy guilty friends shall feel
My justice too : thou hast beheld me long
But as thy rival, now behold thy judge,
And thy accuser, who will force thee soon
To answer for thy actions by those laws,
Which thou so oft hast trampled on unpunish'd,
Those laws, which thou contemn'st, and I revenge.

Cat. I've told you, sir, already, that your office
But ill excuses this indecent freedom :
But for that country's sake, whom both are bound

To serve, I pardon your unjust suspicions ;
 Nay, I do more, I honour your warm zeal ;
 Blind tho' it be, in such a cause 'tis just :
 But do not thus reproach me for past errors,
 For the wild sallies of impetuous youth,
 That soon are o'er ; your senate is to blame,
 I follow'd their example ; pomp and pride,
 Excess and luxury, the fruits of conquest,
 Are the times vices, not the native bent
 Of Cat'line's heart : I serv'd the common-weal
 In Asia as a soldier, as a judge
 In Afric : spite of our domestic feuds,
 Did I not make the name of Rome rever'd
 Among the nations ? I who have defended
 Shall ne'er betray her.

Cic. Sylla too and Marius

Both serv'd their country well, and then destroy'd her.
 Tyrants have all some specious show of virtue,
 And ere they break their country's laws support them.

Cat. If you suspect each brave and gallant soldier,
 Let Cæsar, Pompey, Crassus be accus'd :
 Why fix on me amongst so many ? why
 Am I the only object of your fears ?
 Have I deserv'd it ?

Cic. That you best can tell.

But wherefore deign I thus to answer you ?

Cat. The more I plead in my defence, the more
 Will Cicero condemn me : if as friend
 Thou talk'st to me, thou but deceiv'st thyself,
 I am thy foe ; if as a citizen,
 So too is Catiline ; if as a consul,
 A consul's not a master, he presides
 But in the senate, I defy him there.

Cic. Thou durst not ; for I there can punish guilt :
 If thou art innocent, I will protect thee ;
 If not, I charge thee, be not seen in Rome.

Cat. This is too much : I will no longer bear
 Thy insults, tho' I scorn thy vague suspicions :
 Yet know, I think the worst affront, that thou
 Cou'd put on Cat'line, wou'd be to protect him. [*Exit.*

I 3.

Cic.

Cic. [*alone.*] Insolent traitor! means he thus to prove
His innocence by false affected pride?
Perfidious wretch, I'm not to be deceiv'd,
Nor shalt thou thus escape the watchful eye
Of vengeance.

S C E N E VI.

CICERO, CATO.

Cic. Well, my friend, hast thou prepar'd
For Rome's defence?

Cato. Your orders are obey'd:
I have dispos'd the chiefs, and all are ready
To march as you direct them; but I fear
The people, nay the senate.

Cic. Ha! the senate?

Cato. Ay—they are swoln with pride—and foul divi-
Will soon enslave them. [sion]

Cic. Much indeed I fear
Our vices will revenge the conquer'd world;
Our liberty and virtue are no more;
But Rome may still have hope whilst Cato lives.

Cato. Alas! who serves his country often serves
A most ungrateful mistress—ev'n thy merit
Offends the senate; with a jealous eye
It views thy greatness.

Cic. Cato's approbation
Is recompence enough; thy honest praise
Will more than balance their ingratitude;
On that and on posterity alone
I shall rely; let us perform our duty,
And leave the rest to heav'n.

Cato. How shall we stem
The torrent of corruption? when I see,
Ev'n in this sacred temple, rais'd to virtue,
Infamous treason rise with shameless front:
Can we suppose that Manlius, that proud rebel,
Wou'd dare advance his standard, and blow up
The flames of civil war, if greater pow'rs

Did not support him, if some secret foe
 Abetted not their vile conspiracy ?
 The leaders of the senate may betray us ;
 From Sylla's ashes may new tyrants rise :
 My just suspicions light on Cæsar.

Cic. Mine

On Catiline ; perfidious, sordid, rash,
 And bold ; he loves rebellion, and delights
 In novelty ; more dangerous than Cæsar ;
 I know him well ; ev'n now I parted from him :
 What pass'd between us but confirms me more
 In my suspicions ; on his face I read
 Rage and resentment, the determin'd pride
 Of his fierce spirit, that no longer deign'd
 To hide its purpose, but stood forth, and own'd
 Its enmity to Rome.—I must discover
 His bold compeers, perhaps I may prevent
 His future crimes, and save my falling country.

Cato. Cat'line has friends, and much I fear the pow'r
 Of these united tyrants may prove fatal :
 Our forces are in Asia, and at Rome
 We are corrupted ; but one upright man
 May save the state.

Cic. If we unite, our country
 Has nought to fear—in factions discord soon
 Dissolves the tye :—Cæsar perhaps may join them ;
 But, if I know him right, his noble soul
 Will never stoop to serve a worthless tyrant ;
 He loves his country still, and hates a master ;
 Tho' soon the time will come when he shall strive
 To be one ; both are eager for applause,
 And both ambitious : both are rais'd too high
 To meet in friendship long ; by their division
 Rome may be sav'd ; let us not tamely wait
 To see our country's ruin, or behold
 In shameful chains the masters of mankind.

END of the FIRST ACT.



A C T . II. S C E N E I.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS.

Cet. **A**T length the torch is lit to set on fire
 Rome and the subject world ; our army's
 And all is ready for the great event. [nigh,
 Know'st thou mean time, my friend, what passes here ?

Cat. I know the consul's prudence, so he calls
 His cowardice, which deeply ruminates
 On future ills : like an unskilful pilot
 He sets up ev'ry sail for ev'ry wind,
 But knows not or which way the tempest comes,
 Or whither it may drive him—for the senate,
 I fear it not ; that many-headed monster,
 So proud of conquest and nobility,
 Looks with an evil eye on Cicero ;
 I know it hates him, so does Cæsar ; Crassus
 Wou'd gladly yield him up a sacrifice
 To our resentment ; on their jealousy
 Depend my hopes—he's like a dying man,
 With feeble arm he struggles for a while,
 But soon shall sink beneath us and expire.

Cet. Envy I know attacks him, but his tongue
 Can soften all ; he leads the captive senate.

Cat. I brave him ev'ry where ; despise his clamours,
 And smile at his resentment : let him rail
 To his last hour, and triumph in the shouts
 Of his admirers, I have other cares
 That fit more heavy on me.

Cet. What should stop
 Thy rapid progress in the paths of glory
 And happiness ? Canst thou have ought to fear ?

Cat. My num'rous foes I heed not, 'tis my friends
 I have most cause to dread ; the jealousy

Of Lentulus, th' aspiring soul of Cæsar,
And, above all, my wife.

Cet. Shall Catiline

Be frighten'd at a woman's tears ?—for shame,
Leave her t'indulge her visionary fears :
I thought thou lov'st her as a master shou'd,
And mad'st her but the servile instrument
Of thy ambition.

Cat. 'Tis a dang'rous one :

Rome and her child divide with me her love.
Curse on the Name of Rome, that ev'n beneath
The roof of Car'line those shou'd dwell who love
Their country ! But before th' important hour
That must decide our fate, she shall be mov'd,
She and her son—be that thy care, Cethegus :
Our wives and children must not trouble us
In those distressful moments—but for Cæsar——

Cet. What's to be done ? if he refuse to join
Our cause, shall we proscribe him ; shall the names
Of Cic'ro and of Cæsar be united ?

Cat. Let me consider—to cut Cæsar off——
That were a dreadful sacrifice ; methinks
I cannot but admire him, and revere
In him the honour of the Roman name :
But where is Lentulus ?

Cet. O fear not him ;
His pride we know will prompt him to believe
That thou with him wilt share the sov'reign pow'r.

Cat. Let him believe it still ; the cred'lous fool !
Thou seest, Cethegus, with what subtilty
I'm forc'd to manage these imperious spirits ;
Their rage, resentment, pride and jealousy :
Know'st thou he dares ev'n to be Cæsar's rival ?
To keep my friends within the pale of prudence
Will cost me much more trouble than the ruin
Of Cicero and Rome—to guide a party
Is of all tasks the hardest.——

Cat. Lentulus
Is here, my lord.

SCENE II.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-SURA.

Sura. In spite of my remonſtance
You will rely on Cæſar, and conſide
In him alone; Preneste's in his pow'r,
And I muſt yield to him; but know I ſcorn it,
The blood of Scipio was not made to yield.

Cat. I've join'd with Cæſar, but depend not on him;
He may ſupport our cauſe, or he may hurt it;
I uſe his name, but 'tis for your advantage.

Sura. And what is there in Cæſar's name ſuperior
To your or mine? why muſt we meanly court
His favour? but becauſe he's Pompey's rival
Rome makes a God of him.—I am thy friend;
Sura and Car'line may defy them all,
And without Cæſar make the world their own.

Cat. We may—thy conduct and approv'd valour
Have ever been my beſt and ſureſt hope;
But Cæſar is belov'd, reſpected, fear'd;
The ſenate and the people all admire
And court him; ſtateſman, gen'ral, magiſtrate;
In peace rever'd, and terrible in war;
A thouſand ways he charms the multitude;
In ſhort he will be neceſſary.—

Sura. Say
Deſtructive rather——if to day he ſhines
Our equal, by to-morrow he will prove
Our rival, and ere long perhaps our maſter;
Truſt me, I know him well, and therefore think
Our party has not a more dang'rous foe:
Perhaps his haughty ſoul may yield to thee,
But play the tyrant o'er the reſt; for me,
I cannot, will not brook it—I've devoted
My honour and my fortunes to thy ſervice;
But I renounce my plighted faith, renounce
Thee and thy cauſe, if Cæſar is preferr'd.

Cat.

Cat. And so thou shalt—I'd sacrifice my life
 Rather than ere permit a haughty rival
 To soar above us—Cæsar is our tool,
 Our instrument; to day I flatter him,
 To-morrow can bring down his pride, perhaps
 Do more—thou know'st our mutual happiness
 And int'rest are my first and dearest care.
 Away, and let Aurelia be prepar'd: [*To Cethegus.*
 Go; or her fond intruding love may ruin
 Our deep laid schemes, and mar the great design:
 Return some private way and meet me here,
 I wait for Cæsar.

Sura. Nothing's to be done,
 I find without him—but I'll wait th' event:

Cat. Farewel: remember I rely on thee
 More than on Cæsar.—

Cet. I shall execute
 Your high command, and gather all our friends
 Before the standard of great Cataline.

S C E N E III.

CATILINE, CÆSAR.

Cat. Hail, godlike Cæsar, thou whom from the days
 Of Sylla I have rank'd amongst my best
 And dearest friends, whose fortunes I foretold:
 Born as thou art to be the first of Romans,
 How suits it with thy pride to be the slave
 Of a Plebeian, who for ever thwarts
 And braves thee to thy face? I know thou hat'st him;
 Thy piercing eye observes impatient Rome
 Contending for her freedom, will not Cæsar
 Assist his country to shake off her chains?
 The cause is noble, and the fate of millions
 Depends on this important crisis; thou
 Wilt join us—look'st thou not with jealous eye
 On Pompey still? dost thou not still abhor
 The surly Cato? can'st thou serve the gods
 With half thy wonted zeal when the proud consul

Presides

Presides at th' altar? will thy noble spirit
 Bear these imperious rulers; soft Lucullus,
 Sunk in the arms of luxury and sloth;
 The greedy Crassus, grasping his large heaps
 Of ill-got wealth, enough to purchase Rome
 And all her venal sons? on ev'ry side
 Or faction or corruption reigns; the world
 Calls out on Cæsar; wilt thou hear her voice?
 Wilt thou redress and save thy falling country?
 Will Cæsar listen to his friends?

Cæs. He will;

And if the senate do thee wrong, step forth
 To plead thy cause; I never will betray thee;
 But ask no more.

Cat. Are these the utmost bounds
 Of Cæsar's friendship, but to talk for him?

Cæs. I've weigh'd thy projects, and shall not oppose
 them;

I may approve, but wou'd not execute.

Cat. I understand you, you are on that side
 Which fortune favours, and wou'd stand aloof
 To mark the progress of our civil wars,
 And raise your fortunes on the common ruin.

Cæs. No—I have nobler views; my hate of Cato,
 My jealousy of Pompey, the renown
 Of Cicero, conspire to make me wish
 I might surpass 'em all; fair glory calls,
 The banks of Seine, the Tagus, and the Rhine;
 I pant for honour, and for victory.

Cat. If conquest is thy aim, begin with Rome;
 To-morrow we may reign the masters of her.

Cæs. The enterprise is great, perhaps too bold;
 But, to be open with you, tho' 'tis worthy
 Of Catiline, it suits not Cæsar.

Cat. How!

Cæs. I do not chuse to serve.

Cat. To share with Cæsar

Were no dishonour to the most ambitious.

Cæs. But pow'r supreme is not to be divided:
 I'll not be dragg'd at Cat'line's chariot wheels
 To grace his triumph: as a friend I love thee;

But

But know, that friend shall never be—my master :
Ev'n Pompey shall not—Sylla, whom thy valour
Hath nobly follow'd in the race of glory ;
Whose courage I admire ; whose lawless rage
I ever shall abhor, enslav'd proud Rome :
But he deserv'd the glorious prize, subdued
The Hellespont, and made Euphrates tremble :
Asia was conquer'd : Mithridates own'd
His martial genius—but what noble deeds
Hast thou to boast ? what kings hast thou subdued ?
What seas has Cat'line pass'd, what lands explor'd ?
Thou hast the seeds of greatness in thy nature ;
But to enslave thy country is above
Thy present pow'rs, above the pow'rs of Cæsar :
We have not strength, authority or name
For such an enterprize. Rome soon must fall :
But ere I will attempt to be her master,
I will extend her empire and her glory ;
And if I forge my country's chains, at least
Will cover them with laurels.

Cat. Mine, perhaps,
Is, after all, the shortest path to glory :
How did your boasted Sylla rise to empire ?
He had an army, so has Catiline ;
Rais'd by myself alone, and not, like his,
The gift of fortune : he observ'd with care
The favourable hour, and well improv'd it :
I have done more ; have made the times and seasons
Subservient to me. Sylla was a king.
Wou'd'st thou be one ? wilt thou be Cic'ro's slave,
Or rule with Cat'line ?

Cæs. Neither. To be free,
For I no longer will dissemble with you,
I esteem Cicero ; but love him not,
Nor fear him : tho' I love, I dread not thee.
Divide the senate if thou can'st, pull down
The proud oppressors ; you have my consent ;
But hope no more, nor dare to think, that Cæsar
Will ever be thy slave : I'll keep thy secret,
And be thy friend or foe, as thou deserv'st it.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

CATILINE.

If he supports us not, e'en let him fall
 The victim of his folly : Sylla knew
 And wou'd have cut him off, but Sylla durst not :
 I know he is my secret enemy,
 As such I shall be 'ware of him.

SCENE V.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-SURA.

Sura. What says
 The mighty Cæsar ? is he friend or foe ?
Cat. His barren friendship only offers me
 A feeble aid ; but we can do without him :
 Perhaps he may repent it ; and meantime
 We've better pillars to support the fabric.
 Behold, the heroes come.

SCENE VI.

CATILINE, the Conspirators.

Cat. Hail, bold Statilius,
 Valiant Autronius, noble Piso, hail,
 Vargontes, and the rest of my brave friends,
 The first of men, the conquerors of kings,
 The great avengers of a world oppress'd,
 This feat of empire soon shall be your own :
 The vanquish'd nations, which your valour gain'd,
 Were ravish'd from you by usurping tyrants ;
 For the proud senate still your blood hath flow'd ;
 For them Tigranes, Mithridates fell ;
 For them alone ; and all your poor reward

Was but to stand at distance, and adore
Your haughty masters; but at length the hour
Of vengeance is approaching: be prepar'd
For no inglorious enterprize: I know
Your souls wou'd scorn a vict'ry cheaply bought;
But I will bring you noble conquests, full
Of danger and of glory: seize, my friends,
The golden opportunity: already
I see your foes expiring at your feet.
Rush on your prey, burn, plunder, and destroy;
But, above all, let union guide your councils:
Even now Preneste falls: the brave remains
Of Sylla's scatter'd forces march towards us:
I shall command them, and Rome must be yours.
Petreius vanquish'd, I shall clear my way
Even to the capitol: then you, my friends,
Shall rise to empire, to a throne disgrac'd
By worthless Romans, and by you restor'd
To its true lustre: Curius and his band
Will open me the gates; but tell me, friend,
The Gladiatorian cohorts, where are they?
Will those brave vet'rans join our cause?

Len. They will:

Myself shall lead them in the dead of night,
And arm them in this secret place.

Cat. Mount Cælius—

Is that secured?

Stat. I've bribed the centinels,
And all is safe.

Cat. You to mount Aventine

Repair, and soon as Mallius shall display
His colours, light your torches, spread destruction
On ev'ry side; let the proscribed perish.
Let Cic'ro (ye have sworn it) be my first
My darling victim: Cæsar too must die,
And Cato; these remov'd, the senate soon
Will tremble and obey: already fortune
Declares for us, and blinds them to their ruin:
Within their walls, and almost in their sight
We lay the snares of death, and mark them out
For sacrifice: remember not to take up arms

Before

Before th' appointed time : we must surprize
 Ere we destroy : let Cicero and Rome
 Perish together, and the light'ning blast
 Before the thunder's threat'ning voice alarms them.
 Call not this deed a foul conspiracy ;

'Tis a just war declar'd against the foes

Of Rome and all mankind ; reclaim your rights,
 The empire of the world, which base usurpers
 Had ravish'd from you.

Haste, ye gallant leaders, [*To Ceth. and Lent. Sur.*
 Haste to the senate ; see your victims there :

Hear your proud consul roar ; 'tis the last time
 That he shall triumph there—now, worthy Romans,
 Swear by this sword, that with the blood of tyrants
 Shall soon be stain'd, to perish, or to conquer,
 With Catiline.

Mar. By thee and by this sword.

We swear with thee to perish or to conquer.

Another conspirator.

Perish the senate ! perish all who serve,
 All who defend them ! if there be amongst us
 A traitor, let him die.

Cat. Away, this night

Will finish all, and Rome shall be our own.



ACT III. SCENE I.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, MARCIAN,
 SEPTIMUS.

Cat. **A**RE all things ready ? do our troops advance ?

Mar. They are, my lord ; the faithful Mallius comes
 Prepar'd to circle these devoted walls ;
 Our friends impatient brook not dull delay,

But

But urge each other to the bloody scene ;
We wait but thy command ; appoint the hour
When Rome must fall.

Cat. Soon as I quit the senate
Begin the sacrifice : let this great day
Be sacred to destruction : but mean time
Take special care the consul's busy friends
Do not observe our motions.

Cet. Were it not
Most prudent to destroy him in the senate ?
He has alarm'd the people, and foresees
Our ev'ry action.

Cat. Knows he the revolt
Of Mallius ? knows he Cat'line's deep designs ?
Knows he an army is approaching for me ?
Fear not, my friends, ours is no common cause,
'Tis fit the means shou'd be proportion'd to it :
When vulgar mortals, grow'ling and obscure,
Form ill-digested schemes, and idle plans
Of future greatness, if one slender wheel
Is broke, it overthrows the whole machine :
But souls like ours, a firm and chosen band,
Plans deeply laid, the conquerors of kings,
The sons of Mars, united to support
And raise each other, these must be superior
To Cic'ro's art, or Cic'ro's vigilance :
We've nought to fear.

Cet. But is Preneſte ours
In Cæſar's name ?

Cat. Ay ; that was my firſt ſtroke
Of policy : the unſuſpecting ſenate
Will be deceiv'd : I've whiſper'd it abroad,
That Nonnius hath conſpir'd againſt the ſtate,
And half our credulous fools believe the tale.
Ere he can clear his innocence, my army
Will be in Rome, and all ſecur'd : away,
Remove Aurelia : let no little cares
Intrude to ſtop or hurt the great deſign.

SCENE

SCENE II.

AURELIA, CATILINE, CETHEGUS, &c.

Aur. [*A letter in her hand.*] There Cat'line, read Aurelia's fate and thine,
Thy crime and thy just sentence.

Cat. What rash hand—
Ha! 'tis thy father's.

Aur. Read it.

Cat. [*Reads the letter.*] "Death too long
Hath spar'd me, and the child I lov'd too well
Must finish my sad days: at length I suffer
For my own follies, and that hapless marriage
Which I consented to, I know the plots
Of thy vile husband: Cæsar has betray'd us,
And wou'd have seiz'd Preneste: thou partak'st
The treason: but repent, or perish with them."
But how cou'd Nonnius ere discover that
Which ev'n the consul knows not?

Cetb. This may prove
Our ruin.

Cat. [*To Cethegus.*] It may turn to our advantage.
Aurelia, I must tell thee all: this day
The world is arm'd in Catiline's defence:
Say, in the hour of danger wilt thou serve
A father or a husband?

Aur. To be silent,
And trouble you no more, were the commands
Which Cat'line laid on his neglected wife,
Spite of her fond intreaties, pray'rs, and tears:
What hast thou further to desire?

Cat. Away:
This moment, send that letter to the consul;
I have my reasons; I wou'd have him know,
That Cæsar is as much to be suspected
As I am: he's accus'd, and Cat'line not
So much as nam'd: it is as I cou'd wish.
Take with thee our lov'd infant, and return not
To bleeding Rome, till I'm master there:

Then

Then thou shalt reign with me : our marriage yet
Is kept a secret : I'll not have it known,
Till at the head of our victorious army
I shall proclaim it loud to Italy,
And to the world : then shall thy haughty father,
As our first subject, humbly bend before thee,
And sue to be forgiv'n : begone, Aurelia,
And leave me to my fate. I wou'd not wish
Thou shou'd'st partake my dangers or my cares :
This night prepare to meet a conqueror.

Aur. O Cat'line, mean'st thou to destroy thy country ?
Is this the day appointed for destruction ?

Cat. To day I purpose to chastise my foes ;
All is prepar'd.

Aur. Begin then with Aurelia ;
For I had rather perish by thy hand,
Than live to share thy guilt.

Cat. O let the tye
That binds us—

Cet. Drive not thus to desperation
A husband and a friend, who trusts his all
To thee, thou'rt enter'd in the paths of glory,
And to retreat were fatal.

Aur. Misery
And sure destruction were Aurelia's fate :
From that unhappy moment, when by thee
And thy vile counsels led, I gave my hand
To Catiline ; despis'd, neglected, long
Have I beheld, with eyes of detestation,
Your horrid plots : spite of myself you made me
A vile accomplice ; but you know I lov'd,
And basely have impos'd upon my weakness :
I blush to think how grossly you abus'd
A woman's fond credulity ; but know
I'll no longer be guilty of a crime
Which I abhor : no longer serve a tyrant :
No, I renounce my vows, my faith to thee ;
These hands shall rise against thee, thou vile traitor :
Henceforth I am thy foe. Strike, Cat'line, strike ;
Destroy me ; carry into burning Rome,
For thy first victim, an expiring wife

Slain

Slain by thy hand ; destroy the hapless infant,
 Sad pledge of our detested nuptials : then,
 Barbarian as thou art, complete thy guilt,
 And in the blood of millions glut thy vengeance.

Cat. And is the gentle kind Aurulia then
 Amongst my foes ? thus in the noblest war,
 That ere was waged for freedom and for empire,
 When Pompey, Cæsar, Cato, are subdued,
 My worst of enemies at last are found
 In my own house ; I am deserted there
 For an unworthy father : threaten'd too.

Aur. I threaten guilt, and tremble for—a husband :
 Ev'n in my rage thou seest my tenderness ;
 Abuse it not, it is my only weakness :
 But I wou'd have thee fear—

Cat. That word, Aurelia,
 Was never made for Catiline—but hear me :
 I love thee ; yet presume not on thy pow'r,
 Nor think I ere will sacrifice my friends,
 My noble cause, my int'rest, and my fame,
 Glory and empire : no, it is enough
 If I forgive and pity thee, but know—

Aur. The crown thy pride looks up to I despise :
 I shou'd behold it as the shameful mark
 Of infamy : thou shew'st thy love for me
 By pity and forgiveness ; and I mine,
 By holding back, if possible, thy hand
 From guilt and error—therefore will I go—

SCENE III.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-SURA,
 AURELIA, &c.

Sura. We are discover'd, lost, undone ; our friends
 Betray'd, our plots unravell'd all ; Preneste
 Not yielded to us ; Nonnius is in Rome ;
 One of our spies is seiz'd, and has confess'd ;
 Nonnius in open senate will accuse.

His son-in-law ; he's gone to Cicero,
Who knows too much already.

Aur. Now behold

The fruits of guilt, and all thy great designs,
Thy boasted fortunes, empire, and the throne,
Which I despis'd : are thy eyes open'd yet ?

Cat. [*After a long pause.*] This is a blow I thought
not of ; but say,

Wilt thou betray me ?

Aur. 'Tis what thou deserv'st :

My country claims, and heav'n demands it of me ;

But I'll do more, I'll save both Rome and thee ;

And tho' I have not all thy rage, may boast

Some of thy courage ; love will make me brave :

Long since I saw thy danger, Catiline :

'Tis come, and now I will partake it with thee ;

I'll see my father, and obtain thy life,

Or lose my own ; I know he is forgiving,

Gentle, and mild : I know he loves Aurelia,

And will not urge too far a foe like thee,

Desp'rate and brave ; I'll talk to Cicero,

Who fears, and to the senate who adores thee ;

They will be glad to think thee innocent ;

Those whom we fear we readily forgive :

But let sincerest penitence atone

For thy past crimes : convicted guilt by that,

And that alone, can hope for pardon ; tho'

I know it hurts thy pride, it must be done :

At least I hope I shall procure thee time,

Or to quit Rome, or to defend thyself :

I'll not reproach thee ; even when most guilty

I lov'd, and in misfortune will not leave thee ;

But rather die to save thy life and glory.

Farewel ; let Cat'line learn henceforth to trust me ;

I have deserv'd it.

Cat. Sad alternative ;

It is most dreadful—but I yield to thee :

Remember that a husband's plea is stronger,

Much stronger than a father's : if I err,

The crime is thine.

Aur.

Aur. I'll take it all upon me;
 Nay, ev'n thy hatred, if it must be so;
 I act for thee, and I'm satisfy'd.
 Daughter, and wife, and Roman, ev'ry duty
 Shall be perform'd; remember thine, and keep
 Thy heart as pure and spotless as Aurelia's.

S C E N E IV.

[CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-SURA,
 Freed-men.

Sura. Is this the bold and fearless Catiline,
 Or Nonnius' timid son; a woman's slave;
 Appall'd by phantoms? how thy great soul shrunk
 Soon as Aurelia spoke!

Cet. It cannot be;
 Cat'line will never change; his noble soul
 By opposition grows but more resolv'd:
 Preneste lost, the senate our accusers,
 We may be conqu'rors still, and make 'em tremble
 Whilst they condemn us; we have noble friends,
 And will deserve them.

Sura. Ere the signal's giv'n
 We may be seiz'd; thou know'st at dead of night,
 Just as the senate part, we had agreed
 To execute our purpose: what, my friends,
 Must be resolv'd on?

Cet. [To Cat.] Cat'line, thou art silent,
 And tremblest too.

Cat. I tremble at the blow
 Which I shall strike; my fate demands it of me.

Sura. I've no dependance on Aurelia: all
 That we can hope for is, to sell our lives
 As dearly as we can.

Cat. I count the moments,
 And weigh each circumstance; Aurelia's tears
 And flattery will a while suspend our fate;
 Cic'ro on other business is detain'd,
 And all is safe; let me have arms and men,

No matter who they are, or slaves or free,
 Assassins, robbers, if they will but fight,
 We'll have 'em: thou, brave Septimus, and thou,
 My dearest Martian, whose approved zeal
 I shall depend on, must observe Aurelia;
 And Nonnius; when they're parted, talk to him
 About his daughter; tell him of her danger,
 Draw him by artful means to the dark path
 That leads to th' Tibur, seize the lucky moment,
 And hurl him—ha! who's this?

S C E N E V.

CICERO, CATILINE, CETHEGUS, &c.

Cic. Audacious traitor,
 Where art thou going? speak, Cethegus, who
 Assembled you?

Cat. We'll tell thee in the senate.

Cet. There we shall see if thou art authoris'd
 Thus to pursue us.

Sura. Or what right
 The son of Tullius has to question us.

Cic. At least I have a right to ask of these,
 Who brought 'em here: these are not like yourselves,
 Of senatorial rank; away with them
 To prison.

Cat. Dar'st thou thus on mere suspicion
 Confine a Roman; where's our liberty?

Cic. They're of thy council, that's sufficient cause;
 Tremble thyself; lictors, obey.

[*The lictors carry off Septimus and Martian.*]

Cat. 'Tis well:

Go on, proud consul, and abuse thy pow'r,
 The time will come when thou shalt answer for it.

Cic. Instant I will examine them, hereafter
 Thus may I treat their masters; Nonnius knows
 All thy designs, Preneste's mine, and Rome
 Prepar'd for her defence; we soon shall see
 Which most prevails, or Cat'line's artifice

Or

Or Cic'ro's vigilance: I do not preach
Repentance and forgiveness to thee; no,
I talk of punishment, thou may'st expect it:
Come to the senate, follow if thou dar'st.

SCENE VI.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-SURA.

Cet. Must we at last then bend to Cicero,
And own his hated pow'r?

Cat. To the last hour
I will defy him: still his curious soul
Pries into all, but can discover nothing:
Our friends will only lead him more astray,
By holding out false light that will misguide
His wand'ring footsteps: in that fatal scroll
Cæsar's accus'd; the senate is divided,
And Manlius with his army's at the gate:
You think that all is lost, but follow me,
And mark th' event; we shall be conquerors still.

Sura. Nonnius, I fear, will make it all too plain.

Cat. But he and Cicero shall never meet;
Depend on that; away, address the senate
With confidence, and leave the rest to me:
But whither am I going?

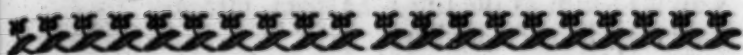
Cet. Ha!

Cat. Aurelia!

O gods! what shall I do with that proud heart?
Remove her from me: if I see my wife,
Bold as I am, I shall relapse: away.

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The Scene represents the place prepar'd for the reception of the Senate, with part of the gallery leading from Aurelia's palace to the temple of Tellus; a double row of benches in a circular form, with a seat for Cicero rais'd up in the middle of it.

CETHEGUS, LENTULUS-SURA.

Sura. These rev'rend fathers are exceeding slow,
I thought ere this they wou'd have met; perhaps
Uncertain yet, and trembling for their fate,
They know not how to act.

Cet. The oracle
Of Rome, for so he deems himself, engag'd
In a continued round of toil, is busy'd
In questioning his pris'ner Septimus,
Who will perplex him more; 'tis that retards
Their meeting.

Sura. Wou'd to heav'n that we already
Had ta'en up arms! I own I dread the senate,
That rev'rence and attachment to the state,
That sacred name of country, which awakes
The sense of honour in each patriot breast;
I like it not.

Cet. 'Tis nothing but a name,
A word without a meaning; in the days
Of our fore-fathers men respected it;
Save a few stubborn stoics, none retain
The mem'ry of it; Cicero has rais'd
Suspensions only; Cato's credit's lost;
Cæsar is for us, what have we to fear?
Defend yourselves, and Rome will be your own.

Sura. But what if Cat'line, by an artful wife
Seduc'd, at last shou'd leave us; we have all

Our weaknesses, and well thou know'st Aurelia
Can lead him as she lists; he loves, esteems,
And may be rul'd by her.

Cet. His love will yield
To his ambition.

Len. Thou beheld'st him tremble.
In short, my friend, when tender ties like these—

Cet. [*Taking him aside.*] Cato approaches, let us listen
to him.

[*Lentulus and Cethegus sit down at one corner of the
Senate-house.*]

SCENE II.

CATO enters to the Senate with LUCULLUS,
CRASSUS, FAVONIUS, CLODIUS, MU-
RENA, CÆSAR, CATULLUS, MAR-
CELLUS, &c.

Cato. [*Observing the two conspirators.*] Lucullus, mark
those dangerous men; behold 'em
In secret conference; see, the blush of guilt
Glow on their cheeks at sight of me; already
Treason with bold and shameless front stalks forth
Amongst us, and the senate still dissemble
Their knowledge of it; Sylla's dæmon sure
Hath breath'd its baneful influence o'er the souls
Of our blind rulers.

Cet. Cato, thy rash censure
May cost thee dear.

Cato. [*Sits down, the others senators take their places.*]
The gods of Rome sometimes
Permit a traitor's crimes to pass unpunish'd;
They crush'd our ancestors beneath the yoke
Of cruel tyrants; shall imperial Rome,
The mistress of the world, again submit
To slav'ry? no: the guilt she spar'd in Sylla,
In Cat'line and Cethegus she may punish.

Cæs. Cato, what mean'st thou? thy outrageous virtue
Can serve no purpose but to make thee foes.

Cato.

Cato. [*To Cæsar.*] Cæsar is still the factious leader's friend,

the patron of corruption, and preserves
his soul unmov'd whate'er his country suffers.

Cæs. When danger calls, my country will not say
I'm too calm, therefore complain not, Cato.

Cato. I must complain, must weep the fate of Rome,
perverted and betray'd: now where is Pompey?
Would he were here to save us!

Cæs. Why not call
Cæsar?

Cato. Pompey loves his country.

Cæs. That
would I dispute with him.

S C E N E III.

CICERO. [*Entering with precipitation, the senators
rise.*]

Why waste ye thus, in idle altercation,
the precious time when Rome is on the brink
of ruin, whilst on yon she calls for succour,
when the dread signal is already giv'n?
Ready is this land of freedom stain'd
with senatorial blood.

Luc. O heav'ns!

Cato. What say'st thou?

Cic. Th' equestrian cohort, form'd by my command,
were posted where they best might quell the foe;
Pompey, my friend, that gen'rous old man,
who, 'midst the crimes of this degen'rate age,
still uncorrupted, from Preneste came,
to guide us thro' this labyrinth of treason,
and lead our wand'ring steps to peace and safety,
when lo! two bloody ruffians rush'd upon him,
and plung'd their daggers in his faithful heart:
fell: confusion follow'd, and wild uproar
amongst the people: we pursued the traitors,
and of the multitude that throng'd around them,

And night's dark shade to favour their escape :
 One I have seiz'd, and bound in chains ; already
 He has confess'd that Cat'line set him on.

SCENE IV.

CATILINE. [*Standing up between Cato and Cæsar
 Cethegus next to Cæsar, the Senate seated.*]

Yes, rev'rend fathers, know, the deed was mine ;
 I slew your foe ; 'twas Cat'line who reveng'd
 His injur'd country, and destroy'd a traitor.

Cic. Barbarian, thou !

Cato. And dar'st thou boast of it ?

Cæs. Remember, fathers, we've no right to punish
 Before we hear him.

Cet. Speak, defend thyself,
 And triumph o'er the malice of thy foes.

Cic. Romans, where are we ?

Cat. Amid'st evil days

And evil men, the horrors of foul discord
 And civil war ; amidst determin'd foes,
 Whom I alone must conquer ; Sylla's spirit
 Inspires once more the haughty sons of Rome ;
 With grief I see expiring liberty,
 With grief behold this rev'rend senate torn
 By discord, horrors spread on ev'ry side,
 And Cic'ro pouring in the senate's ear
 Unjust suspicions : Cic'ro talks for Rome,
 But I revenge her : I have shewn her cause
 Is dearer far to me than ere it was
 To your proud consul. Nonnius was the soul,
 The leader of this foul conspiracy :
 It was a dang'rous crisis ; I stepp'd forth
 And sav'd you all : thus by a soldier fell
 The daring Spurius ; thus was Gracchus slain
 By the brave Scipio : who shall punish me
 For acting like a Roman ? which of you
 Will dare accuse me ?

Cic. I, who know thy crime ;
 who can prove it—bring those freedmen here,
 let them be heard. Fathers, behold the man
 who has destroy'd a senator of Rome :
 will ye permit him thus to speak, to boast
 his foul deed, and call his crime a virtue ?

Cat. And will ye, Romans, let this vile accuser
 persecute your fellow citizens,
 your best, your noblest friends ? but know from me
 that Cic'ro cou'd not tell you, and improve
 an important secret to your best advantage :
 in his own palace, know, this impious man,
 this vile betrayer, Nonnius, had conceal'd
 arms, torches, all the instruments of death
 design'd for our destruction : if Rome lives,
 he lives by me, and to this arm you owe
 your safety : send and seize them, and then say
 that's due to Cat'line from his thankless country.

Cic. [*To the listeners.*] Go you to the palace, bring
 with you the daughter

Nonnius—ha ! thou tremblest.

Cat. I ? 'tis false ;

now, I despise this mean, this last resource
 disappointed malice—fathers, say,
 have I not clear'd myself ? are you convinc'd !

Cic. I am, that thou art guilty : can ye think
 that good old man was ever capable
 of such detested fraud ? it was thy art,

thy cunning, miscreant, to conceal from me
 thy treach'ry ; therefore did'st thou chuse the palace
 of Nonnius to secrete thy instruments

of vengeance ; there thou wou'd'st have hid thy guilt :
 perhaps thou hast seduc'd his wretched daughter :

alas ! his family is not the first

where thou hast carry'd sorrows, crimes, and death ;

and now thou wou'd'st destroy thy country too ;

yet boldly dar'st, instead of punishment,

to call for approbation and reward.

Thou abandon'd traitor, murtherer,

eviler, hypocrite ; such titles suit

thy boasted services. O you, who once

Stood forth the happy patrons of mankind,
 The sov'reign judges of the world, at length
 Will ye submit, to let a tyrant hold
 Dominion o'er you, will ye shut your eyes
 And rush into the precipice? awake,
 Revenge yourselves, or you partake his guilt:
 This day or Rome or Catiline must perish:
 Lose not a moment therefore, but determine.

Cæs. Judgments too quickly made are oft unjust:
 This is the cause of Rome, and therefore merits
 Our strict attention: when our equals lag
 Beneath the stroke of censure, we shou'd act
 With caution, and in them respect ourselves:
 Too much severity suits none but tyrants.

Cato. Too much indulgence here suits none but traitors
 What! balance 'twixt a murderer and Rome! [cont.]
 Is it not Cic'ro speaks, and shall we doubt?

Cæs. These are suspicions only; give us proof:
 The arms once found, and Nonnius' guilt confirm'd,
 Cat'line deserves our praise. [Turning to Cat'line]
 Thou know'st I'll keep
 My word with thee in all things.

Cic. O my country!
 O Rome! O gods! thus shall a hero plead
 A traitor's cause; art thou the senate's friend,
 And can'st be Cat'line's? henceforth Rome has nought
 To fear but from her own ungrateful sons.

Clod. Rome is in safety; Cæsar loves his country,
 And we shou'd think with him.

Cic. It well becomes
 A man like Clodius to unite with those
 Who plan destruction, and delight in ruin:
 But wheresoe'er I turn my eyes, they meet
 With bold conspirators, or citizens
 Cold and inactive in the cause of Rome:
 Cat'line, without or fear or danger, drives
 The storm upon us; he proscribes the senate;
 Already reaps in thought the bloody harvest;
 Marks out his victims, threatens, and commands;
 And when I point out the dread consequence,
 Then Cæsar talks of senatorial rights,

And Clodius joins him : Cic'ro must be dumb :
 Cat'line has murder'd Nonnius ; he who takes
 Another's life shou'd lose his own ; no rights,
 No laws shou'd plead for him : the first great care
 Is to defend our country ; but, alas !
 That country is no more.

S C E N E V.

The SENATE, AURELIA.

Aur. Ye great avengers
 Of innocence oppress'd, my only hope,
 And thou, O Consul, virtue's kind protector,
 To thee my murder'd father calls for vengeance :
 O let me wash thy feet with tears—assist,
 [She falls at Cicero's feet ; he raises her up.]
 Revenge me : tell me, if thou canst, who slew
 My father.

Cic. There he stands.

[Pointing to Catiline.]

Aur. O gods !

Cic. 'Twas he

Who did the deed, and boasts of it.

Aur. Good heav'n !

Can it be Cat'line ? did I hear aright ?

O bloody monster, did'st thou murder him ?

[The Lictors support her.]

Cat. This is a dreadful sight—support me—this
 Is punishment enough.

[Turning to Cethegus, and fainting in his arms.]

Cet. Why droops my friend ?

Aurelia calls for vengeance ; but if Cat'line
 Has serv'd his country, what has he to fear ?

Cat. Aurelia, 'tis too true—my cruel duty—
 My country—think me not so base : Aurelia,
 Thou know'st my love, my tenderness—but ties
 Of a more sacred nature, ties—

S C E N E VI.

The SENATE, AURELIA, Chief of the Lictors.

Chief of the Lictors. My Lord,
We've seiz'd these arms.

Cic. At Nonnius's?

Chief Lictor. His house
Was the receptacle of all : our pris'ners
Accuse him as the chief conspirator.

Aur. Malice and calumny ! the lying slaves
First take his life, and then destroy his fame :
The wretch whose murth'rous hand——

Cic. Go on——

Aur. Just gods,
For what have ye reserv'd me ?

Cic. Speak : let truth
In open day appear : but at the sight
Of him you tremble ; your dejected eyes,
And sudden silence, shew how much you dread
The tyrant.

Aur. I have been to blame ; Aurelia
Alone is guilty.

Cat. No ; thou art not.

Aur. Hence,
Detested monster, I abhor thy pity,
Disclaim all converse, all relation with thee :
Alas ! too late, I see my guilt ; too late
Confess my crimes ; yes, rev'rend fathers ; yes,
Aurelia knew the traitor, and conceal'd him :
I ask'd for aid, but merit punishment ;
My weakness may be fatal ; Rome's in danger ;
The world this day may be subverted : thou,
Thou traitor, led'st me to the dark abyss
Of infamy ; thou mad'st my tenderness
Subservient to thy wicked purposes ;
Curse on the guilty hour that gave my heart
To Catiline ; to thee I have been faithful,

But

But false to heaven, and to my country ; false
To my unhappy father : I betray'd,
And I destroy'd him.

[*Whilst Aurelia is speaking, Cicero seems deeply affected.*

Ye avenging gods,
Ye sacred walls, and thou much injur'd spirit
Of my dear father, Romans, Senators,
Behold my husband, your invet'rate foe.

[*Turning to Catiline.*

Now, miscreant, mark, and imitate Aurelia.

[*Stabs herself.*

Cat. O wretched Catiline !

Cato. O dreadful day !

Cic. 'Tis worthy of this guilty age.

[*Rising.*

Aur. O consul !

There was a letter sent you—murther threatens
On ev'ry side—take heed—alas !—I die.

[*Aurelia is carried off.*

Cic. Let her have needful succour : Aufidus
Search for that paper—still are ye in doubt ;
Still will ye suffer this vile murtherer
To lord it o'er the senate ? shall the deaths
Of Nonnius and Aurelia pass unpunish'd ?

Cat. The guilt was thine : thy rancour and fell hatred
Of Cat'line urged him to the deed ; ambition
Inspir'd us both ; thy happier fortune soar'd
Above me, thou hast been the cause of all :
I hate thee, Cicero, hate Rome itself
For loving thee : long have I sought thy ruin,
And I will seek it still : the wrongs I suffer
Shall be reveng'd on thee ; thy blood shall pay
For mine : inconstant Rome, that now adores thee,
Shall one day see with joy the mangled limbs
Of her proud consul scatter'd o'er the senate :
Remember Cat'line has foretold thy fate ;
I hasten to accomplish it : farewell.

Cic. Guards, seize the traitor.

Cet. Let 'em if they dare.

Sura. The senate is divided : we defy thee.

Cat. The war then is declar'd : friends, follow me,
We must to battle : the uncertain senate

Will think on't, and determine at their leisure.

[*He goes out with some senators of his party*]

Cic. Now, ye illustrious conqu'rors of the world,
Which will ye choose, or slavery for empire?
Where is the freedom, where the majesty
Of antient Rome? where is her lustre now?
'Tis faded all: awake, my slumb'ring country;
Lucullus, Cæsar, and Murena, listen;
O listen to the voice of Rome; she calls
Aloud for help, demands some gallant leader
To fight for her; equality of rank
Must be reserv'd for happier times, the Gauls
Are here, Camillus must be found, we want
A chief, a warrior, a dictator; now
Name the most worthy, and I'll follow him.

S C E N E VII.

The SENATE, Chief Licor.

Chief Licor. My Lord, I found this letter to Aurelia
From Nonnius: all our cares for her were vain.

Cic. More dangers threat'ning! [*Reading the letter*]

"Cæsar, who betrays us,

"Would seize Preneste," ha! [*Turning to Cæsar*]

Art thou too, Cæsar,

A vile accomplice? this completes our woes;
And wilt thou bend beneath a tyrant?—read it.

Cæs. I have: I am a Roman, ruin comes
Upon us, danger is on ev'ry side;

'Tis well: I must be gone: you have my answer.

Cato. It was a doubtful one: most certainly
He is their friend.

Cic. Away: let us defend

The state against them all: O Senators!

If Nonnius' death, if poor Aurelia's pangs,
If bleeding Rome, if a subverted world

Have power to stir up your resentment, rise,

Fly to the capitol, defend your gods,

Defend your country, punish Catiline:

I'll not reproach you ; tho' 'twas most unkind,
To spurn at Cic'ro, and embrace a villain.
But to avoid a tyrant, name your chief ;
You, who are friends to virtue, separate
From traitors.

*[The Senators separate themselves from Cethegus and
Lentulus-Sura.]*

Now let us unite, my friends ;
Never let quarrels, jealousies, and strife,
Divide us ; 'twas by them that Sylla triumph'd.
For me, wherever dangers call, I go
Intrepid and inflexible : O gods !
Strengthen this arm, and animate this voice :
O grant me still to save ungrateful Rome !



A C T V. S C E N E I.

CATO, with part of the senate in arms.

Clō. **W**HAT! whilst the senate arm'd for its own
safety *[To Cato.]*

From busy faction's pow'r can scarce preserve
These sacred walls ; thus shall a proud plebeian
Insult us ? shall a people, born to freedom,
Be treated like dependent slaves ? by him,
Shall Rome's best friends, the conqu'rors of the world,
Be put in chains ? because he is a consul,
Shall he condemn his masters ? Cat'line's self
Were less despotic, and less dangerous :
With you I feel my country's wretchedness,
And weep her fate ; but cannot, will not, see
The senate thus disgrac'd.

Cato. Disgrace attends
On those alone who merit it—but know,
The blood of nobles, your patrician friends,
Debas'd by guilt, should rank below the meanest ;

Those

Those who betray'd us, are condemn'd to death :
 Cic'ro condemn'd them ; he, who sav'd your country,
 The glorious consul, whom ye dare accuse,
 Because he lov'd you but too well : yet fear
 And tremble all, ungrateful as ye are
 To join with traitors, for an equal fate
 Shall soon o'erwhelm you : Cat'line's at our gates.
 What Cæsar hath determin'd yet we know not ;
 Whether he means to save, or to destroy
 His country : Cic'ro bravely acts alone,
 And hazards all for Rome, whilst you despise
 Your best of friends, and treat him as a foe.

Clo. Cato has more severity than courage,
 And, ever rig'rous, hates not guilt so much
 As he loves punishment : reproach us not,
 Nor act the censor when we want a friend.
 Whilst the destructive flames of war surround,
 'Tis not a consul's edict can defend us.
 What can your Lic'tor and his fasces do,
 Against a band of fierce conspirators ?
 You talk of dangers, and of Cæsar's pow'r :
 Who does not know that Cæsar is the friend
 Of Cat'line ? you have pointed out the ills
 That threaten Rome ; it were a nobler task
 To shew us how we may remove 'em.

Cato. Yes ;
 And so I will : I wou'd advise the senate
 To be aware of Cæsar, and of—thee ;
 Nay, more—but see our father comes.

S C E N E II.

CICERO, CATO, part of the senate.

Cato. Behold,
 Great Cicero, the sons of thankless Rome :
 Approach and save us : envy's self shall soon
 Fall at thy feet, in humble admiration
 Of such transcendent virtue.

[*To Cicero.*

Cic.

Cic. Friends and Romans,
 The love of glory is my ruling passion,
 Fame is the fair reward of human toil,
 And I would wish to merit it from you :
 I have done little yet, perhaps hereafter
 I may do more to serve my country : Rome
 Was full of open and of secret foes ;
 Patricians, and plebeians, citizens
 And soldiers, all in wild confusion, seem'd
 To thirst for blood : I saw the gath'ring storm
 That threaten'd universal ruin ; saw
 The bold conspirators tumultuous rise,
 And bear down all before them : at their head
 Were Sura and Cethegus ; them I seiz'd,
 And gave to justice ; but the Hydra faction
 Hath many heads which still successive rise,
 And mock my labours : Cat'line boldly push'd
 To the Quirinal gate ; by gallant deeds,
 Almost incredible, he kept the field,
 And forc'd a passage to his army ; Rome
 Beheld him with amazement ; Antony,
 In vain opposing Sylla's hardy vet'rans,
 Was baffled and subdued ; Petreius strove
 To succour him, but with unequal force
 And fruitless valour : thus on ev'ry side,
 Surrounded by calamities, great Rome,
 The mistress of the world, is on the brink
 Of ruin ; Cic'ro trembles for her fate.

Cras. What part hath Cæsar ta'en ?

Cic. He hath behav'd

As Cæsar must, with most undaunted courage,
 Yet not as Rome cou'd wish a zealous friend
 Wou'd act in her defence. I saw him quell
 The rebel foe ; yet after that, stir up
 Seditious spirits, and, by ev'ry art
 Of smooth insinuation, work himself
 Into the people's hearts. Amidst this scene
 Of blood, methought a secret joy o'erspread
 His glowing cheek, whilst his all-soothing voice
 Courted applause, inviting Rome to be
 His slave hereafter.

Cato.

Cato. I was ever fearful
Of Cæsar's pow'r ; he is not to be trusted.

S C E N E III.

The SENATE, CÆSAR.

Cæf. Well : am I still suspected in the senate ?
Is Cato's stubborn virtue still my foe ?
Of what does he accuse me ?

Cato. As a friend
To Cat'line, the sworn enemy of Rome ;
You have protected him, and leagu'd with those
It better had become you to chastise.

Cæf. I would not stain my laurels with the blood
Of such vile miscreants : Cæsar fights with none
But warriors.

Cato. What are these conspirators ?

Cæf. A dastard croud, contemptible and vile :
They fled like slaves before me ; but the soldiers
Of Sylla are a formidable band,
And boast an able chief ; from them indeed
Rome hath some cause to fear ; Petreius sinks
Beneath his wounds, and Cat'line marches onward ;
Our soldiers are alarm'd : what says our consul ?
And what has he resolv'd ?

Cic. I'll tell thee, Cæsar :

Grant, heav'n, we may succeed !—thou hast deserv'd
Suspicion, but I'll give thee the fair means
To clear thy honour, and revenge thy country.
I know thee well, thy virtues and thy frailty ;
Know what thou canst, and what thou dar'st not, do ;
Know Cæsar wou'd command, but not betray,
A noble friend, and a most dang'rous foe :
Whilst I condemn I cannot but esteem thee.
Away : remember that the eyes of Rome,
And of the world, are on thee : go, support
Petreius, save the empire, and deserve
The love of Cato : we have men, but want
A gen'ral to conduct them ; Cæsar best

Can lead them, and to him alone we trust
The safety and the glory of mankind.

Cæs. Cic'ro on Cæsar safely may depend ;
Farewel : I go to conquer or to die.

[*Exit.*

Cato. You've touch'd him in the tend'rest part ; ambi-
Will urge him on. [tion

Cic. Great souls must ever thus
Be treated : I have bound him to the state
By this firm confidence ; I know his valour
Will now support us : the ambitious still
Shou'd be distinguish'd from the traitor ; I
Shall make him virtuous if he is not so
Already : courage, as directed, forms
The mighty hero, or the might villain ;
And he who is renown'd for guilt alone,
Had glory fit'd his breast, to him had been
The incense pour'd, to him the temple rais'd
For his exalted merit : Cat'line's self,
By me conducted, had like Scipio shone :
Tho' many a Sylla is in Cæsar hid,
Yet doubt I not but Rome shall find in him
Her best support.

[*Turning to the chief of the Lictors, who enters arm'd.*
Well : these conspirators,
What have they done ?

Chief Lictor. My lord, they met the fate
They merited, but other foes rise up,
Sprung from their blood ; like Ætna's flames, that burst
From the parch'd entrails of the burning mount :
Another Hannibal, but far more dreadful,
Because amongst the guilty sons of Rome
He finds his trait'rous friends, is at our gates.
A hundred voices roar for Catiline,
Condemn your laws, and curse your tardy senate ;
Demand their antient rights, and cry aloud
For vengeance on the consul.

Clø. Well indeed
They may, while Cic'ro tramples on the laws,
And spurns his equals thus ; perhaps the senate——

Cic. Clodius, no more ; restrain thy envious tongue,
Nor rashly blame the guiltless ; my short pow'r
Will soon be wrested from me ; whilst it lasts

It

It shall not be controll'd ; you will have time
 Enough to vex and persecute hereafter ;
 But whilst the state's in danger, Cic'ro claims
 The tribute of respect : I know too-well
 This fickle world to hope for constancy
 And candor from it ; foul ingratitude
 Is all that I expect ; on false surmises
 Great Scipio was accus'd ; he thank'd the gods,
 And quitted Rome : I too will pay my vows
 To gracious heav'n, but will not leave you ; no ;
 My days are all devoted to my country,
 And all shall be expended in her service.

Cato. Suppose I were to shew myself in Rome,
 Perhaps my presence might disperse the croud,
 And be a check on Cæsar, whom I own
 I much suspect : if fortune frowns upon us——

Cic. We cannot do without you in the senate ;
 I've giv'n my orders ; Cæsar's in the field ;
 Thy great example may be useful here,
 And Rome's expiring glory be restor'd.
 By Cato's virtue—but behold he comes,
 And crown'd with victory.

[Runs up to Cæsar and embraces him.]

Most noble Cæsar
 Hast thou preserv'd the state ?——

Cæs. I hope so : now
 The consul will believe me—brave Petreius
 Has gain'd immortal glory : here we fought,
 Beneath this sacred rampart, in the fight
 Of our domestic gods, that fir'd each soul
 With nobler rage : Metellus, and Murena,
 With the brave Scipios shew'd in Rome's defence
 The same exalted courage that subdued
 Asia and Carthage ; they have merited
 Most nobly of their country : touching Cæsar
 Let others speak : the desperate remains
 Of Sylla's army seem'd to brave their fate,
 And in the agonies of death breath'd forth
 Their curses on us : mid'st the general slaughter,
 The fiery Cat'line long undaunted stood,
 Fought thro' a host of circling foes, till spent

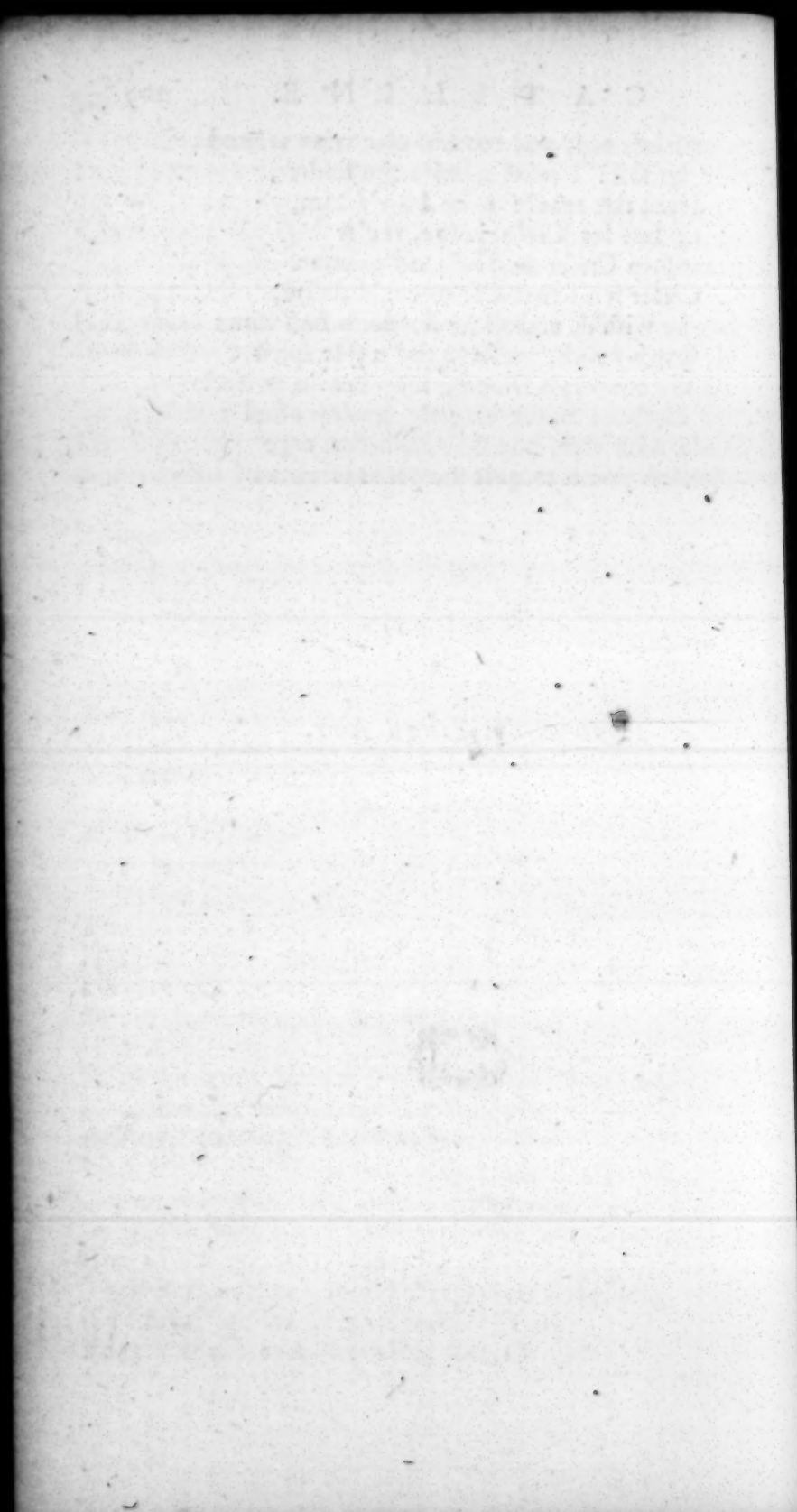
With

With ceaseless toil, and cover'd o'er with wounds,
Bravely he fell : I must admire the soldier,
Tho' I detest the rebel : once I lov'd him,
I own it ; but let Cic'ro judge, if e'er
To friendship Cæsar sacrific'd his honour.

Cic. Cæsar is all that Cic'ro cou'd desire,
All that he wish'd, and all he hoped to find him :
Go on, brave youth, preserve thy noble spirit,
And be thy country's friend ; may heav'n protect
And guard thee : never may thy gen'rous soul
Be stain'd with vice, nor false ambition urge
Thy spotless youth to quit the paths of virtue !

END of the FIFTH ACT.







THE
ORPHAN
OF
CHINA.
A
TRAGEDY.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 101

LECTURE 1

INTRODUCTION



TO THE MOST NOBLE

DUKE OF RICHELIEU,

Marshal and Peer of FRANCE, First Gentleman of the Chamber to his MAJESTY, GOVERNOR of LANGUEDOC, and Member of the ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

MY LORD,

I Wou'd have presented you with a piece of fine marble; but, instead of it, can only offer you a few *Chinese* figures. This little performance is not indeed worthy of your acceptance: there is no hero in this piece, who has united all parties in his favor, and rendered himself universally agreeable, by the force of superior talents, or supported a falling kingdom, or made the noble attempt to overthrow an *English* colony with four cannons only. I know better than any body else the insignificancy of my own works; but every thing may be forgiven to an attachment of forty years standing. The world, indeed, will say, that, retired as I am to the foot of the *Alps*, covered with eternal snows, and where I ought to be nothing but a philosopher, I had still vanity enough to let it be known, that *France's* brightest ornament on the banks of the *Siene* has not forgot me. I have consulted my own heart alone, which hath always guided me, inspired every word, and directed every action. You know it hath sometimes deceived me; but not after such long and convincing proofs. If this tragedy should survive its author, permit it to inform posterity, that he who wrote it was honour'd with your friendship; that your uncle laid the foundation of the

the

the fine arts in *France*, and that you supported them in their decline.

I took the first hint of this tragedy some time since from reading the ORPHAN OF TCHAO, a *Chinese* tragedy, translated by father BREMARE, an account of which is given us in *Du Halde's* history. This piece was written in the fourteenth century, and in the dynasty of GEN-GIS-KAN; an additional proof, that the *Tartarian* conquerors did not change the manners of the conquered nation; on the other hand, they protected and encouraged all the arts established in *China*, and adopted their laws: an extraordinary instance of the natural superiority which reason and genius have over blind force and barbarism. Twice have the *Tartars* acted in this manner; for when they had once more subdued this great empire, the beginning of last century, they submitted a second time to the wisdom of the conquered, and the two nations formed but one people, governed by the most antient laws in the world; a most remarkable event, the illustration of which was the principal end of this performance.

The *Chinese* tragedy, which they call *the Orphan*, was taken out of an immense collection of the theatrical performances of that nation, which has cultivated this art for above three thousand years before it was invented by the *Greeks*, the art of making living portraits of the actions of men, establishing schools of morality, and teaching virtue in dialogue and representation. For a long time dramatic poetry was held in esteem only in that vast country of *China*, separated from and unknown to the rest of the world, and in the city of *Athens*. *Rome* was unacquainted with it till above four hundred years afterwards. If you look for it among the *Persians*, or *Indians*, who pass for an inventive people, you will not find it there; it has never yet reached them. *Asia* was contented with the fables of *Pilpay* and *Lokman*, which contain all their morality, and have instructed by their allegories every age and nation.

One would have imagin'd, that from making animals speak, there was but one step to make men speak also, to introduce them on the stage, and to form the dramatic

dramatic art; and yet this ingenious people never thought of it: from whence we may infer, that the *Chinese*, *Greeks*, and *Romans*, are the only antient nations, who were acquainted with the true spirit of society. Nothing indeed renders men more sociable, polishes their manners, or improves their reason more than the assembling them together for the mutual enjoyment of intellectual pleasure: Scarce had *Peter* the Great polished *Russia* before theatres were established there. The more *Germany* improves, the more of our dramatic representations has it adopted. Those few places where they were not received in the last age are never rank'd amongst the civilized countries.

The *Orphan of Tchao* is a valuable monument of antiquity, and gives us more insight into the manners of *China*, than all the histories which ever were, or ever will be written of that vast empire. 'Tis true, indeed, it is extremely barbarous, when compared to the excellent performances of our own times; but, notwithstanding, is a masterpiece, when placed in competition with the pieces written by our authors in the fourteenth century. Our *TROUBADOURS*, *BAZOCHE*, the company of *CHILDREN WITHOUT CARE*, and *THE FOOLISH MOTHER*, all them fall short of the *Chinese* author. It is remarkable also, that this piece is written in the language of the *Mandarins*, which has never changed, whilst we can scarce understand the language that was spoken in the time of *Louis XII.* and *Charles VIII.*

One can only compare the *ORPHAN OF TCHAO* to the *English* and *Spanish* tragedies of the sixteenth century, which still please beyond sea, and on the other side of the *Pyrenees*. The action lasts five and twenty years, as in some of the monstrous farces of *SHAKESPEAR* and *LOPEZ DE VEGA*, which are called tragedies, tho' they are nothing but a heap of incredible stories. The enemy of the house of *Tchao* wants to destroy the head of it; and for that purpose lets loose upon him a great dog, whom he imagines endowed with the power of discovering guilt by instinct, as *JAMES ALMAR* amongst us was said to have found out thieves

thieves by his wand : at last he forges an order from the emperor, and sends his enemy TCHAO a rope, a dagger, and some poison. *Tchao* sings, according to the custom of his country, and very deliberately cuts his own throat, in consequence of that obedience, which every man owes to the divine right of the emperor of *China*. The persecutor puts to death three hundred persons of the family of TCHAO. The prince's widow is brought to bed of the orphan. The infant is saved from the rage of the tyrant, who had exterminated the whole family, and would have destroyed the only remaining branch of it : the tyrant orders all the children in all the towns round about to be destroyed, in hopes that the orphan might perish amongst the rest in the general slaughter.

We fancy we are reading the *Arabian Night's* Entertainment put into scenes ; and yet, in spite of all these marvellous and improbable things, it is extremely interesting ; tho' there is such a multiplicity of events, all is clear and simple ; a merit which must recommend it to every age and nation, and which is greatly wanting in our modern performances. The *Chinese* piece is indeed very deficient with regard to all other beauties : there is no unity of time or action, no picture of the manners ; no sentiment, eloquence, reason, or passion in it ; and yet, as I said before, the work is superior to any thing we could produce in former ages.

How comes it to pass, that the *Chinese*, who in the fourteenth century, and a long time before, could boast of better dramatic performances than any *European* nation, still remain, as it were, in the infancy of this art, whilst we, in process of time, and by dint of pains and assiduity, have been able to produce about a dozen pieces, which, if they are not absolutely perfect, are at least much above any thing the rest of the world cou'd ever pretend to of this kind. The *Chinese*, as well as the rest of the *Asiatics*, have stopped at the first elements of poetry, eloquence, natural philosophy, astronomy, and painting ; all practised by them so long before they were known to us. They began in every thing much sooner than we, but made no progress afterwards ; like the anti-

ent *Egyptians*, who first taught the *Greeks*, and became at last so ignorant, as not even to be capable of receiving instruction from them.

These people, whom we take so much pains and go so far to visit; from whom, with the utmost difficulty, we have obtained permission to carry the riches of *Europe*, and to instruct them, do not to this day know how much we are their superiors; they are not even far enough advanced in knowledge to venture to imitate us, and don't so much as know whether we have any history or not.

The celebrated METASTASIO has made choice of pretty nearly the same subject as myself for one of his dramatic poems, an orphan escaped from the destruction of his family, and has drawn his plot from a dynasty nine hundred years before our æra.

The *Chinese* tragedy of the *Orphan of Tchao* differs in many respects; and I have chosen one that is not much like either of them, except in the name, as I have confined my plan to the grand epoch of GENGIS-KAN. I have endeavoured to describe the manners of the *Tartars* and *Chinese*: the most interesting events are nothing when they don't paint the manners; and this painting, which is one of the greatest secrets of the art, is no more than an idle amusement, when it doth not tend to inspire notions of honour and virtue.

I will venture to say, that from the HENRIADE to the publication of ZARA, and this tragedy, be it good or bad, such is the principle by which I have always been governed; and that in my history of the age of *Lewis XIV.* I have celebrated both my king and country, without flattery to either. In labours of this kind I have spent above forty years in my life. But observe the following words of a *Chinese* author, translated into *Spanish* by the famous NAVARETTE.

“ When you compose any work, shew it only to
 “ your friends, dread the public, and your brother
 “ writers; for they will play false with you, abuse every
 “ thing you do, and impute to you what you never
 “ did: calumny, with her hundred trumpets, will
 Vol. XXIV. L “ sound

“ found them all to your destruction ; whilst truth,
 “ who is dumb, shall remain with you: The celebrat-
 “ ed MING was accused of hating TIEN and LI, and
 “ the emperor VANG : when the old man died, they
 “ found amongst his papers a panegyric on VANG, a
 “ hymn to TIEN, another to LI, &c.”





A LETTER to T. I. R. C. D. G.

S I R,

I HAVE received your new book against mankind, and thank you for it: the truths you have advanced will, at least, please those whom they can never amend. It is impossible to paint, in more lively colours, the dreadful evils of human society, from which our ignorance and weakness draw so many flattering hopes of advantage: never, I believe, was so much wit employed to turn men into beasts. When we read your travels, we long to go upon four legs; but having been unfortunately disused to this method of walking, for above these sixty years past, I am afraid I shall never recover it: I must, therefore, leave this most natural way to those who are fitter for it than you and me; neither can I possibly go to sea in search of the savages of *Canada*; first, because the disorders I labour under, detain me under the care of the greatest physicians in *Europe*, and that I should hardly find such good assistance amongst them; secondly, because war is already carried into that country, and the example of our people has made the savages almost as wicked as ourselves. I am content with being a peaceable savage in the solitude which I have chosen, near your country, where you are so much wished for.

I agree with you, that the *Sciences* and *Belles-Lettres* have sometimes caused a great deal of evil. The enemies of *Tasso* made his life a perpetual scene of misery, and *Galileo* was sent to a dungeon at seventy years of age, for discovering that the earth moved; and what was still more ignominious, they obliged him to recant. You know what opposition some of your friends met

with when they began the *Encyclopædia*, a work as useful as it is laborious and immense, and to which you have yourself so largely contributed.

If I dared to reckon myself amongst the number of those whose labours have met with persecution for their reward, I could shew you a set of men combining together on purpose to ruin me, a shop full of calumnies published against me; one man, who was known to have had obligations to me, repaying my services with twenty libels; another still more infamous, printing my *AGE OF LEWIS XIV.* with notes, full of the vilest impostures, joined to the most gross ignorance; another selling to a bookseller, some chapters of an *UNIVERSAL HISTORY*, with my name to it; the bookseller fordid enough to print this shapeless heap of blunders, false dates, names, and facts; and after all, men unjust enough to impute to me the publication of this rhapsody. I could shew you, that society is infected with a new race of men unknown to antiquity, who not being fit to enter into any honest profession, either service or handicraft, and unhappily having been taught to read and write, set up for brokers in literature, living upon the works of others, steal manuscripts, disfigure, and sell them. I might complain to you, that the fragments of a little piece of pleasantry, written near thirty years ago, on the same subject that * *Chapelain* so absurdly chose for a serious poem, are crept into the world, through the avarice and baseness of these wretches who have mixed their own coarse stuff with it, and fill'd up the vacant places in it with as much folly as malice, and now sell a manuscript, which does not belong to, though it is worthy of, them, and them only. I could add in the last place, that they have stol'n part of the materials which I had collected from the public archives, with a view towards the history of the war in 1741, when I was historiographer of *France*; that they sold this product of my labours to a bookseller at *Paris*; that they took possession of my papers

as

* La Pucelle d'Orleans.

as if I had been dead, and put them up to auction. I could set before your eyes ingratitude, rapine, and imposture, pursuing me these forty years past, following me even to the foot of the *Alps*, and to the verge of my grave : but what conclusion must I draw from all these persecutions ? that I ought not to complain ; that POPE, DESCARTES, BAYLE, CAMOENS, and a hundred others, have experienced the same, or, perhaps, greater injustice ; and that it has been the fate of almost all those who have given themselves up to the *Belles-Lettres*.

But these, sir, are the misfortunes of a few individuals, which are unobserved by society. What is it to mankind in general, if some wasps steal away the honey from some bees ? men of letters make a great noise about these petty disputes, whilst the rest of the world either knows nothing of, or laughs at them. Of all the bitter misfortunes with which human life abounds, these are, perhaps, the least fatal. The thorns that grow on literature, and the little reputation acquired by it, are flowers in comparison with other evils which we are surrounded with. You must acknowledge, that neither CICERO, nor VARRO, nor LUCRETIVS, nor VIRGIL, nor HORACE, had any part in the proscriptions of their times. MARIUS was extremely ignorant ; the barbarous SYLLA, the drunken ANTONY, the weak LEPIDUS, were no readers of PLATO and SOPHOCLES ; and as for that tyrant without courage, OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, so shamefully stiled AUGUSTUS, he only became a detestable assassin, when he lost the company of men of letters. PETRARCH and BOCCACCIO had no hand in the troubles of *Italy* : MAROT's trifles did not bring on the massacre of St. BARTHOLOMEW, nor are we indebted to the tragedy of the CID for the calamities of LA FRONDE. The greatest crimes have always been committed by the ignorant and illiterate. What makes, and always will make, this world a vale of tears, is the insatiable avarice, and unconquerable pride of men, from THAMAS KOULI-KAN, who could not read, down to a commissioner of the customs, who is just able to cypher. Letters nourish the soul, rectify, and comfort it ; they

were useful to you, even whilst you were writing against them. You are like ACHILLES, who was angry with glory, and father MALLEBRANCHE, who with the most brilliant imagination in the world wrote against imagination.

If any man has a right to complain of letters, it is certainly myself, as in all times, and all places, they have only served to persecute and oppress me: but one must love them in spite of all the evils which they bring upon us, as one must love society, tho' so many of those who compose it endeavour to make our lives unhappy, as one ought to love our country, whatever injustice we meet with from it; and, as we ought to love and serve the supreme being, in spite of all that superstition and fanaticism which so often disgrace his worship, &c.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GENGIS-KAN, Emperor of the Tartars.

OCTAR, } Officers under Gengis-Kan.
OSMAN, }

ZAMTI, a learned Mandarin.

IDAME, wife of Zamti.

ASSELI, friend to Idame.

ETAN, friend to Zamti.

SCENE a Mandarin's palace near the court,
in the city of Cambalu, now called Pekin.



THE
O R P H A N
O F
C H I N A.
A
T R A G E D Y.

ACT I. SCENE I.

IDAME, ASSELI.

Ida. O Affeli, amid'st this scene of horror,
Whilst desolation rages thro' the land,
And the proud tartar threatens instant ruin
To this devoted palace, must thy friend
Experience new calamities?

Ass. Alas!

We all partake the gen'ral ruin; all
Must with the public sorrows mix our own:
Who doth not tremble for a father's life,
A husband's, son's, or brother's? Ev'n within
These sacred walls, where dwells the holy band,

The ministers of heav'n, th' interpreters
Of China's laws, with helpless infancy,
And feeble age ; ev'n here we are not safe :
Who knows how far the cruel conqueror
May urge his triumphs, whilst the thunder breaks
On ev'ry side, and soon may burst upon us ?

Ida. Who is this great destroyer, this dire scourge
Of Catai's sinking empire ?

Aff. He is call'd

The king of kings, the fiery Gengis-Kan,
Who lays the fertile fields of Asia waste,
And makes it but a monument of ruin :
Already Ostar, his successful chief,
Has storm'd the palace ; this once pow'rful empire,
The mistress of the world, is bath'd in blood !

Ida. Know'st thou, my friend, that this destructive
tyrant,

Whom now we tremble at, who proudly thus
Treads on the necks of kings, is yet no more
Than a wild Scythian soldier ; bred to arms
And practis'd in the trade of blood ; who long
Had wander'd o'er the neighb'ring deserts, there
Form'd a rude band of lawless rioters,
And fought his way to glory ; now successful,
And now oppress'd, at length, by fortune led,
Hither he came for refuge : Affeli,
I think thou must remember him, his name
Was Temugin.

Aff. Ha ! he who once address'd

His vows to thee ! thy angry father then
Rejected him with scorn ; tho' now his name
Is grown so terrible.

Ida. It is the same :

Methought ev'n then I saw the rising dawn
Of future glory : I remember well,
Ev'n when he came a beggar to the palace,
And crav'd protection, he behav'd like one
Born to command : he lov'd me ; and I own
My foolish heart had well nigh listen'd to him :
Perhaps it sooth'd the woman's vanity
To hold this lion in my toils ; perhaps
I hop'd in time to soften his rude soul,

And

And bend his savage fierceness to the ways
 Of social life: he might have serv'd the state
 Which now he wou'd destroy: our proud refusal
 Incens'd the hero, fatal may it prove
 To this unhappy kingdom: well thou know'st
 Our pride and jealousy: the antient laws
 Of this imperial city; our religion,
 Our int'rest and our glory, all forbid
 Alliance with the nations: for myself,
 The noble Zamti merited my love,
 And heav'n hath join'd me to him by the ties
 Of holy marriage: who wou'd ere have thought
 This poor despis'd abandon'd Scythian thus
 Shou'd triumph o'er us? I refus'd his hand;
 I am a wife and mother; how that thought
 Alarms me! he is fiery and revengeful;
 A Scythian never pardons: cruel fate!
 And will this valiant nation tamely yield
 Its neck to slav'ry, and be led like sheep
 To slaughter?

Aff. 'Tis reported the Coreans
 Have rais'd an army, but we know not yet:
 If it be true.

Ida. This sad uncertainty
 But doubles our distress: heav'n only knows
 What we must suffer, if the emperor
 Has found a place of refuge, if the queen
 Is fall'n beneath the tyrant's pow'r, if yet
 They live; alas! the last surviving pledge
 Of their unhappy nuptials, the dear infant
 Entrusted to our care! I tremble for him.
 Perhaps my Zamti's sacred character
 And holy office may subdue the hearts
 Of these proud conqu'rors; savage as they are,
 And thirsting for the blood of half mankind,
 They yet believe there is a pow'r above
 That rules o'er all; nature in ev'ry breast
 Hath wisely stamp'd the image of its God:
 I talk of hope, but have a thousand fears
 That wring my heart.

SCENE

SCENE II.

IDAME, ZAMTI, ASSELI.

Ass. O my unhappy lord,
 Speak, what must be our fate? is it determin'd?
 What hast thou seen?

Zam. I tremble to repeat it:
 We are undone: our empire is no more;
 A prey to robbers: what hath it avail'd us
 That we have trod in the fair paths of virtue?
 Long time secure within the arms of peace
 We shone illustrious in the rolls of time,
 And gave a bright example to mankind:
 From us the world receiv'd its laws; but vain
 Is human worth when lawless pow'r prevails:
 I saw the northern hive rush in upon us,
 And force their passage through a sea of blood:
 Where'er they past they spread destruction round them:
 At length they seiz'd the palace, where the best
 Of sov'reigns and of men, with calm composure
 And resignation yielded to his fate:
 The wretched queen lay fainting in his arms:
 Those of their num'rous sons, whom lusty manhood
 Had sent to battle, were already slain:
 The rest, who nought cou'd give him but their tears,
 Hung at his knees and wept; by secret paths
 I found an entrance to the palace; there
 Did I behold the cruel tyrants bind
 In ignominious chains the conquer'd king,
 His children and his wife.

Ida. Unhappy monarch!

O what a change is this! relentless heav'n!

Zam. The wretched captive turn'd his eyes towards
 me,

And in the sacred language, to the Tartar
 And to the multitude unknown, cry'd out,
 PRESERVE MY LAST AND ONLY HOPE—MY SON.
 From my full heart I promis'd, swore to act,

As

As he directed me, then fled to thee.
 Whether the tyrants, busy'd in their search
 Of plunder, thought not of me, or the symbol
 Which here I wear of the divinity
 Struck their rude souls with reverential awe,
 Or whether heav'n in kind compassion meant
 To save my precious charge, and cast a cloud
 O'er their deluded eyes, I know not what
 Drew their attention, but they let me pass.

Ida. We yet may save him, he shall go with me,
 And with my son; old Etan shall conduct us:
 In some lone wood, or solitary cave,
 We may conceal him till the search is past:
 Thank heav'n they have not reach'd us yet.

Zam. Alas!
 No place is sacred, no asylum's left
 For the dear royal infant: I expect
 The brave Coreans, but they'll come too late:
 But let us seize the favourable hour,
 And lodge our precious pledge in safety.

S C E N E III.

ZAMTI, IDAME, ASSELI, ETAN.

Zam. Etan,
 Thou seem'st disorder'd; what's the news?

Ida. My lord,
 We must away; the Scythian has prevail'd,
 And all is lost.

Etan. You are observ'd, and flight
 Is now impossible: a guard is plac'd
 Around us: all obey the conqueror,
 And tremble at his pow'r: the emp'ror's loss
 Fills ev'ry heart with terror.

Zam. Is he dead?

Ida. O heav'n!

Etan. It was indeed a dreadful sight:
 Himself, his queen, his children, butcher'd all;
 A race divine, respected, lov'd, ador'd;

Their

Their headless trunks expos'd to the derision
 Of their proud conqu'ror, whilst their trembling subjects
 Submissive bend beneath the yoke, nor dare
 To shed a tear o'er those whom long they lov'd.
 At length our haughty lord, grown tir'd of conquest,
 And satiated with blood, proclaim'd to all
 The terms of life, eternal slavery.

This northern tyrant, whom the wrath of heav'n
 Hath sent for our destruction, once condemn'd
 And spurn'd at by our court, returns to glut
 His vengeance on us: these wild sons of rapine,
 Who live in tents, in chariots, and in fields,
 Will never brook confinement 'midst the walls
 Of this close city: they detest our arts,
 Our customs, and our laws; and therefore mean
 To change 'em all; to make this splendid seat
 Of empire one vast desert, like their own.

Ida. I know the conqu'ror comes to fate his vengeance

On this unhappy kingdom: whilst I liv'd
 Unnotic'd and obscure, I might have hope
 Of safety; but that hope is now no more:
 The night is past that hid me from the eye
 Of persecution, and I must be wretched.
 Thrice happy those, who to a tyrant master
 Are still unknown.

Zam. Who knows but gracious heav'n
 May interpose and save the royal infant:
 'Tis our first duty to preserve the charge
 Committed to our care, and guard him well.
 What comes this Tartar for?

Ida. O heav'n! defend us.

SCENE IV.

OCTAR.

Hear, slaves; and let your answer be—obedience:
 An infant yet remains, of royal race,
 Amongst you: in the conqu'ror's name I here

Command

Command you to deliver him—to me.
 I shall expect him here : begone ; delay
 Were dang'rous : bring him instantly, or know
 Destruction waits on all, but first on you.
 The day's far spent ; ere night he must be found :
 Remember, and obey.

S C E N E V.

ZAMTI, IDAME.

Ida. O dreadful message !

For what are we reserv'd ? Alas ! my lord,
 Ne'er till this day of blood did crimes like this
 Affright my soul : you answer not, but send
 Your fruitless sighs to heav'n. Sweet innocent,
 Must we then give thee up a sacrifice
 To brutal rage ?

Zam. I've promis'd, sworn to save him.

Ida. What can thy oaths, thy promises avail ?
 Thou can'st not keep them ; ev'ry hope is lost.

Zam. And wou'd'st thou have me sacrifice the son
 Of my lov'd sov'reign ?

Ida. O I cannot bear
 To think of it ; my eyes are bath'd in tears.
 O were I not a mother, wou'd kind heav'n
 But grant me now to shorten my sad days,
 Then wou'd I say to Zamti, come, my lord,
 We'll die together ; all is lost to us,
 And we will perish with our country.

Zam. Who,
 That sees the wretched fate of Catai's kings,
 Wou'd wish to live ? What is this phantom death,
 That thus appals mankind ? The wretch's hope,
 The villain's terror, and the brave man's scorn :
 Without reluctance, and without regret,
 The wise expect and meet him as a friend.

Ida. What secret purpose labours in your breast ?
 Your cheek is pale, your eyes are fill'd with tears ;

My

My sympathising heart feels all your sorrows,
And wou'd relieve them ; what have you resolv'd ?

Zam. To keep my oath ; therefore away, and watch
The royal infant : I shall follow you.

Ida. Alas ! a woman's tears can ne'er defend him.

SCENE VI.

ZAMTI, ETAN.

Etan. Vain is your care, your kind compassion vain,
For he must die ; the nation's weal demands it.
Think rather how thou may'st preserve thy country.

Zam. Yes, I will make the dreadful sacrifice.

Etan. I know thou hold'st this empire dear ;
Yes, thou ador'st the god of heav'n and earth,
As worshipp'd by our ancestors ; that God
Our Bonzies know not, and our tyrants scorn.

Etan. In him I trust, on him alone rely
For my own comfort, and my country's safety.

Zam. Swear then by him, and his all-ruling pow'r,
That thou wilt bury in eternal silence
The solemn secret, that I mean to pour
Into thy faithful bosom : swear, thy hand
Shall still be ready to perform whate'er
Thy duty and thy God by me command.

Etan. I swear ; and may the mis'ries that have fall'n
On this unhappy kingdom light on me,
If ever I am false in word or deed.

Zam. I cannot now recede : then mark me, *Etan.*

Etan. Alas ! thou weep'st : amidst the gen'ral ruin
Can there be cause for added grief ?

Zam. The doom
Is past, my friend, and cannot be revers'd.

Etan. I know it cannot ; but a stranger's son—

Zam. A stranger ! he, my king !

Etan. When I remember
He is our emperor's child, I shudder at it :
What's to be done ?

Zam.

Zam. My path, thou see'st, is here
 Prescrib'd, and ev'ry action noted down
 By our new tyrants; thou may'st act with freedom,
 Because unknown and unobserv'd: thou know'st
 The orphan's place of refuge: for a time
 We may conceal him 'midst the secret tombs
 Of our great ancestors; then shelter him
 Beneath Corea's chief; he will protect
 The royal infant: leave the rest to me.

Etan. And how will you appear without him, how
 Appease the conq'ror?

Zam. I have wherewithal
 To glut his vengeance.

Etan. You, my lord?

Zam. O nature!
 O cruel duty!

Etan. How—

Zam. I have a son,
 An only child, now in his cradle—go
 And seize him.

Etan. Ha! your son!

Zam. To save—my king.
 Away, and let him—but I can no more.

Etan. Alas! my lord, what a command is this!
 I never can obey it.

Zam. Think on Zamti;
 Think on his love; his weakness, his misfortunes,
 Thy duty, and—thy oath.

Etan. 'Twas rash and vain:
 Thou didst extort it from me: I admire
 Thy gen'rous purpose; but if as a friend
 I might be heard—

Zam. No more; I've heard too much
 Already: what is all that thou cou'd'st say
 To what a father feels? When nature's silenc'd,
 Friendship shou'd urge no longer.

Etan. I obey.

Zam. Leave me for pity's sake.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

ZAMTI. alone.

Is nature silent?
 O wretched father! still thou hear'st that voice
 So fatal and so dear: O drown it, heav'n,
 In sweet oblivion; do not let my wife
 And her dear babe distract this heart; O heal
 My wounded heart: but man is far too weak
 To conquer nature: let thy aid divine
 Support me, and assist my feeble virtue!



ACT II. SCENE I.

ZAMTI. alone.

THIS tardy Etan, wherefore comes he not
 To tell me—what I dread to hear? perhaps
 Ere this the dreadful sacrifice is past:
 I had not pow'r to offer it myself.
 O my dear child, how shall I ask my friend
 The horrid question, how conceal my grief?

SCENE II.

ZAMTI, ETAN.

Zam. I see 'tis done; I know it by thy tears;
 They speak too plainly.

Etan. Thy unhappy son—

Zam. No more of that: speak of our empire's hope,
 The royal infant; is he safe?

Etan.

Etan. He is :

Within the tombs of his great ancestors,
Conceal'd from ev'ry eye ; to you he owes
A life begun in misery, perhaps
A fatal gift.

Zam. It is enough, he lives.
O you, to whom I pay this cruel duty,
Forgive a father's tears.

Etan. Alas ! my lord,
You must not give a loose to sorrow here :
'Tis dang'rous ev'n to weep.

Zam. And whither, Etan,
Must I transport my griefs ? how bear the cries,
The bitter anguish, the despair, the rage,
The execrations of a frantic mother ?
May we not yet deceive her for a time ?

Etan. We seiz'd him in her absence, and I flew
To guard the orphan king.

Zam. Awhile, my friend,
We might impose on her credulity.
Cou'd'st thou not say we had deliver'd up
The royal orphan, and conceal'd her son
In safety ? Truth is often most destructive,
And still we love it, tho' it makes us wretched.
Come, Etan, let us home—O heav'n ! she's here !
Observe her, what despair and terror dwell
On her pale cheek !

S C E N E III.

ZAMTI, IDAME.

Ida. Barbarian, can it be ?
Cou'd Zamti e're command it ? Cou'd he offer
The dreadful sacrifice ? I'll not believe it :
Thou cou'd'st not be more cruel than the laws
Of our proud conqu'rors, or the Tartar's sword.
Alas ! thou weep'st.

Zam. Thou too must weep with Zamti.
But thou must join with him to save thy king.

Ida.

Ida. What! sacrifice my child!

Zam. It must be so:

Thou wer't a subject ere thou wer't a mother.

Ida. Has nature then lost all her influence o'er
A father's heart?

Zam. She has too much; but ne'er
Shall thwart my duty.

Ida. 'Tis a barb'rous virtue,
And I abhor it: I have seen, like thee,
Our empire lost, and wept our sov'reign's fate;
But why pour forth an infant's guiltless blood,
Yet undemanded; why revere as gods
Your sleeping kings, that moulder in the tomb?
Hath Zamti sworn to them, that he wou'd kill
His darling child? alas! the rich and poor,
The monarch and the slave, are equal all
By nature; all alike to sorrow born,
Each has his share; and, in the gen'ral wreck,
All duty bids us is—to save our own.
O had I fall'n into the snare, and staid
A moment longer with the royal orphan,
My child had fall'n into the cruel hands
Of ruffians; but I wou'd have perish'd with him.
Nature and love recall'd me, and I snatch'd
My lovely infant from the ravishers,
Preserv'd the son and mother; sav'd ev'n thee,
Thou barb'rous father.

Zam. Doth my son then live?

Ida. He doth; and thou shou'd'st bend to gracious
heav'n

For goodness thus unmerited: repent,
And be a father.

Zam. O almighty pow'r,
Forgive the joy that, spite of all my firmness,
Thus mingles with my tears: alas! my love,
Vain are our hopes of happiness, and vain
Thy fond endeavours to prolong the life
Of our dear infant; these inhuman tyrants
Will force him from us; he must yield to fate.

Ida. But hear me, dearest Zamti.

Zam. He must die.

Ida.

Ida. Barbarian, stay, and tremble at the rage
Of an afflicted desp'rate mother.

Zam. I

Shall do my duty, you may give up yours,
And sacrifice your husband to the foe:
This is a day of blood; let Zamti join
His murder'd king, and perish with his country.

Ida. What is your country, what your king to me?
The name of subject is not half so sacred
As husband or as father. Love and nature
Are heav'n's first great unalterable laws,
And cannot be revers'd: the rest are all
From mortal man, and may be chang'd at pleasure.
Wou'd I cou'd save the royal heir, but not
By the much dearer blood of Zamti's son!
Pity a wretched mother; on my knees
I beg thee, cruel Zamti: O remember
For whom I slighted this proud conqu'ror,
This mighty warrior; was it not for thee?
And wilt thou not protect my son, not hear
The voice of nature pleading for thy child?

Zam. It is too much: thou dost abuse the pow'r,
Which love has giv'n thee o'er thy Zamti's heart.
Cou'd'st thou but see——

Ida. I own, my lord, I feel .
A mother's weakness, and a mother's sorrows;
Yet may I boast a heart as firm as thine:
Away, and lead me on to death: I'm ready
To perish for my son.

Zam. I know thy virtues.

SCENE IV.

ZAMTI, IDAME, OCTAR, Guards.

Oct. Where are these traitors? why are my commands
Thus disobey'd? what have ye done with him,
The orphan prince? Guards, bring him to our presence,
The emperor approaches; let him see

The

Ida.

The victim at his feet : you, soldiers, watch
These rebels.

Zam. I obey, my lord, the orphan
Shall be deliver'd up.

Ida. 'Tis false ; he shall not :
I'll sooner lose my life than part with him.

Oct. Guards, take this woman hence : the emp'r
comes.

SCENE V.

GENGIS, OCTAR, OSMAN, Guards.

Gen. At length, my friends, 'tis time to sheath the
sword,

And let the vanquish'd breathe ; I've spread destruction
And terror thro' the land, but I will give
The nation peace : the royal infant's death
Shall satisfy my wrath ; with him shall rot
The seeds of foul rebellion ; all the plots,
Feuds and divisions, fears and jealousies,
That, whilst the phantom of a royal heir
Subsists, must disunite us, he alone
Of all the hated race remains, and he
Shall follow them : henceforth we will not raze
Their boasted works, their monuments of art,
Their sacred laws ; for sacred they esteem
The musty rolls, which superstition taught
Their ancestors to worship : be it so,
The error may be useful, it employs
The people, and may make them more obedient.

To Octar.] Octar, to thee I shall commit the pow'r
To bear my standard to the western world.

To another Officer.] Rule thou in conquer'd India,
and interpret

Thy sov'reign's great decrees ; from Samarcand
To Tanais' borders, I shall send my sons.
Away :—stay, Octar.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

GENGIS, OCTAR.

Gen. Cou'd'st thou e're have thought
 Fortune wou'd raise me to this height of glory?
 That I shou'd reign supreme, and triumph here,
 Ev'n in this palace, where disgrac'd and wretched
 I sought in vain for refuge, and was treated
 With insolence and scorn: the proud possessors
 Of this unconquer'd empire then disdain'd
 A Scythian, and a haughty fair refus'd
 That hand, which now directs the fate of millions.

Oct. Amidst this scene of glory, how, my lord,
 Can thoughts like these disturb you?

Gen. Still the wrongs
 I suffer'd in adversity oppress me:
 I own the weakness of my foolish heart,
 And hop'd to find that happiness in love,
 Which glory, wealth, and empire, cannot give.
 It hurts my pride to think how I was spurn'd
 By that contemptuous woman; she shall know,
 At least, and see the object of her scorn.
 To have her mourn the honours that she lost,
 In losing Gengis, will be some revenge.

Oct. The shouts of vict'ry, and the voice of fame,
 Have been so long familiar to my ears,
 That I have little relish for the plaints
 Of whining love.

Gen. Nor has thy friend indulg'd
 That fatal passion since her proud refusal:
 I own the fair Idame won my heart,
 By charms unknown before: our barren deserts
 Cou'd ne'er produce a face like hers, a mind
 So form'd to please; her ev'ry motion fir'd
 My captive soul, but her imprudent scorn
 Restor'd my freedom; nobler objects claim
 A monarch's care; I'll think no more of her,

Let

Let her repent at leisure of her pride.
Oftar, I charge thee, talk not of Idame.

Os. You have, indeed, affairs of greater moment,
That call for your attention.

Gen. Then farewell
To love, and all its follies.

SCENE VI.

GENGIS, OCTAR, OSMAN.

Os. O my lord,
The victim was prepar'd, the guard was rang'd
On ev'ry side, when (wonderful to tell !)
A strange event perplex'd us all.—A woman
Of frantic mien, with wild dishevell'd hair,
And bath'd in tears, rush'd in upon us ; stop,
Aloud she cry'd, inhuman ruffians, stop,
It is my son, you've been deceiv'd ; 'tis not
The emp'ror's child, but mine : her eyes, her voice,
Her fury, her despair, her ev'ry gesture,
Was nature's language all, and spoke the mother :
When lo ! her husband came, with downcast eyes
And gloomy aspect ; sullenly he cry'd,
This is the royal orphan, this the blood
Which you demanded, take it : as he spake,
Fast flow'd his tears. The wretched matron, pale
And motionless awhile, as struck with death,
Fell prostrate ; then, long as her fault'ring voice
Cou'd utter the imperfect sound, cry'd out,
Give me my son : her sorrows were sincere,
Never was grief more bitter, doubts arose
Amongst us, and I came to know your orders.

Gen. If 'tis the work of art, I will explore
The myst'ry soon, and wo to the deceivers :
Think they to cast a veil before my eyes,
And mock their sov'reign ? let 'em if they dare.

Os. My lord, this woman never can deceive us ;
The emp'ror's son was plac'd beneath her care ;
A master's child might easily attract

The

The faithful servant's love, and danger make
The charge more precious still ; the ties of nature
Are not more strong than those of fantasy :
But we shall soon unravel it.

Gen. Who is
This woman ?

Al. Wife of a proud Mandarin :
One of those letter'd sages, who defy
The pow'r of kings ; a num'rous band ! but now,
Thank heav'n, reduc'd by thy victorious arms
To slav'ry : Zamti is the traitor's name
Who watches o'er the victim.

Gen. Go, my Octar,
Interrogate this guilty pair, and learn,
If possible, the truth : let all our guards
Be ready at their posts : they talk, it seems,
Of a surprise ; that the Coreans mean
To march against us on the river's bank :
An army hath been seen : we soon shall know
What bold advent'ers are so fond of death,
To court destruction from the sons of war,
And force 'em to depopulate mankind.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

GENGIS, OCTAR, OSMAN, Attendants.

Gen. **W**HAT say the captives, is the fraud disco-
ver'd,

And vengeance taken on these vile impostors ?
Have they deliver'd up the orphan prince
To Octar ?

Os. Pray'rs, and threats, and torments, all
Are vain ; th' undaunted Zamti still persists
In his first answer : on his open brows
Are grav'd the marks of truth : the mournful fair one,
Whose grief but adds new lustre to her charms,

With tears incessant and heart-rending sighs,
 Moves ev'ry heart: spite of ourselves we wept
 Her wretched fate; ne'er did my eyes behold
 A sweeter mourner: she intreats to see
 And speak with you; the conqueror of kings,
 She hopes, will hear the wretched, and in wrath
 Remember mercy; that he will protect
 A guiltless child, and shew mankind his goodness
 Is like his pow'r, unlimited. 'Twas thus,
 My lord, she spake of you, and I have promis'd
 She shall have audience.

Gen. Bid her enter now, *[To one of the attendants.]*
 We shall unravel this deep mystery;
 But let her not imagine a few sighs,
 And bidden tears, can e'er impose on me:
 I have experienc'd all these female arts,
 But I defy 'em now: let her be careful,
 Her life depends on her sincerity.

Ofm. My lord, she comes.

Gen. What do I see? O heav'n!
 It cannot be Idame, sure my senses.—

S C E N E II.

GENGIS, IDAME, OCTAR, OSMAN, Guards.

Ida. My lord, I came not to solicit pardon,
 My forfeit life is yours, I ask not for it:
 Why shou'd I wish for years of added woe?
 But spare a guiltless infant.

Gen. Rise, Idame,
 Fate conquers all, it has deceiv'd us both.
 If heav'n hath rais'd a poor inhabitant
 Of Scythia, once the object of your scorn,
 To pow'r and splendor, you have nought to fear:
 The emp'rour never will revenge the wrongs
 Of Temugin; but public good demands
 The royal victim; 'tis a sacrifice
 Which must be made: for your own son, myself
 Will be his guard: I promise to protect him.

Ida.

Ida. Then I am happy.

Gen. But inform me, madam,
What is this fraud, this mystery between you ?
For I must know it all.

Ida. O spare the wretched.

Gen. Have I not cause to hate this Zamti ?

Ida. You,
My lord ?

Gen. I've said too much.

Ida. Restore my child,
You've promis'd it.

Gen. His pardon must depend
On you alone : you know I have been injur'd,
My favours scorn'd, my orders disobey'd :
Who is this Zamti, this respected lord,
This husband ? In that name alone compris'd
Is ev'ry guilt : what charms has he to boast
Who braves me thus ?

Ida. He was my only comfort,
My joy, my happiness, the best of men ;
He serv'd his God, his country, and his king.

Gen. How long, Idame, have you been united ?

Ida. E'er since the fatal time, when wayward fortune
Espous'd thy cause, and gave a tyrant pow'r
To scourge mankind.

Gen. I understand you, madam,
E'er since the time you mean, when I was scorn'd
By a proud beauty, when this country first
Deserv'd the chains which it was doom'd to wear.

SCENE III.

GENGIS, OCTAR, OSMAN. [On one side of the
stage.] IDAME and ZAMTI. [On the other.
Guards.]

Gen. What say'st thou, slave ? Hast thou deliver'd up
The emp'ror's son ?

Zam. I have, my lord, 'tis done :
I have fulfill'd my duty.

M 2

Gen.

Ida.

Gen. Well thou know'st
Nor fraud, nor insolence escape my vengeance :
If thou hast dar'd to hide him from my wrath,
He must be found, his death shall follow thine.
Seize and destroy that infant.

[*To the guards.*]

Zam. Wretched father !

Ida. Stay, cruel tyrant, stay, is this your pity ?
Is this your promise ?

Gen. I have been deceiv'd ;
Explain the myst'ry, madam, or he dies.

Ida. I'll tell thee all ; and if it be a crime
To follow nature, and obey her laws,
If still thy cruel spirit thirsts for blood,
Let all your anger light on me, but spare
The noble Zamti : to our mutual care
The emperor entrusted his dear son :
Thou know'st too well what scenes of horrid slaughter
Follow'd thy cruel victory, and mark'd
Thy steps with blood ; that might have satisfy'd
A less inhuman conqueror : when thy slaves
Demanded our last hope, the royal heir,
My gen'rous Zamti, faithful to his king,
To duty gave up all, and sacrific'd
His son, nor listen'd to the pow'rful voice
Of nature ; I admir'd that patriot firmness
I had not strength to imitate : alas !
I am a mother, how cou'd I consent
To my child's death ? my terrors, my despair,
My rage, my anguish, all too plainly spoke
What Zamti strove to hide : behold, my lord,
The wretched father, he deserves your pity ;
So does my guiltless infant : punish me,
And me alone : forgive me, dearest Zamti,
Forgive a mother's tenderness, forgive
A wife that loves, thee and wou'd save thy son.

Zam. I have forgiv'n thee, and, thank heav'n, my king,
The royal infant's safe.

Gen. 'Tis false ; be gone,
And find him, traitor, or thou dy'st ; atone
For thy past crimes.

Zam.

Zam. The crime were to obey
A tyrant, but my royal master's voice
Cries from the tomb, and bids me tell thee, Gengis,
Thou art my conqueror, but not my king :
Were Zamti born thy subject, he had been
Most faithful to thee : I have sacrific'd
My son, and think'st thou I can fear to die ?

Gen. Away with him. [To the guard.]

Ida. O stay.

Gen. I'll hear no more.

Ida. I have deserv'd thy anger, I alone
Shou'd feel thy vengeance : thou hast slain my king,
And now my husband and my child must fall
By thy destructive hand : inhuman tyrant,
When will thy wrath be satisfy'd ?

Gen. Away :
Follow thy guilty husband : dar'st thou plead
For mercy ? Thou reproach me !

Ida. Then all hope
Is lost.

Gen. If e'er I think of clemency,
It must not be till ample reparation
Is made for all my wrongs : you understand me.

SCENE IV.

GENGIS, OCTAR.

Gen. What means this flutt'ring heart, and wherefore
Steals from my breast th' involuntary sigh ? [thus]
Some pow'r divine protects her : O my Octar,
What secret charms have innocence and beauty,
That proud authority shou'd thus submit
To own their influence ? I have lost myself
And want a friend ; O lend me thy kind counsel.

Oct. Since I must speak, I'll speak with freedom ;
This dang'rous branch of a detested race [know then]
Must be cut off, or we are not secure
In our new conquest ; victory's best guard
Is rigour ; by severity alone

Your pow'r can be establish'd. Time, my lord,
Will bring back order and tranquillity :
The people by degrees forget their wrongs,
Or pardon them : you then may reign in peace.

Gen. And can it be Idame, that proud beauty,
Giv'n to another, to my mortal foe !

Os. She merits not your pity, but your hate ;
I cannot, must not, think you ever lov'd her ;
T'was but a short and momentary flame,
That sparkled and expir'd ; her cruel scorn,
Her proud refusal, and the hand of time,
Have quite extinguish'd it ; she is no more
To Gengis now than the ignoble wife,
Of an abandon'd traitor.

Gen. He shall die ;
A slave ! a rival !

Os. Wherefore lives he yet ?
Strike, and revenge thyself.

Gen. I know not why,
But my fond heart still trembles at the thought
Of inj'ring her : subdued by beauty's tears
I dare not hurt a rival and a slave ;
Ev'n in the husband I respect the wife :
Is love indeed so great a conqueror,
And must I grace his triumphs ?

Os. All I know,
And all I wish for, is to follow thee,
The rattling chariot, and the sounding bow,
The fiery coursers, and the din of arms :
These are my passions, these the joys of Ostar :
I am a stranger to the sighs of love,
And think them far beneath the royal soul
Of Gengis ; they debase a character
So great as thine.

Gen. I know my pow'r, I know
That I cou'd make her mine : but what avails
The fairest form without the conquer'd heart ?
Where is the joy to press within our arms
A trembling slave ? to see her beauteous eyes
For ever bath'd in tears, and her full heart
Oppress'd with sorrow ? 'tis a barb'rous triumph :

The

The savage herd, that thro' the forest roam,
 Enjoy more peace, and boast a purer love :
 The fair Idame has some secret pow'r
 That charms me more than victory and empire :
 I thought I cou'd have drove her from my heart,
 But she returns, and triumphs.

SCENE V.

GENGIS, OCTAR, OSMAN.

Gen. Well : what says she ?

Ofm. That she will perish with her husband rather
 Than tell the place where, hid from every eye,
 The orphan lies conceal'd ; the tender husband
 Supports her in his arms ; with added courage
 Inspires her soul, and teaches her to die.
 They wish to be united in the grave ;
 The people throng around, and ev'ry eye
 Is wet with tears, lamenting their sad fate.

Gen. And does Idame talk of death from me ?
 Fly, Osman, fly, tell her, I hold her life
 As sacred as my own : away.

SCENE VI.

GENGIS, OCTAR.

OA. This infant,
 Concerning him, my lord—what's to be done ?

Gen. Nothing.

OA. You gave commands he shou'd be torn
 Ev'n from Idame's bosom.

Gen. We must think
 Of that hereafter.

OA. What if they shou'd hide——

Gen. He cannot 'scape us.

OA. Still she may deceive you.

Gen. Idame is incapable of fraud.

Os. And wou'd you then preserve the royal race?

Gen. I wou'd preserve Idame; for the rest

'Tis equal all, dispose it as thou wilt.

Go, bring her hither—stay—my Ostar—try

If thou canst soften this rebellious slave,

This Zamti, and persuade him to obey me.

We will not heed this infant; he shall make me

A nobler sacrifice.

Os. Who, he, my lord?

Gen. Ay, he.

Os. What hopest thou?

Gen. To subdue Idame,

To see her, to adore her, to be lov'd

By that ungrateful fair one; or to take

My full revenge, to punish her, and die.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

GENGIS. [A troop of Tartarian soldiers.]

ARE these my promis'd joys? is this the fruit
Of all my labours? where's the liberty,
The rest I hoped for? I but feel the weight
Without the joys of pow'r: I want Idame,
And, 'stead of her, a croud of busy slaves
Are ever thronging round me.

Hence, away,

[To his attendants.]

And guard the city walls; these proud Coreans
May think to find us unprepar'd; already,
It seems, they have proclaim'd their orphan king;
But I'll be duped no longer; he shall die.
I am distracted with a thousand cares,
Dangers, and plots, and foes on ev'ry side;
Intruding rivals, and a wayward people,
Oppress me: when I was a poor unknown
I was more happy.

SCENE

SCENE II.

OCTAR, GENGIS.

Gen. Well, my friend, you've seen
This proud presumptuous Mandarin: what says he?

Oct. He is inflexible; nor threats alarm
Nor promises allure him: still he talks
Of duty and of virtue, as if we
Were vanquish'd slaves, and he the conqueror.
I blush to think how we demean'd ourselves,
By talking to a wretch, whom by a word
We might destroy: let the ungrateful pair
Perish together; mutual is their crime,
And mutual be their punishment.

Gen. 'Tis strange,
That sentiments like these, to us unknown,
Shou'd rise in mortal breasts: without a groan,
A murmur, or complaint, a father breaks
The ties of nature, and wou'd sacrifice
His child to please the manes of his sov'reign,
And the fond wife wou'd die to save her lord.
The more I see, the more must I admire
This wond'rous people, great in arts and arms,
In learning and in manners great; their kings
On wisdom's basis founded all their power;
They gave the nations law, by virtue reign'd,
And govern'd without conquest; nought hath heav'n
Bestow'd on us but force; our only art
Is cruel war; our business to destroy.
What have I gain'd by all my victories,
By all my guilty laurels stain'd with blood?
The tears, the sighs, the curses of mankind.
Perhaps, my friend, there is a nobler fame,
And worthier of our search: my heart in secret
Is jealous of their virtues; I wou'd wish,
All conqu'ror as I am, to imitate
The vanquish'd.

Os. Can you then admire their weakness?
 What are their boasted arts, the puny offspring
 Of luxury and vice, that cannot save them
 From slavery and death? The strong and brave
 Are born to rule, the feeble to obey:
 Labour and courage conquer all; but you
 Tamely submit, a voluntary slave:
 And must the brave companions of your toil
 Behold their honour stain'd, their glory lost,
 Their king dependent on a woman's smile?
 Their honest hearts with indignation glow;
 By me they speak, by me reproach thee, Gengis:
 Excuse a friend, a fellow soldier, grown
 Old in thy service; one who cannot bear
 This am'rous sickness of the soul, and longs
 To guide thy footsteps to the paths of glory.

Gen. Go, fetch Idame.

Os. What, my lord—

Gen. Obey:

Nor dare to murmur; 'tis a subject's part
 To rev'rence ev'n the weakness of his master.

SCENE III.

GENGIS, alone.

'Tis not in mortals to resist their fate;
 She must be mine; what's victory without her?
 I have made thousands wretched, and am now
 Myself unhappy: 'midst the venal croud
 Of slaves that court my favor, is there one
 That can relieve the anguish of my soul,
 Or fill my heart with real bliss? I wanted
 Some happy error, some delusive joy,
 To mitigate the sorrows of a king,
 And lessen the oppressive weight of empire;
 But Othar, who shou'd heal, hath prob'd my wounds
 Too deeply; I have none but monsters round me,
 Blood-thirsty slaves, unfeeling, merciless,
 And cruel, disciplin'd to blood and slaughter:

O for

O for a few soft hours of gentle love
To brighten this dark scene ! they shall not judge,
Shall not arraign the conduct of their king :
Where is Idame ?—ha ! she comes.

S C E N E IV.

GENGIS, IDAME.

Ida. My lord,
'Tis cruel to insult a friendless woman,
And add fresh weight to her calamities.
Gen. Be not alarm'd ; your husband yet may live ;
My vengeance is suspended for a while,
And for thy sake I will be merciful :
Perhaps it was decreed by heav'n, Idame
Shou'd be reserv'd to captivate her master,
To bend the stubborn fierceness of his nature,
And soften his rude heart : you understand me ;
My laws permit divorce : embrace the offer,
And make the sov'reign of the world your own.
I know you love me not, but think what joys
Surround a throne ; think how thy country's good,
Her welfare, and her happiness depend
On thy resolve : I know it moves thy wonder
To see a haughty conqu'ror at thy feet :
Forget my pow'r, forget my cruelty,
Weigh your own int'rest well, and speak my fate.
Ida. I am indeed surpris'd, and so perhaps
Will Gengis be when I shall answer him :
There was a time, my lord, you well remember,
When he, who holds the subject world in awe,
This terror of the nations, was no more
Than a poor soldier, friendless and unknown ;
He offer'd me the pure unspotted heart
Of Temugin, and I with pleasure then
Wou'd have receiv'd it.

Gen. Ha ! could'st thou have lov'd me ?

Ida. Perhaps I might ; but those to whom I owe
My first obedience doom'd me to another :

Thou:

Thou know'st the pow'r of parents o'er their children ;
 They are the image of that God we serve,
 And next to them shou'd be obey'd : this empire
 Was founded on paternal right, on justice,
 Honour, and public faith, and holy marriage ;
 And if it be the sacred will of heav'n
 That it must fall a sacrifice to thee,
 And thy successful crimes, th' enlivening spirit
 That long supported it shall never perish :
 Your fate has chang'd ; Idame's never can.

Gen. Coud'st thou have lov'd me then ?

Ida. I cou'd, my lord,
 And therefore never must hereafter think
 On Gengis ; I am bound in sacred bonds
 To Zamti ; nay, I'll tell the more ; I love him,
 Prefer him to the splendor of a throne,
 And all the honours thou can'st lavish on me :
 Think not it sooths my vanity to spurn
 A conqueror, all I wish is to fulfil
 My duty, and do justice to myself :
 Bestow your favors on some grateful heart,
 Worthier than mine, that will with joy receive them :
 May I implore you to conceal from Zamti
 These proffer'd terms ? 'twou'd wound his soul to think
 My truth to him had ever thus been question'd.

Gen. He knows what I expect, and will obey,
 If he desires to live.

Ida. He never will :
 Tho' cruel torments shou'd extort from him
 A feign'd submission, my firm constancy
 Wou'd soon recal him to the paths of duty,
 Of honour, truth, and virtue.

Gen. Can it be,
 When this ungen'rous husband wou'd have giv'n
 Thy son to death ?

Ida. He did : he lov'd his country :
 It was a noble crime, and I forgive him ;
 He acted like a hero, and Idame
 Like the fond mother : ev'n if I had hated,
 I wou'd not have been false to him.

Gen.

Gen. Amazing!

Resistance but enflames my passion for thee,
And the more injur'd, I but love thee more :
Yet know, I have a soul that's capable
Of rage as well as tenderness.

Ida. I know

Thou art the master here, and life or death
Depend on thee : but tremble at the laws.

Gen. The laws ! they are no more, or in my will
Alone are to be found ; your laws already
Have been too fatal to me ; they prevented
That happy union which my soul desir'd,
And bound thee to another ; but they're void,
And stand dissolv'd by my superior pow'r ;
Obey me, madam, I have giv'n my orders,
And I expect your husband shou'd deliver
Into my hands the emp'ror and Idame :
Remember, Zamti's life depends on you :
Let prudence teach you to disarm the wrath
Of an offended king, who, blushing, owns
His foolish fondness for a worthless woman.

SCENE V.

IDAME, ASSELI.

Ida. Thou see'st my wretched fate ; the tyrant leaves
me

The cruel choice of infamy or death.

O, Zamti, I must yield thee to thy fate.

Ass. Rather exert the pow'r which beauty gives thee
O'er the proud Scythian, you have found the art
To please him.

Ida. Wou'd I had not ! that, alas !
But make me more unhappy.

Ass. You alone
Might soften all the rigour of our fate ;
For you already his relenting soul
Withheld its fierceness ; you subdued his rage ;
Zamti still lives, his rival, and his foe :

This

This bloody conqueror stands in awe of thee,
And dare not hurt him: here he first beheld
Thy lovely form, here paid his guiltless vows.

Ida. No more: it were a crime to think of them.

SCENE VI.

ZAMTI, IDAME, ASSELI.

Ida. Zamti! what brought thee hither? what kind
pow'r

Hath thus restor'd thee to my arms?

Zam. The tyrant

Hath giv'n me this short respite; by his orders
I came to seek thee.

Ida. Hast thou heard, my Zamti,
The shameful terms propos'd to save thy life,
And the dear Orphan's?

Zam. Mine's not worth thy care:
What is the loss of one unhappy being
Amid'st the gen'ral ruin? O Idame,
Remember my first duty is to save
My king; whate'er we boast, whate'r we love,
To him we owe it all, except our honour,
That only good which we can call our own.
I have conceal'd the Orphan 'midst the tombs
Of his great ancestors, unless we soon
Fly to relieve him, he must perish there.
Corea's gen'rous prince in vain expects him:
Etan, our faithful servant, is in chains;
Thou art our only hope; preserve the life
Of thy dear infant, and thy husband's honour.

Ida. What wou'd'st thou have me do?

Zam. Forget me, live

But for thy country, give up all to that,
And that alone; heav'n points out the fair path
Of glory to thee, and a husband's death,
For Zamti soon must die, shall leave thee free
To act as best may serve the common cause:
Enslave the Tartar, make him all thy own;

And

And yet, to leave thee to that proud usurper,
Will make the pangs of death more bitter to me :
It is a dreadful sacrifice, but duty
Spreads sweet content o'er all that she inspires :
Idame, be a mother to thy king,
And reign ; remember, 'tis my last command,
Preserve thy sov'reign, and be happy.

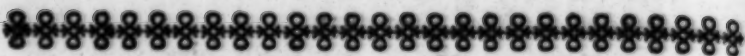
Ida. Stay,

Thou know'st me not : think'st thou I'll ever purchase
Those shameful honours with my Zamti's blood ?
O ! thou art doubly guilty ; love and nature
Cry out against thee ! barb'rous to thy son,
And still more cruel to thy wife. O Zamti,
Heav'n points us out a nobler way to death.
The tyrant, whether, from contempt or love
I know not, leaves me at full liberty ;
I am not watch'd, or guarded here ; I know
Each secret path and avenue, that leads
To the dark tombs where thou hast hid the king ;
Thither I'll fly, and to Corea's chief
Bear the rich prize, the nation's only hope,
The royal infant, as a gift from heav'n :
I know 'twill be in vain, and we must die ;
But we shall die with glory ; we shall leave
Behind us names, that, worthy of remembrance,
Shall shine for ever in the rolls of time.
Now, Zamti, have I follow'd thy example ?

Zam. Thou, gracious God, who hast inspir'd, support her !

I blush, my love, at thy superior virtue ;
Heav'n grant thee pow'r to save thy king and country !

END of the FOURTH ACT.



ACT V. SCENE I.

IDAME, ASSELI.

Ass. **A**LL then is lost; twice in one fatal day
 Have I beheld thee made a slave: alas!
 What cou'd a helpless woman unsupported
 Against a mighty conqueror?

Ida. I have done
 What duty bade me, carry'd in my arms
 The royal infant; for a while his presence
 Inspir'd our troops, but Gengis came, and death
 Follow'd his steps, the savage herd prevail'd,
 And bore down all before them; I was made
 Once more a captive.

Ass. Zamti then must perish,
 And share his master's fate.

Ida. They both must die:
 Perhaps some cruel torments, worse than death,
 Already are prepar'd; my son perhaps
 Must follow them: to triumph o'er my grief,
 And aggravate my sorrows, the proud tyrant
 Call'd me before him: how his looks appal'd
 My shrinking soul, when thrice he lifted up
 His bloody hand against the wretched infants!
 Trembling I step'd between, and at his feet
 Fell prostrate; rudely then he push'd me from him,
 And turn'd aside; the savage guards around
 Seem'd waiting for his orders to dispatch me.

Ass. He cannot, dare not do it: still, thou seest,
 Zamti is spar'd, the orphan king still lives;
 Let but Idame sue to him for pardon,
 And all will be forgiv'n.

Ida. O no; his love
 Is turn'd to rage; he smil'd at my distress,
 Laugh'd at my tears, and vow'd eternal hatred.

Ass.

Ass. And yet you may subdue him; the fierce lion
Roars in the toils, and bites his chain; he wou'd not
Thus talk of hatred, if he did not love.

Ida. Whether he loves or hates, 'tis time to end
This wretched being.

Ass. What have you resolv'd?

Ida. When heav'n hath pour'd out all its wrath upon
us,

And fill'd up the sad measure of our woes,
It gives us courage to support our griefs,
And suits our strength to our calamities:
I feel new force, new vigour in my heart,
'Midst all my sorrows; henceforth I defy
The tyrant, and am mistress of my fate.

Ass. But can you leave your child, the dear lov'd
object
Of all your hopes and fears?

Ida. There Asseli,
You pierce my heart: O dreadful sacrifice!
I have done all to save him: the usurper
Will not descend so low as to destroy
A helpless infant; for his mother's sake,
Whom once he lov'd, perhaps may spare my child;
That pleasing hope at least will sooth my soul
In the dark hour of death: he will relent,
When I am gone, nor carry his fierce wrath
Beyond the grave, to persecute my son.

SCENE II.

IDAME, ASSELI, OCTAR.

Oct. Madam, you must attend the emperor.
Guard you these infants; watch the [To the Guards.
door, that none
May pass this way.

You, madam, may retire. [To Asseli.

Ida. The emp'rour send for me!—but I obey.
Cou'd I have seen my Zamti first! perhaps
It is a vain request: does pity ne'er

Dwell

Dwell in a Tartar's breast? might I implore
Your friendship to assist me?

Oa. No: when once

The royal word is pass'd, to offer counsel
Is little less than treason: you had kings
Indeed of old, who gave up all their rights,
And let their subjects rule; but manners change
With times; we listen not to idle pray'rs,
Or yield to woman's tears; by arms alone
We rule the subject world: therefore obey,
And wait the emperor's commands.

SCENE III.

IDAME. alone.

Thou God
Of the afflicted, who behold'st my wrongs,
Support me now, inspire me with a portion
Of my dear Zamti's courage!

SCENE IV.

GENGIS-KAN, *IDAME.*

Gen. Gengis comes

Once more to humble thy proud soul; to shew thee
Thy foul ingratitude, thy base return
For all my kindness to thee; yet thou know'st not
How guilty thou hast been; thou know'st not yet
Thy danger, nor the anguish of my soul;
Thou whom I lov'd and whom I ought to hate,
To punish, to destroy.

Ida. Then punish me,

And me alone; 'tis all I ask of Gengis:
Finish a life of mis'ry; satiate here
Thy thirst of blood: *Idame* hath been faithful,
That is a crime thou ne'er can'st forgive:
Strike then, and be reveng'd.

Gen.

Gen. Thou know'st I cannot;
 Thou know'st I am more wretched than thyself;
 But I'm resolv'd: the Orphan, and thy son,
 Are in my pow'r: for Zamti, he has long
 Deserv'd to die; the rebel braves my wrath,
 And yet I spare him; if you wish his life,
 You must forget him; death will break the chain
 That binds you; then I might with justice seize
 And make you mine; but know, this proud barbarian,
 This Scythian tyrant, whom you treat with scorn,
 Is not unworthy of Idame's love:
 Abjure your marriage, and I'll raise your child
 To equal rank and splendor with my own:
 The orphan shall be safe, your husband spar'd;
 Their lives, their welfare, and their happiness,
 The happiness of Gengis, all depend
 On thee, Idame; for I love thee still:
 But think not I will bear thy cruel insults,
 Thy tyrant scorn, and all the pride of beauty:
 My soul, thou know'st, is violent; take heed,
 Provoke it not, least vengeance fall upon thee.
 Speak the decisive word, that must determine
 The fate of Gengis, and his empire; say,
 Or must I love or hate Idame?

Ida. Neither:

Your hatred were unjust, your love most guilty,
 And most unworthy of us both: I ask
 Your justice; I demand it; 'tis a debt
 Which a king owes to all: if you have lost,
 I wou'd restore it to you, and, in secret,
 I know your conscience justifies Idame.

Gen. Then hatred is your choice; 'tis well; hence-
 forth

Expect the vengeance of an injur'd monarch:
 Your prince, your husband, and your son shall pay
 For proud Idame's scorn, and with their blood
 Atone for her ingratitude: their doom
 Was seal'd by thee, thou art their murderer.

Ida. Barb'rous, inhuman Gengis.

Gen. So I am,
 Thanks to thy kind regard! you might have had

A tender

A tender lover, but you chose a master
Proud, merciless, and savage, one whose hatred
Is equal to thy own.

Ida. He is my king;
As such I rev'rence him; this signal boon
Low on my knees intreat.

Gen. Idame, rise;
Speak, I attend: perhaps some kinder thoughts—

Ida. Might Zamti be permitted for a while
To visit me in secret?

Gen. What?

Ida. My lord,
But for a moment, 'tis my last request;
Perhaps it may be better for us both.

Gen. 'Tis strange: but be it so: perhaps the slave,
Taught by calamity, that best of masters,
No longer will desire the fatal honor
Of being rival to a conqueror:
On you his fate depends; divorce, or death:
Give him the choice.

Watch here.

[To Ostar.

Guards, follow me.

[To the Guards.

Still am I wav'ring; still unhappy; still
Is Gengis doom'd to be the slave of love.

[Exit.

Ida. [alone] Once more Idame lives; methinks I feel
New strength and vigor shoot thro' ev'ry vein:
Now, Gengis, I defy thee.

SCENE V.

ZAMTI, IDAME.

Ida. O my Zamti,
Dearer to me than all those conqu'rors,
Whom servile mortals flatter into gods;
My other deity, to whom in vain
I never sue: alas, my love, too well
Thou know'st our fate; the dreadful hour is come.

Zam. I know it is.

Ida.

Ida. In vain thy patriot care
Strove to preserve the orphan king.

Zam. That hope
Is lost; we'll think no more on't: thou hast done
Thy ev'ry duty, and I die content.

Ida. What will become of our dear child? Forgive
A mother, Zamti; I have shewn some courage,
And therefore thou wilt pardon me.

Zam. The kings
Of Catai are no more; the nobles held
In ignominious chains; they most deserve
Our pity, who are still condemn'd to live.

Ida. O they have doom'd thee to a shameful death.

Zam. 'Tis what I've long expected.

Ida. Hear me then;
Is there no path to death but from the palace?
Bulls bleed at th' altar; criminals are dragg'd
To punishment; but gen'rous minds are masters
Of their own fate: why meet it from the hands
Of Gengis? were we born dependent thus
On others wills? No; let us imitate
Our bolder neighbours, live with ease, and die
When life grows burthenfome: wrongs unreveng'd
To them are insupportable, and death
More welcome far than infamy: they wait not
For a proud tyrant's nod, but meet their fate:
We've taught these islanders some useful arts,
And wherefore deign we not to learn from them
Some necessary virtues?—let us die.

Zam. Yes: I approve thy noble resolution,
And think, extremity of sorrow mocks
The pow'r of laws; but wretched slaves, disarm'd
As we are, and bow'd down beneath our tyrants,
Must wait the blow.

Ida. [*Drawing out a poniard.*] Strike, Zamti, and be
free.

Zam. O heav'n!

Ida. Strike here, my Zamti, this weak arm
Perhaps might err; thy firmer hand will best
Direct the fatal stroke; now sacrifice
A faithful wife, and let her husband fall

Befide

Beside her : yes, my love, we'll die together ;
With jealous eye the tyrant shall behold us
Expiring in each others arms.

Zam. Thank heav'n !

Thy virtue never fails ; this is the last
The dearest mark of my Idame's love ;
Receive my last farewell ; give me the dagger :
Now turn aside.

Ida. There, take it. *[Gives him the dagger.]*
Kill me first ;
Thou tremblest.

Zam. O I cannot.

Ida. Strike, my lord.

Zam. I shudder at the thought.

Ida. O cruel Zamti,
Strike here, and then—

Zam. I will—now follow me. *[Attempts to stab himself.]*

Ida. *[Laying bold of his arm.]* You must not—here,
my lord—

S C E N E VI.

GENGIS, OCTAR, IDAME, ZAMTI, Guards.

Gen. O heav'n ! disarm him. *[Guards disarm him.]*
What wou'd ye do ?

Ida. We wou'd have freed ourselves
From misery and thee.

Zam. Thou wilt not envy us
The privilege to die.

Gen. Indeed I will :
O pow'r supreme, thou witness of my wrongs
And of my weakness, thou, who hast subdu'd
So many kings for me, shall I at last
Be worthy of thy goodness ?—Zamti, thou
Still triumph'st o'er me ; she, whom I ador'd,
Thy wife, had rather die by thy lov'd hand
Than live with Gengis : but ye both shall learn
To bear my yoke, perhaps yet more.

Ida. What say'st thou ?

Zam.

Zam. For what new scene of inhumanity
Are we reserv'd ?

Ida. Why is our fate conceal'd ?

Gen. Be not impatient ; ye shall know it soon :
Yo've done me ample justice, be it mine
Now to return it : I admire you both ;
You have subdued me, and I blush to sit
On Catai's throne, whilst there are souls like yours
So much above me ; vainly have I try'd
By glorious deeds to build myself a name
Among the nations ; you have humbled me,
And I wou'd equal you : I did not know,
That mortals cou'd be masters of themselves ;
That greatest glory I have learn'd from you :
I am not what I was ; to you I owe
The wond'rous change ; I come to reunite,
To save, and to protect you : watch, Idame,
Your prince's tender years ; to thee I give
The precious charge, by right of conquest mine ;
Hereafter I will be a father to him :
At length you may confide in Gengis ; once
I was a conqueror, now I am a king.
Zamti, be thou our law's interpreter, [To *Zamti*.]
And make the world as good and pure as thou art ;
Teach reason, justice, and morality,
And let the conquer'd rule the conquerors ;
Let wisdom reign, and still direct our valour ;
Let prudence triumph over strength ; her king
Will set th' example, and your conqueror
Henceforth shall be obedient to your law.

Ida. What do I hear ?

Zam. Thou art indeed our king,
And we shall bless thy sway.

Ida. What cou'd inspire
This great design, and work this change ?

Gen. Thy virtues.

END of the FIFTH ACT.

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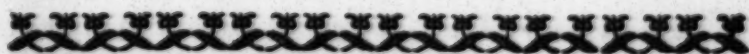
THE



T H E
COFFEE-HOUSE:
O F
THE SCOTCH WOMAN.
A
C O M E D Y.

By Mr. H U M E.

Represented at PARIS in 1760.



VOL. XXIV.

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EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

From the TRANSLATOR of

THE SCOTCH WOMAN

T O

COUNT L'AURGAIS.

S I R,

THE little trifle, which I have the honour to put under your protection, is nothing more than an excuse for talking to you with freedom. You have conferr'd an eternal obligation on the fine arts and true taste, by generously contributing every thing in your power towards a theatre at *Paris*, more worthy of that illustrious city than any she has hitherto seen.

If we no longer see *Cæsar* and *Ptolomy*, *Athaliab*, and *Jeboida*, *Merope* and her son, crouded upon the stage, and surrounded by a set of wild and licentious young fellows; if our representations have infinitely more decency than ever they had before, it is to you we are indebted for this reformation: the favour done to us is still more considerable, as by our excellency in tragedy and comedy we are distinguish'd above all nations: however, with regard to other things, we may be rivall'd, or even excell'd. We have some good philosophers amongst us, but must fairly acknowledge that we are but the followers of *Newton*, *Lock*, and *Galilæo*. If *France* can boast of some historians, yet the *Spaniards*,
N 2 the

the *Italians*, nay and even the *English*, may in this respect dispute the pre-eminence with us. *Massillon* alone passes with our men of taste here for a tolerable good orator; but how far beneath archbishop *Tillotson* is he in the eyes of all *Europe* beside! I don't pretend to decide the merit of men of genius, nor is my hand strong enough to hold the balance between them; I only tell you what other people think, and you, fir, who have travelled, must know, that every people has its favourite authors, whom it always prefers to those of other nations.

If you descend from works of wit to those where the hand is principally concern'd, what painter have we comparable to the great *Italian* masters? 'Tis only indeed in the *Sophoclean* art that we are allow'd by all the world to excel; and this, no doubt, is the reason why, in many parts of *Italy*, they often play our pieces, either in our language or their own, and that *French* theatres are found at *Petersbourg* and *Vienna*.

All that cou'd be found fault with in our stage was the want of action and scenery: our tragedies were often nothing but long conversations in five acts. How cou'd we hazard those pompous spectacles, those striking pictures, those grand and terrible actions, which, well conducted, have the finest effect? How were we to bring the bleeding body of *Cæsar* on the stage? How cou'd we make a desperate * queen go down into her husband's tomb, and come out of it again dying by the hand of her son? Was it possible to do this in the mid't of a croud, that hid from the view of the spectators, mother, son, tomb and all, and took away all the terror of the scene by a contrast truly ridiculous?

From these glaring absurdities you, fir, have in a great measure set us free; and when any writers of genius shall rise up capable of uniting the pomp of scenery, and the lively representation of an action, at the same time both probable and affecting, to strong thoughts, and that fine and natural poetry, which constitutes the true

* See the last act of *Semiramis*.

true merit of the drama; to you, sir, whenever that shall happen, will be due the thanks of our posterity.

But we must not leave the care of this to posterity, but have the courage to tell our own age what useful and noble works our cotemporaries are able to produce: the just praise of merit is a perfume reserv'd only to embalm the dead. Let a man do any thing ever so well, whilst he lives, nobody makes mention of it; or, if they do, his merit is always extenuated, or detracted from: and the moment he is dead, that merit is as much exaggerated, on purpose to lessen the reputation of those who are still living.

I wou'd at least have all who read this little work know, that there is in *Paris* more than one worthy and unfortunate man whom you have reliev'd; and that, whilst you spend your leisure hours in the labours and painful revival of an useful art lost in *Asia*, where it was invented, you have reviv'd also a secret yet more rare, that of assisting indigent virtue by conceal'd charity and beneficence.

I am not ignorant that there is at *Paris*, and in what is call'd the polite world, a set of men, who wou'd ridicule those good actions, which they are not capable of performing; and it is my knowledge of them, sir, which doubles my respect for you.

P. S. There is no occasion for signing my name to this letter, as I have never put it at the bottom of any of my works; and when the world sees it at the head of any book, or in any play-house bill, let them place it to the account of the bill-sticker or the bookseller.

To the GENTLEMEN of PARIS.

GENTLEMEN,

I Am oblig'd by the illustrious Mr. F—— to expose myself to you FACE TO FACE: I shall talk to you RESPECTFULLY and SENTIMENTALLY; my Complaint shall be mark'd with decorum, and enlighten'd by the TORCH of truth. I hope Mr. F—— will be confounded when he comes face to face before those honest gentlemen who are not us'd to favour the male practises of those, who, not being sentimental, make a trade of insulting, TIERCE & QUART, without any provocation, as *Cicero* says in his oration PRO MURENA, page 4.

My name, gentlemen, is *Jerom Carré*, and I am a native of *Montauban*, a poor man, without any friends or fortune; and as I have chang'd my mind about going to *Montauban* because Mr. L. F——, of P——, persecutes me there, I am come to implore the protection of the *Parisians*. I have translated the comedy of the SCOTCH-WOMAN from Mr. *Hume*. The comedians, both *French* and *Italian*, wou'd have represented it, and it might have been play'd perhaps five or six times, but Mr. F—— freely employs all his interest and authority to prevent my translation from appearing: he who, whilst he was a jesuit, encourag'd young men so much, is now their enemy: he has wrote a whole paper against me, and begins by maliciously giving it out, that my translation comes from *Geneva*, on purpose to make me SUSPECTED for a heretic. Moreover, he calls MR. HUME MR. HOME; and afterwards says, that Mr. *Hume* the clergyman, author of this piece, is no relation of Mr. *Hume* the philosopher. Let him only consult the journal *Encyclopedique* of the month of *April*, 1758, which I look upon to be the best of a hundred and sixty-three journals that appear

in *Europe* every month; there he will meet with this piece of intelligence, page 137.

The author of Douglas is one Hume, a clergyman, a relation of the famous David Hume, so well known for his impiety.

I cannot possibly tell whether Mr. *David Hume* is IMPIOUS or not; if he is, I am sorry for it, and shall pray to God for him as I ought: it follows however, that Mr. *Hume*, the clergyman, the relation of *David Hume*, is author of the *Scotch woman*, which is all we wanted to prove: I must own to my shame, that I did believe him to be his brother; but be he brother or cousin, certain it is, that he is the author of the *Scotch-woman*. It is true indeed, that in the journal above cited, the *Scotch-woman* is not expressly named; mention is only made of *Agis* and *Douglas*, but that is a trifle; so undoubtedly is he the author of the *Scotch-woman*, that I have by me several of his letters, wherein he thanks me for having translated it, one of which I shall submit to the charitable reader.

My dear translator,

" You have committed many blunders in your performance, you have quite spoil'd the character of *WASP*, and struck out his punishment at the end of the piece, &c."

It is true that I have soften'd a little the features of *WASP*, but it was by advice of some of the best judges in *Paris*: the *French* politeness will not admit of some phrases which *English* freedom makes no scruple of adopting: if I am to blame, it is from excess of delicacy; and I hope the gentlemen of *Paris*, whose protection I implore, will pardon the faults of my piece, in consideration of my extreme unwillingness to offend them.

Mr. *Hume* seems to have written his comedy solely to introduce *Wasp*, whereas I have retrench'd as much as I possibly cou'd of his character, as I have likewise part of lady *Alton's*, that I might depart less from your manners, and convince you at the same time of

my great respect for the ladies. Mr. F——, with a view of prejudicing me, says, in his paper, p. 114, that he is himself frequently call'd *Wasp*, and that many persons of merit have frequently given him that name. But pray, gentlemen, what has this to do with the *English* character in Mr. *Hume's* play? you see he only wants a pretext to deprive me of that protection, which I am here intreating you to honor me with: but pray, gentlemen, observe how far his malice carries him: he says, p. 115, that a report did for a long time prevail, that he had been condemn'd to the gallies, but affirms, that the sentence did never take place; but really, gentlemen, whether he ever was sent to the gallies, or may be hereafter, what has this to do with a translation from an *English* comedy? he talks of the reasons, which he says might have brought this misfortune upon him: I shall not enter into his reasons; whether they be good or not, can give Mr. *Hume* no concern: whether he goes to the gallies or not, I am equally the translator of the *Scotch-woman*. I beg, gentlemen, your protection against him, and that you will receive this little piece with that indulgence, which you always grant to strangers. I have the honour to be, with the profoundest respect,

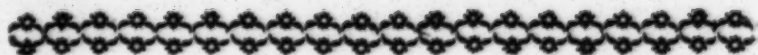
Gentlemen,

your most obedient humble servant,

JEROM CARRE.

native of *Montauban*, living near the *IMPASSE* of *St. Thomas*; I call *IMPASSE*, gentlemen, what you term *CU DE SAC*, as a street, I apprehend, can signify neither an a—e nor a sack; therefore beg you will make use of the word *IMPASSE*, which is noble, sonorous, intelligible, and absolutely necessary, instead of *CU*, and in spite of fir F——, heretofore T——

ADVER.



ADVERTISEMENT

THIS letter from Mr. *Jerom Carré* had its desired effect. The piece was represented the beginning of *August*, 1760: they began late, and somebody asking why they staid so long, perhaps, reply'd aloud, a man of wit, Mr. *F——* is gone up to the *Hotel-de-Ville*. As this Mr. *F——* was weak enough to fancy himself pointed at in the comedy of the *Scotch-Woman*, tho' Mr. *Hume* had never seen him in his life, the audience were kind enough to be of the same opinion. The comedy was got by heart, by half the town, before ever it was played; and, notwithstanding, was received with prodigious applause. *F——* was weak enough to assert, in a certain paper, called *L'ANNEE LITERAIRE*, that the *Scotch-Woman's* success was owing to a cabal of twelve or fifteen hundred persons, who had a sovereign hatred and contempt for him; but Mr. *Jerom Carré* was far from making any such cabals: all *Paris* knows he is incapable of doing it; besides, that he had never set eyes on *F——*, and could not conceive the reason why all the spectators seemed to find him out in the character of *WASP*. A famous lawyer, at the second representation, cried out, courage, Mr. *Carré*, revenge the public. The pit and boxes applauded the speech by repeated claps. *Carré*, on quitting the theatre, was embraced by above a hundred persons. How much we are obliged to you, said they, Mr. *Carré*, for doing justice on this man, whose manners are even more detestable than his works. O gentlemen, replied *Carré*, you do me more honour than I deserve; I am nothing more than the poor translator of a comedy that is full of interesting scenes and good morality.

As he was talking thus upon the stairs, he was saluted with two kisses by the w— of F—: how much I am obliged to you, said she, for thus punishing my h—, but you will never make him better. The innocent *Carré* was quite confounded; he could not conceive how an *English* character should be taken for a *Frenchman*, named F—, and that all *France* should thus compliment him on so good a likeness. The young man learned by this adventure, how much caution is necessary in the world; and found out at the same time, that whenever one draws a good portrait of a ridiculous fellow, there will be always some one found out that must resemble him.

The part of *WASP* in the play was very inconsiderable, and contributed but little to its real merit or success; for in several of the provinces it received as much applause as at *Paris*. It may, perhaps, here be answered, that this *WASP* was as much esteemed in the provinces as in the capital; but it is more probable, that the success of Mr. *Hume's* piece was owing to the lively and interesting situations to be found in it. Describe a coxcomb, and you may only succeed with a few persons; make your play interesting, and you will please all the world.

Be that as it may, we will lay before our readers the translation of a letter from my § Lord BOLDTHINKER, to the supposed *HUME*, on his piece called the *Scotch-Woman*.

“ I believe, my dear *Hume*, you have yet some talents,
 “ which you are accountable for to your country: it is
 “ not enough to have sacrificed this vile *Wasp* to public
 “ derision, on all the stages in *Europe*, where your ami-
 “ able and virtuous *Scotch-Woman* appears: do more,
 “ I beseech you, expose on the stage all those base per-
 “ secutors of literature, all those hypocrites, who, black-
 “ ened with every vice themselves, calumniate every
 “ virtue in others; bring before the public tribunal,
 “ those enraged fanatics, who spit their venom on inno-
 “ cence, those false slaves who fawn, on you with one
 “ eye,

“ eye, and threaten you with the other ; who are afraid
 “ to open their mouths before a philosopher, and en-
 “ deavour secretly to ruin him ; expose in open day,
 “ those detestable cabals, that would bury mankind once
 “ more in darkness and ignorance. You have already
 “ kept silence too long ; nothing is gained by trying to
 “ soften the obstinate and perverse. There is no other
 “ means to render letters respectable, but by making
 “ those tremble who injure them. *Pope* had recourse to
 “ this before he died : in his *Dunciad* he branded all
 “ those with everlasting ridicule who had deserved it ;
 “ they disappeared immediately, and rose up no more :
 “ the whole nation applauded him. If the malevolence
 “ and ill-nature of the world did at first give some de-
 “ gree of reputation to the enemies of *Pope* and *Swift*,
 “ reason soon recovered her rights. Our *Zoilus*’s are
 “ seldom supported for any long time. Satire is a wea-
 “ pon which we ought to make use of in vindication of
 “ human nature : it is not only the *Pantolabi* and *No-*
 “ *mentani*, but the *Anitus*’s and *Melitus*’s of the age,
 “ whom we ought to scourge. Good verse may trans-
 “ mit to posterity the glory of worthy men, and the in-
 “ famy of bad ones. Go on in your labours, you will
 “ never want proper subjects, &c.”





P R E F A C E.

THE comedy, a translation of which we have here submitted to the lovers of literature, was written by Mr. *Hume*, pastor of the church of *Edinburgh*, already well known by his two fine tragedies play'd at *London*; a relation and friend of the celebrated philosopher Mr. *Hume*, who has with so much boldness and sagacity founded the depths of metaphysics and morality. These two philosophers do equal honour to *Scotland*, their native country.

The comedy, entitled the *Scotch-Woman*, seems to be one of those performances which must succeed in every language, as it is a lively portrait of nature, who is every where the same: the author has all the simplicity and truth of the valuable *GOLDONI*, joined, perhaps, to more intrigue, plots and spirit. The catastrophe, the character of the heroine, and that of *FREEPORT*, are different from any thing that has ever been exhibited on the *French* stage, and yet is all pure nature. This piece seems written in the taste of those *English* romances, which have of late years been so well received: there is the same fine picture of the manners, and some lively touches strongly resembling them; nothing stiff or laboured; no affectation of wit, or contemptible desire of shewing the author, instead of his characters; nothing foreign to the subject; no parade of learning, or trivial maxims to fill up the vacancy of the scene: common justice obliged us to say thus much of the celebrated author. We must, at the same time, confess, that we thought ourselves, by the advice of some excellent critics, under a necessity of retrenching something from the part of *Wasp* in the last act: he was punished, as it was very proper he should be, at the conclusion of the piece; but

but this poetical justice seemed to throw in a degree of coldness that hurt the lively and interesting catastrophe.

The character of *Wasp* is withal so base and detestable, that we were willing to spare our readers the too frequent view of a thing rather disgusting than comic : we own, indeed, that it is in nature ; for in all great cities, where the freedom of the press subsists, we always find some of these wretches who get a livelihood by their impudence ; these subaltern *Aretines*, who get their bread by doing and speaking evil, under the pretext of serving the cause of literature ; as if the worms that gnaw the fruits and flowers, could ever be useful to them.

One of those illustrious literati, or to express ourselves, more properly, one of those two men of genius, who presided over the *Dictionnaire Encyclopedique*, that work so necessary to mankind, the suspension of which has put all *Europe* into a panic, one of these fine great men, in some essays composed by him for his amusement on the art of comedy, has most judiciously remarked, that we should bring on the stage the several states and conditions of men. The employment of *Mr. Hume's Wasp*, is in *England* a kind of business ; there is even a tax raised on the papers written by these gentlemen. Neither the business, nor the character, seem worthy of the *French* stage, but the *English* pen contemns nothing, but often takes pleasure in representing objects, whose meanness would offend other nations. The *English* never mind whether the subject be low or not, provided it be true : they tell us that comedy has a right to handle all characters, and all conditions ; that every thing which is in nature ought to be painted ; that we have a false delicacy, and that the most contemptible character may serve as a contrast for the best and most amiable.

I must here add, in justification of *Mr. Hume*, that he has had art enough not to bring on his *Wasp* ; but in those parts where the story is not interesting, he has imitated those painters who give us a toad, a lizard, or a snake, in one corner of the picture, still preserving the dignity of the principal figures.

What strikes us most remarkably in this piece, is, that the unities of time, place and action, are scrupulously observed.

observed. It has withal a merit very seldom found in *English* or *Italian* plays, that the stage is never empty. Nothing is more common, or more disagreeable, than to see two actors go off, and two others come on in their places, without being called or expected. This intolerable fault is not to be found in the *Scotch-Woman*.

With regard to the nature of this piece, it is, properly speaking, high comedy, with a mixture of the simple. The man of true taste and delicacy prefers the smile of the soul to vulgar laughter. There are some parts of it so tender, as even to draw tears, though without a studied affectation of the pathetic in any of the characters; for in like manner, as true pleasantry consists in not endeavouring to be pleasant, so he who moves us never labours to do it: he is no rhetorician, every thing comes from the heart. Wo be to him in any kind of writing, who is over fond of pleasing! We are not certain whether this piece could possibly be represented at *Paris*; our condition and manner of life, which prevents our going often to public spectacles, make it impossible for us to judge what effect an *English* performance would have in *France*: we shall only say, that, in spite of all our endeavours to do justice to the original, we are far from coming up to the merit of Mr. *Hume's* expressions, which are always strong and natural: but the principal beauty of this comedy is the excellency of its moral, suitable to the gravity of the author's function, at the same time that it has all those lively graces, which are so agreeable to the polite world.

Comedy thus written is certainly one of the noblest efforts of the human soul: we must acknowledge it is an art, and a very difficult one: any body may compile facts; it is easy to learn trigonometry; but every art requires genius, and genius is extremely rare and uncommon.

We cannot finish this preface better than by an extract from our countryman *Montagne* on spectacles:

"I have play'd the principal parts in the *Latin* tragedies of *Buchanan* and *Muretus*, which were extremely well represented in our college at *Guienne*: *Andreas Goveanus*, our principal, was in this, as well as every other

other respect, certainly one of the best principals in *France*, and always superintended these things. It is an exercise, which I am far from disapproving in young persons of fashion; even our princes have often practised it in imitation of the antients, nor has it reflected any disgrace upon them: men of honour may engage in the profession as they did in *Greece*: *Aristoni tragico actori rem aperit; huic & genus & fortuna honesta erant: nec ars, quia nihil tale apud Græcos pudori est, ea deformabat.* I have always thought them ridiculous who condemned such innocent amusements; and those very unjust, who will not permit comedians to come into our cities. Good policy always endeavours to bring people together, as well for sports and exercises, as for the most serious acts of devotion; it increases friendship and society, and it is certainly right, that all pastimes should be carried on in public, and in the view of the magistrates. The prince, I think, should sometimes gratify the people at his own expence; and it would be very proper, that, in populous cities, some particular places should be set apart for public spectacles, which might serve to divert the vulgar from worse employments. To return to my purpose: there is nothing like alluring the passions and affections, otherwise we only make asses loaded with books: knowledge, to be agreeable, should not only lodge with, but should be married to, us †.

† This preface, with the two epistles dedicatory, contains nothing very intelligible or entertaining to an *English* reader; but as they are inserted in all the editions of the original, it was thought proper to translate them. One cannot indeed easily find out any reason, why Mr. Voltaire chose to father this comedy on Mr. *Hume*; or what end it could answer to tell so many long stories about a comedy, which, the reader will see, is, after all, but a very indifferent performance.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

• Mr. WILLIAMS, master of a Coffee-house.

Miss LINDON, a Scotch-Woman.

Lord MONTROSS, a Scotchman.

Lord MURRAY.

POLLY, maid to Miss Lindon.

FREEPORT, a Merchant of London.

WASP, a Writer.

Lady ALTON.

Several English Gentlemen frequenting the
Coffee-house, Servants, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, L O N D O N.

• Amongst the English and Scotch names, Mr. V. has inserted one that seems to have no relation to either, and called his coffee-house keeper FABRICE. I have taken the liberty to alter it to WILLIAMS.



T H E

COFFEE-HOUSE:

O R,

THE SCOTCH WOMAN.

A

C O M E D Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The scene represents a coffee-house, with apartments on the same floor on each side communicating with it.

WASP. [*At one corner of the room reading the papers. Coffee, pen and ink, &c. on the table before him.*]

A Plague on this vile news! here are places and pensions given to about twenty people, and nothing for me! a present of an hundred guineas to a subaltern

subaltern for doing his duty! a great merit indeed! so much to the inventor of a machine to lessen the number of hands; so much to a pilot; so much settled on men of letters, but nothing for me! here's another pension, and another—but the duce a farthing for Wasp, [*he throws down the paper and walks about.*] and yet I have done the state some service; I have wrote more than any one man in England; I have rais'd the price of paper; and yet nothing is done for me: but I will be reveng'd on all those, whom the world calls men of merit: I have got something already by speaking ill of others; and, if I can but contrive to do them a real mischief, my fortune is made. I have prais'd fools, and calumniated every good quality and perfection of human nature, and yet can scarce live by it: in short, to be a great man, you must not be content with slander and detraction, but endeavour to be really hurtful. [*To the master of the coffee-house.*] Good morrow to you, Mr. Williams. Well, Mr. Williams, every body's affairs, I find, go well but mine; it is intolerable.

Wil. Indeed, indeed, Mr. Wasp, you make yourself a great many enemies.

Wasp. I believe I excite a little envy.

Wil. On my soul, I believe not; but rather a passion of a very different kind: to be free, for I have really a friendship for you, I am extremely concerned to hear people talk of you as they do: how do you contrive to be so universally hated?

Wasp. It is because I have merit, Mr. Williams.

Wil. That may possibly be; but you are the only person who ever told me so: they say you are a very ignorant fellow; but that is nothing; they say, moreover, that you are ill-natured and malicious; that gives me concern, as it must every honest man.

Wasp. I assure you I have a good and tender heart. I do indeed now and then speak a little freely of the men; but for the women, Mr. Williams, I love 'em all, provided they are handsome. As a proof of it, I must absolutely insist on your introducing me to your amiable

able lodger, whom I have never yet been able to converse with.

Wil. Upon honour, Mr. Wasp, that young lady will never do for you; for she never praises herself, or speaks ill of any body else.

Wasp. She speaks ill of nobody, because, I suppose, she knows nobody: an't you in love with her, Williams?

Wil. Not I indeed, sir; she has something in her air so noble, that I dare not think of it—besides, her virtue—

Wasp. [*Laughing*] Ha! ha! ha! her virtue indeed!

Wil. Why so merry, sir? think you there is no such thing as virtue?—but I hear a coach at the door, and yonder is a livery servant with a port-manteau in his hand; some lord coming to lodge with me, perhaps.

Wasp. Be sure, my dear friend, you recommend me to him as soon as possible.

SCENE II.

Lord MONTROSS, WILLIAMS, WASP.

Mon. You, sir, I suppose, are Mr. Williams.

Wil. At your service, sir.

Mon. I shall stay here only a few days. (Protest me, heaven, unhappy as I am!) I am recommended to you, sir, as a worthy honest man.

Wil. So, sir, we ought all to be. You will here, sir, I believe, meet with all the conveniences of life; a tolerable good apartment, my own table, if you chuse to do me the honour to dine at it, and the amusement of coffee-house conversation.

Mon. Have you many boarders with you at present?

Wil. Only one young lady, sir, very handsome and extremely virtuous.

Wasp. O, mighty virtuous, ha! ha!

Wil. Who lives quite retired.

Mon. Beauty and youth are not for me. Let me have an apartment, sir, if possible, entirely to myself.
(What

(What do I feel!) Have you any remarkable news in London?

Wil. This gentleman, fir, can inform you: he talks and writes more than any one man in England, and is extremely useful to foreigners.

Mon. [*Walking about.*] I have other business.

Wil. I'll step out, fir, and get things ready for you.

[*Exit.*

Wasp. [*Aside.*] This gentleman, I suppose, is just arrived in England: he must be some great man, for he seems to care for nobody. [*Turning to Montros.*] Permit me, my lord, to present to your lordship my respects; my pen and self, my lord, are at your lordship's service.

Mon. I am no lord, fir: to boast of a title, if we have one, is the part of a fool; and to assume one, when we have no right, that of a knave. I am what I am; but pray, fir, what may be your employment in this house?

Wasp. I don't belong to the house, fir; but I spend most of my time in the coffee-room; write news, politics, and so forth, and am always ready to do an honest gentleman service. If you have any friend you want to have prais'd, or any enemy to be abus'd; any author you want to protect or to decry; 'tis but one guinea *per* paragraph: if you are desirous of cultivating any acquaintance for profit or pleasure, fir, I am your man.

Mon. And have you no other business, friend?

Wasp. O fir, it is a very good one, I assure you.

Mon. And have you never been shewn in public with a pretty iron collar about your neck?

Wasp. This fellow has no notion of literature.

S C E N E III.

WASP. (*Sitting down to the table;*) *Several people walking about the coffee-house; Montros comes forward.*

Mon. Will my misfortunes never have an end? proscrib'd, banish'd, condemn'd to lose my head in Scotland;

land ; in my dear native country : I have lost my honours, my wife, my son, my whole family ; except one unhappy daughter, like myself a miserable wanderer, perhaps dishonour'd ; and must I die without taking revenge on Murray's barbarous family ? I am rased out of the book of life ; I am no more ; even my name is wrested from me by that cruel decree : I am but a poor departed ghost, that hovers round its tomb.

[*One of the gentlemen in the Coffee-house slapping Wasp on the shoulder.*

Well ! you saw the new piece yesterday, it met with great applause ; the author is a young fellow of merit, but has no fortune, the public ought to encourage him.

Another.] Rot the new piece ; public affairs are strangely carry'd on ; stocks rise ; the nation's rich, and I'm ruin'd, absolutely undone.

Wasp. [*writing.*] The piece is good for nothing ; the author's a fool, and so are all those that support him : public affairs are in a wretched condition : the nations ruin'd : I shall prove it in my pamphlet.

Another Gentlemen.] Your pamphlet's nonsense : philosophy is the most dangerous thing in the world ; it was that lost us the island of Minorca.

Mon. [*At a distance from them.*] Lord Murray's son shall pay dearly for it. O that before I die I cou'd revenge the father's injuries in the son's blood !

A Gentleman] I thought the comedy last night was an excellent one.

Wasp. Detestable : our taste grows worse and worse.

Another Gentleman.] Not so bad as your criticisms.

Another.] Philosophers sink the public funds : we must send another ambassador to the Porte.

Wasp. We shou'd always hiss a successful piece, for fear any thing good shou'd appear.

[*Four of them talk at once.*

First Gentleman.] If there was nothing good, you wou'd lose all the pleasure of satyrising it : now I think the fifth act has great beauties.

Second Gentleman.] I can't sell any of my goods.

Third Gentleman.] I am in pain for Jamaica this year : depend on't, these philosophers will make us lose it.

Wasp.

Wasp. The fourth and fifth acts are both contemptible.

Mon. What a riot is here !

First Gentleman.] It is impossible the government can subsist as it is.

Second Gentleman.] If the price of Barbadoes water is not lower'd, the nation's undone.

Mon. How happens it, that in every country, when men meet they all talk together, tho' they are certain of not being heard or attended to !

Enter Wil. [*A napkin in his hand.*] Dinner's on the table, gentlemen ; but pray, let us have no disputes there, if you mean to dine with me any more. Sir, [*Turning to Montros.*] shall we have the honour of your company ?

Mon. What, with this tribe ? No, friend, let me have something in my own room. Hark'ee, sir, [*Whispering him.*] Is my lord Falbridge in London ?

Wil. No, sir, but I believe he will be here soon.

Mon. Does he come to your house sometimes ? I think I have heard so.

Wil. He has done me that honour.—

Mon. Very well. Good morrow to you.—How hateful is life to me ! [*Exit.*]

Wil. This man seems lost in grief and thought ; I shou'd not be surpris'd to hear he had made away with himself ; 'twou'd concern me, for he has the appearance of a worthy gentleman.

[*The gentlemen leave the coffee-house, and go to dinner :*

Wasp continues at the table writing: Williams knocks at Mr. Lindon's door.

SCENE IV.

WILLIAMS, POLLY, WASP.

Wil. Mrs. Polly, Mrs. Polly.

Pol. Who's there, my landlord ?

Wil. Will you be so obliging as to favor us with your company to dinner ?

Pol.

Pol. I durst not, my mistress eats nothing. How indeed shou'd we eat! we have too much grief.

Wil. O, it will give you spirits, and make you cheerful.

Pol. I can't be cheerful: when my mistress suffers, I must suffer with her.

Wil. Then I'll send you up something privately. [*Exit.*

Wasp. [*Rising from the table.*] I'll follow you, Mr. Williams—well, and so, my dear Polly, you will not introduce me to your mistress—still inflexible?

Pol. 'Tis a fine thing for you to pretend to make love to a woman of her condition.

Wasp. Pray what is her condition?

Pol. A respectable one, I assure you, sir. I shou'd think a servant was good enough for you.

Wasp. That is to say, if I were to court you, you wou'd be thankful.

Pol. Not I, indeed.

Wasp. And what, pray, is the reason why your mistress positively refuses to see me, and her waiting maid treats me so contemptuously?

Pol. We have three reasons for it. First, you are a wit; secondly, you are very tiresome; and thirdly, you are a wicked fellow.

Wasp. And what right has your mistress pray, who is kept here upon charity, to despise me?

Pol. Upon charity! who told you so, sir? my mistress, sir, is very rich: if she is not expensive, it is because she hates pomp: she is plainly clad, out of modesty, and eats little, because temperance is prescrib'd to her: in short, sir, you are very impertinent.

Wasp. Don't let her give herself so many airs; we know her conduct, her birth, and her adventures.

Pol. You, sir, who told 'em you? What do you know?

Wasp. O I have correspondents in every part of the world.

Pol. O heaven! this man will ruin us. [*Aside.*
Mr. Wasp, my dear Mr. Wasp, if you know any thing, don't betray us.

[*Turning to him.*
Wasp.

Wasp. O ho ! there is something then, and now I am dear Mr. Wasp : well, well, I shall say nothing, but you must——

Pol. What ?

Wasp. You must love me.

Pol. Fye, fye, fir, that's impossible.

Wasp. Either love or fear me. You know there is something——

Pol. There is nothing, fir, but that my mistress is as respectable as you are hateful. We are truly easy, we fear nothing, and only laugh at you.

Wasp. They are very easy : from thence I conclude they are almost starv'd : they fear nothing, that is to say, they are afraid of being discover'd—I shall get to the bottom of it by and by, or—I shall not. I'll be reveng'd on 'em for their insolence. Despise me !

SCENE V.

Miss LINDON, coming out of her chamber dress'd very plain.

Miss LINDON, POLLY.

Miss Lin. O my dear Polly, you have been with that vile fellow Wasp ; he always makes me uneasy ; a detestable character, whose pen, words, and actions are all equally abominable : they tell me he works himself into families, to bring in misery where there is none, and to increase it where it is : I had left this house, because he frequents it, long since, but for the honesty and good heart of our landlord.

Pol. He absolutely insisted on seeing you, and I wou'd not let him.

Miss Lin. To see me ! where is my lord Murray ? He has not been here these two days !

Pol. True, madam ; but, because he does not come, are we never to dine ?

Miss Lin. Remember, Polly, to conceal my misery from him, and from all the world : I am content to live
on

on bread and water : poverty is not intolerable, but contempt is : I am satisfy'd to be in want, but I wou'd not have it known I am so.

Pol. Alas ! my dear mistress, whoever looks at me will easily perceive it : with you it is a different thing ; your nobleness of soul supports you, you seem to rejoice in calamities, and only look the handsomer for it : but I grow thinner and thinner, you may see me fall away every minute ; I am so alter'd within this last year that I scarce know myself.

Miss Lin. We must not part with our courage nor our hopes : I can support my own poverty, but yours indeed affects me. My dear girl, let the labour of my hands relieve you, we will have no obligations to any body. Go and sell this embroidery which I have done lately. I think I succeed pretty well in this kind of work. You have assisted me, and in return my hands shall feed and clothe you : It is noble to owe our subsistence to nothing but our virtue.

Pol. Let me kiss, let me bathe with my tears the dear hands that have labour'd in my service. O I had rather die with my dear mistress in poverty, than be servant to a queen. Wou'd I cou'd administer some comfort to you !

Miss Lin. Alas ! lord Murray is not come : he whom I ought to hate, the son of him who was the author of all my misfortunes : alas ! the name of Murray will be for ever fatal to me : if he comes, as he certainly will, let him not know my country, my condition, or my misfortunes.

Pol. Do you know, that villain Wasp pretends to be well acquainted with him ?

Miss Lin. How is it possible he shou'd know any thing of him, when even you are scarce acquainted with him ? Nobody writes to me, I am lock'd up in my chamber as close as if I were in my grave : he only pretends to know something in order to make himself necessary : take care he does not so much as find out the place of my birth. You know, my dear Polly, I am an unfortunate woman, whose father was banish'd in the late troubles, and whose family is ruin'd : my father is wan-

d'ring from desert to desert in Scotland. I shou'd have left London to join him in his misfortunes, but that I have still some hopes in lord Falbridge; he was my father's friend: our true friends never desert us. He is returned from Spain, and now at Windsor; I wait but to see him: but alas! Murray comes not. I have open'd my heart to thee, remember the most fatal blow thou can'st give to it wou'd be the discovery of my condition.

Pol. To whom should I discover it; I never go from you; besides that the world is very indifferent about the poor and unfortunate.

Miss Lin. The world is indifferent, Polly, in this respect; but still it is always inquisitive, and loves to tear open the wounds of the wretched: besides that, the men assume a right over our sex when they are unhappy, and abuse their power. I wou'd make even my miseries respectable: but alas! lord Murray will not come.

SCENE VI.

Miss LINDON, POLLY, WILLIAMS.

Wil. Forgive me, madam, I am not acquainted with your name or quality; but I have, I know not why, the greatest respect for you. I have left the company below to wait on you, and know your commands.

Miss Lin. The regard which you express for me, my dear sir, deserves my most grateful acknowledgments: but what are your commands with me?

Wil. I came, madam, only to know yours: you had no dinner yesterday.

Miss Lin. I was sick, sir, and cou'd not eat.

Wil. You are worse than sick, madam, you are melancholy: you will pardon me, but I cannot help thinking your fortune is not equal to your person and appearance.

Miss

Miss Lin. Why shou'd you think so? I never complain'd of my fortune.

Wil. Notwithstanding that, madam, I am sure it is not what you cou'd wish it were.

Miss Lin. What say you?

Wil. I say, madam, that the world you seem to shun, admires and pities you. I am but a plain man, madam, but I can see all your merit as well as the finest courtier. Let me intreat you, my dear lady, to take a little refreshment: there is above stairs an elderly gentleman who wou'd be glad to eat with you.

Miss Lin. What, sit down to table with a stranger!

Wil. The gentleman, I am sure, wou'd be agreeable to you: you seem afflicted, and so does he. The communication of your grief might, perhaps, give mutual consolation.

Miss Lin. I cannot, will not, see any body.

Wil. At least, madam, permit my wife to pay her respects to you, and keep you company: permit her——

Miss Lin. I return you thanks, sir, but I want nothing.

Wil. You will pardon me, madam, but I cannot think you want nothing, when you stand in need even of common necessaries.

Miss Lin. Who cou'd make you believe so? Indeed, sir, you are imposed on.

Wil. You will forgive me, madam.

Miss Lin. O Polly, 'tis two o'clock, and lord Murray not come yet!

Wil. That lord you speak of, madam, is one of the best of men; you never receiv'd him here but before company. Why wou'd not you permit me to furnish out a little repast for you both? he is, perhaps, a relation of yours.

Miss Lin. My dear sir, you are mistaken.

Wil. [*Pulling Polly by the sleeve.*] Go, child, there is a good dinner for you in the next room. This woman is incomprehensible: but who is yonder lady in the coffee-room with a masculine air? I shou'd have taken her for a man: how wildly she looks!

Pol. O my dear mistress! 'tis lady Alton, who wanted to marry my lord—I remember I saw her once before this way: 'tis certainly she.

Miss Lin. And my lord not come! then I am undone. Why am I still condemn'd to live? [*She goes in.*]

SCENE VII.

Lady ALTON. [*Walking across the stage in a violent passion, and taking WILLIAMS by the arm.*]

Lady Alt. Follow me, fir, I must talk with you.

Wil. With me, madam?

Lady Alt. With you, wretch.

Wil. What a devil of a woman!



ACT II. SCENE I.

Lady ALTON, WILLIAMS.

Lady Alt. I DON'T believe a word you say, Mr. Coffee-man; you will absolutely drive me out of my senses.

Wil. Then pray, madam, get into 'em again.

Lady Alt. You have the impudence to affirm to me, that this fortune-hunter here is a woman of honour, tho' she has receiv'd visits from a nobleman. You ought to be asham'd of yourself.

Wil. Why so, madam? When my lord came, he never came in privately: she receiv'd him publicly, the doors of her apartment were open, and my wife present. You may despise my condition, madam, but you shou'd respect my honesty; and as to the lady you are pleased

to call a fortune-hunter, if you knew, you wou'd esteem her.

Lady Alt. Leave me, fir, you grow impertinent.

Wil. What a woman !

Lady Alt. Open the door.

[Goes to Miss Lindon's door, and knocks rudely.]

SCENE II.

Miss LINDON, Lady ALTON.

Miss Lin. Who knocks so ? what do you want, madam ?

Lady Alt. Answer me, madam. Does not lord Murray come here sometimes ?

Miss Lin. What's that to you ? What right have you to ask me ? Am I a criminal, and you my judge ?

Lady Alt. I am your accuser. If my lord still visits you, if you encourage that wretch's passion, tremble : renounce him, or you are undone.

Miss Lin. If I had a passion for him, your menaces, madam, wou'd but increase it.

Lady Alt. I see you love him ; that the perfidious villain has seduc'd you ; he has deceiv'd you, and you brave me : but know, there is no vengeance which I am not capable of executing.

Miss Lin. Then, madam, know, I do love him.

Lady Alt. Before I revenge myself I will astonish you. There know the traitor, look at these letters which he wrote to me : there is his picture too which he gave me ; but let me have it back, or—

Miss Lin. What have I seen ? unhappy woman ! madam—

[Giving her back the picture.]

Lady Alt. Well !

Miss Lin. I no longer love him.

Lady Alt. Keep your resolution and your promise ; know, he is inconstant, cruel, proud, the worst of characters.

Miss Lin. Stop, madam ; if you continue to speak ill of him, I may relapse, and love him again. You are come.

come here on purpose to take away my wretched life; that, madam, will easily be done.—Polly, 'tis all over; come and assist me to conceal this last and worst of all my miseries.

Pol. What is the matter, my dear mistress, where is your courage?

Miss Lin Against misfortune, injustice, and poverty, there are arms that will defend a noble heart; but there is an arrow that always must be fatal. [*They go out.*]

S C E N E III.

Lady ALTON, WASP.

Lady Alt. To be betray'd, abandon'd for this worthless little wretch. [*To Wasp.*]

You, news-writer, have you done what I order'd you? have you employ'd your engines of intelligence, and found out who this insolent creature is that makes me so completely miserable?

Wasp. I have fulfilled your ladyship's commands, and have discovered that she is a Scotch-Woman, and hides herself from the world.

Lady Alt. Prodigious news indeed!

Wasp. I can find out nothing else at present.

Lady Alt. What service then have you been of?

Wasp. When we discover a little, we add a little; and one little join'd to another, makes a great deal. There's an hypothesis for you.

Lady Alt. How, pedant, an hypothesis!

Wasp. Yes, I suppose she is an enemy to the government.

Lady Alt. Certainly, nothing can be worse inclin'd; for she has robb'd me of my lover.

Wasp. You plainly see, therefore, that in troublesome times, a Scotch-woman, who conceals herself, must be an enemy to the state.

Lady Alt. I can't say I see it altogether so clearly, but I heartily wish it was so.

Wasp.

Wasp. I wou'd not lay a wager about it, but I'd swear to it.

Lady Alt. And wou'd you venture to affirm this before people of consequence?

Wasp. I have the honour of being related to many persons of the first fashion. I am intimate with the mistress of a valet de chambre to the first secretary of the prime minister: I cou'd even talk with the lacquies of your lover lord Murray, and tell 'em, that the father of this young girl has sent her up to London, as a woman ill dispos'd. Now observe, this might have its consequences, and your rival, for her bad intentions, might be sent to the same prison where I have so often been for my writings.

Lady Alt. Good, very good: violent passions must be serv'd by people who have no scruples about 'em. Let the vessel go with a full sail, or let it go to the bottom. You are certainly right; a Scotch woman who conceals herself at a time when all the people of her country are suspected, must certainly be an enemy to the state. You are no fool, as you have been represented to me. I thought you had been only a smatterer on paper, but I see you have genius. I have already done something for you; I will do a great deal more. You must let me know every thing that passes here.

Wasp. Let me advise you, madam, to make use of every thing you know, and of every thing you do not know. Truth stands in need of some ornament: downright lies indeed may be vile things, but fiction is beautiful. What after all is truth? A conformity with our own ideas, what one says is always conformable to the idea one has whilst one is talking; therefore, properly speaking, there is no such thing as a lie.

Lady Alt. You seem to be an excellent Logician, I fancy you study'd at St. Omer's. But go, only tell me whatever you discover, I ask no more of you.

S C E N E IV.

Lady ALTON, WILLIAMS.

Lady Alt. This is certainly one of the vilest and most impudent scoundrels; dogs bite from an instinct of courage, and this fellow from an instinct of meanness. Methinks, now I am a little cool, his behaviour makes me out of love with revenge. I cou'd almost take my rival's part against him. She has in her low condition a pride that pleases me; she is decent, and, I am told, sensible: but she has robb'd me of my lover, and that I can never pardon. [*To Williams, whom she sees in the coffee-room.*] Honest man, your servant, you are a good kind of fellow, but you have got a sad rascal in your house.

Wil. I have heard, madam, from many, that he is as wicked as miss Lindon is virtuous and amiable.

Lady Alt. Amiable! that wounds my heart.

S C E N E V.

WILLIAMS, Mr. FREEPORT, dress'd plainly, with a large hat.

Wil. Heaven be prais'd, Mr. Freeport, I see you safe return'd; how are you since your voyage to Jamaica?

Free. Pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Williams. I have been very successful, but am much fatigued. [*To the waiter.*] Boy, some chocolate and the papers—one finds it more difficult to amuse oneself than to get rich.

Wil. Will you have Wasp's papers?

Free. No: what shou'd I do with such stuff? It is no concern of mine, if a spider in the corner of a wall walks over his web to suck the blood of flies. Give me the Gazette! What public news have you?

Wil. None at present.

Free.

Free. So much the better; the less news the less folly. But how go your affairs, my friend? have you a good deal of business? who lodges with you now?

Wil. This morning an old gentleman came who won't see any body.

Free. He's in the right of it: three parts of the world are good for nothing, either knaves or fools, and as for the fourth, they keep to themselves.

Wil. This gentleman has not so much as the curiosity to see a charming young lady, who is in the same house with him.

Free. There he's wrong. Who is she, pray?

Wil. She is something more singular even than himself: she has now been with me these four months, and has never stirr'd out of her apartment: she calls herself Lindon, but I believe that is not her real name.

Free. I make no doubt but she's a woman of virtue, or she wou'd not lodge with you.

Wil. O she is more than you can conceive; beautiful to the last degree, greatly distress'd, and the best of women. Between you and me she is excessively poor, but of a high spirit and very proud.

Free. If that be the case she is more to blame even than your old gentleman.

Wil. By no means: her pride is an additional virtue. She denies herself common necessaries, and at the same time wou'd let nobody know she does: works with her own hands to get money to pay me; never complains, but hides her tears: it is with the utmost difficulty I can persuade her to expend a little of her money, due for rent, on things she really wants; and am forc'd to make use of a thousand arts before she will suffer me to assist her. I always reckon what she has at half the price it cost me, and when she finds it out, there is always a quarrel between us, which indeed is the only quarrel we have ever had: in short, sir, she is a miracle of virtue, misfortune, and intrepidity: she frequently draws from me tears of tenderness and admiration.

Free. You are naturally tender, I am not. I admire none, tho' I esteem many: but I will see this woman; I am a little melancholy, and she may divert me.

Wil. O fir, she scarce ever receives any visitors. There is a lord indeed who comes now and then to see her, but she will never speak to him unless before my wife. He has not been here for some time, and now she lives more retired than ever.

Free. I love retirement too, and hate a croud as much as she can: I must see her, where is her apartment?

Wil. Yonder: even with the coffee-room.

Free. I'll go in.

Wil. You must not.

Free. I say I must: why not go into her chamber? bring in my chocolate and the papers. [*Pulls out his watch.*] I have not much time to lose, for I am engag'd at two.

S C E N E VI.

Miss LINDON, frighten'd, Polly following her.
FREEPORT, WILLIAMS.

Miss Lin. My God! who is this? fir, you are extremely rude; I think you might have shewn more respect to my sex than thus to intrude on my retirement.

Free. You will pardon me, madam.
Bring me the chocolate. [*To Williams.*]

Wil. Yes, fir, with the lady's consent.

Free. [*Sits himself near a table, reads the news-paper, and looks up to miss Lindon and Polly, takes off his hat, and puts it on again.*]

Pol. This gentleman seems pretty familiar.

Free. Why won't you sit down, madam? You see I do.

Miss Lin. Which I think, fir, you ought not to do. I am astonsh'd, fir: I never receive visits from strangers.

Free. A stranger, madam! I am very well known; my name's Freeport, a merchant, and rich: enquire of me upon change.

Miss Lin. Sir, I know nobody in this country, I shou'd be oblig'd to you if you wou'd not intrude on a person you are an utter stranger to, and to whom as a woman you shou'd have shewn more respect.

Free.

Free. I don't mean to incommode you, madam ; be at your ease, as I am at mine ; you see I am reading the news, take up your tapestry, or drink chocolate with me, or without me, just as you please.

Pol. This is an original !

Miss Lin. Good heaven ! what a visit ! and my lord not come. This whimsical fellow distracts me, and I don't know how to get rid of him. How cou'd Williams let him in ! I must sit down.

[*She sits down, and works, chocolate is brought in, Freeport, takes a dish without offering her any, he sips, and talks by turns.*]

Free. Harkee, madam, I hate compliments, I have heard one of the best of characters of you : you are poor and virtuous, but they tell me you are proud ; that's a fault.

Pol. And pray, sir, who told you all this ?

Free. The master of this house, who is a very honest man, and therefore I believe him.

Miss Lin. O sir, 'tis all a fable ; he has deceiv'd you ; not indeed with regard to pride, which always accompanies true modesty ; nor as to virtue, which is my first duty ; but with regard to that poverty of which he suspects me. Those who want nothing can never be poor.

Free. You don't stick to truth, which is even a worse fault than being proud : I know better, I know you are in want of every thing, and sometimes deny yourself so much as a dinner.

Pol. That's by order of the doctor.

Free. Hold your tongue, hussy, do you pretend to give yourself airs too ?

Pol. What an original !

Free. In a word, whether you are proud or not, is nothing to me. I have made a voyage to Jamaica that has brought me in five thousand pounds : now, you must know, it is a law with me (and ought to be a law with every good christian) always to give away a tenth part of what I get : it is a debt which I owe to the unfortunate. You are unhappy, tho' you won't acknowledge it. There's five hundred pounds for you : now, remember

ber, you're paid : let me have no courtesies, no thanks, keep the money and the secret.

[Throws down a large purse on the table.]

Pol. P'faith this is more original still.

Miss Lin. *[Rising.]* I never was so astonish'd in my life—alas ! how every thing conspires to humble me ! what generosity ! and yet what an affront !

Free. *[Reading the news and drinking his chocolate.]* This impertinent writer ! a ridiculous fellow to talk such nonsense with an air of consequence.—*The king is arriv'd: he makes a most noble figure, being extremely tall.* The blockhead ! what signifies it whether he is tall or short ? cou'd not he have told us the plain fact ?

Miss Lin. Sir—

[Coming up to Freeport.]

Free. Well, madam—

Miss Lin. What you have done, sir, surprises me still more than what you said : but I cannot possibly accept the money, as it may not, perhaps, ever be in my power to repay it.

Free. Who talks of repaying it ?

Miss Lin. I thank you, sir, for your goodness, from the bottom of my heart : you have my sincere acknowledgments, my admiration ; I can no more.

Pol. You are more extraordinary than the gentleman himself. Surely, madam, in the condition you are in, deserted by all the world, you must have lost your senses to refuse an unexpected succour, thus offered you by one of the most generous, tho' whimsical and absurd men I ever met with.

Free. What do you mean by that, madam ? whimsical and absurd !

Pol. If you won't accept of it for your own sake, take it for mine. I have serv'd you in your ill fortune, and have some right to partake of the good : in short, sir, this is no time to dissemble, we are in the utmost distress ; and if it had not been for our kind landlord, must have perish'd with cold and hunger. My mistress conceal'd her condition from all those who might have been of service to us : you became acquainted with it in spite of her : in spite of herself, therefore, oblige her to accept
of

of that which heaven hath sent her by your generous hand.

Miss Lin. Dear Polly, you will ruin my honour.

Pol. You, my dear mistress, wou'd ruin yourself by your folly.

Miss Lin. If you love me, consider my reputation. I shall die with shame.

Free. What are these women prating about ?

[*Reading.*

Pol. And if you love me, madam, don't oblige me to perish with hunger.

Miss Lin. O Polly, what think you my lord wou'd say, if still he loves me ? cou'd he believe me capable of such meanness ? I always pretended to him, that I wanted nothing ; and shall I receive a present from another, from a stranger ?

Pol. Your pretence was wrong, and your refusal still more so : as to my lord, he'll say nothing about it, for he has deserted you.

Miss Lin. My dear Polly, by our sorrows I intreat you, do not let us disgrace ourselves : contrive some way or other to excuse me to this strange man, who means well, tho' he is so rude and unpolish'd : tell him, when an unmarried woman accepts such presents, the world will always suspect she does it at the expence of her virtue.

Free. What does she say ?

[*Reading.*

Pol. [*Coming close to him.*] O sir, something mighty ridiculous ; she talks of the suspicions of the world, and that an unmarried woman—

Free. Is she unmarried then ?

Pol. Yes, sir, and I too.

Free. So much the better. So she says that an unmarried woman—

Pol. Cannot take a present from a man—

Free. She does not know what she says. Why am I to be suspected of a dishonest purpose, because I do an honest action ?

Pol. Do you hear him, madam ?

Miss Lin. I hear, and I admire him, but am still resolv'd not to accept it : they wou'd say I lov'd him ;
that

that villain Wasp wou'd certainly report it, and I shou'd be undone.

Pol. She is afraid, fir, you are in love with her.

[*To Freeport.*

Free. In love with her ! How can that be, when I know nothing of her ? Indeed, madam, you may make yourself easy on that head ; and if perchance some years hence I shou'd fall in love with you, and you with me, well and good ; as you determine, I shall determine also ; and if you think no more of it, I shall think no more of it ; if you tell me I am disagreeable to you, you will soon be so to me ; if you desire not to see me, you shall never see me again ; and if you desire me to return, I will.

[*Pulls out his watch.*

So fare you well. I have a little business at present. Madam, your servant.

Miss Lin. Your servant, fir, you have my esteem and my gratitude ; but take your money with you, and once more spare my blushes.

Free. The woman's a fool.

Miss Lin. Mr. Williams, Mr. Williams, for heaven's sake come and assist me.

Wil. [*Coming in a violent hurry.*] What's the matter, madam ?

Miss Lin. [*Giving him the purse.*] Here, take this purse : the gentleman left it by mistake, give it him again, I charge you ; assure him of my esteem, and remember I want no assistance from any one.

Wil. [*Taking the purse.*] O Mr. Freeport, I know you by this generous action ; but be assured this lady means to deceive you : she is really in want of this.

Miss Lin. 'Tis false : and is it you, Mr. Williams, who wou'd betray me ?

Wil. I will obey you, madam. [*Aside to Freeport.*

I will keep this money ; it may be of service to her without her knowing it. My heart bleeds to see such virtue join'd to such misfortunes.

Free. I feel for her too, but she is too haughty : tell her it is not right to be proud. Adieu.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Miss LINDON, POLLY.

Pol. Well, madam, you have made a fine piece of work of it ; heaven graciously offer'd you assistance, and you resolve to perish in indigence : I too must fall a sacrifice to your virtue, a virtue which is not without its alloy of vanity : that vanity, madam, will destroy us both.

Miss Lin. Death is all I have to wish for : lord Murray no longer loves me ; he has left me these three days ; he has loved my proud and cruel rival ; perhaps, he loves her still. I was to blame to think of him, but 'tis a crime I shall not long be guilty of.

[She sits down to write.]

Pol. She seems in despair, alas ! she has but too much reason to be so ; her condition is far worse than mine : a servant has always some resource, but a woman like her can have none.

Miss Lin. 'Tis no great sacrifice. There, Polly, when I am no more, carry that letter to him—

[Folding up her letter.]

Pol. What says my dear mistress ?

Miss Lin. To him, who is the cause of my death. I have recommended you to him, perhaps he may comply with my last request : go, Polly, *[embracing her.]* and be assur'd, that amongst all my misfortunes, that of not being able to recompense you as you deserve, is not the least, which this wretched heart has experienc'd.

Pol. O my dear mistress, I cannot refrain from tears, you harrow up my soul : what is your dreadful purpose ? what means this letter ? God forbid I shou'd ever deliver it ! *[she tears the letter.]* Alas ! madam, why wou'd not you open your heart to lord Murray ? perhaps your cold reserve has disgusted him.

Miss

Miss Lin. Perhaps so, indeed : my eyes are open now, I must have offended him : but how cou'd I discover my condition to the son of him who ruin'd my father and family ?

Pol. How, madam ! was it my lord's father who—

Miss Lin. Yes, it was he who persecuted my father, had him condemn'd to death, degraded us from our nobility, and took away every thing from us : left as I am without father, mother, or fortune, I have nothing but my reputation and my fatal love. I ought to detest the son of Murray : misfortune, that still pursues me, brought me acquainted with him. I have lov'd him, and I ought to suffer for it.

Pol. O madam, you grow pale, your eyes are dim.

Miss Lin. May grief perform that office for me, which sword or poison—

Pol. Help here, Mr. Williams, help ! my mistress faints.

Wil. Help, help here ! where are ye all, my wife, my servants, come down ; tell the gentlemen above—help here—

[*William's wife, her maid, and Polly, carry off miss Lindon into her chamber.*]

Miss Lin. [*As she is going out.*] Why will ye bring me back to life again ? let me die in peace.

S C E N E VIII.

MONTROSS, WILLIAMS.

Mon. What's the matter, landlord ?

Wil. That beautiful young lady, fir, I told you of, fainted away just now : but it will be over soon.

Mon. O the mere effect of vapours in young girls ; they are not dangerous : what service cou'd I be of ? Why call me down for this ? I thought the house had been on fire.

Wil. I had rather it were, than this sweet creature should be hurt. If Scotland has many such beauties as she, it must be a charming country.

Mon.

Mon. Is she Scotch then?

Wil. So it seems; tho' I knew it but to-day: our news-writer tells me so, and he knows every thing.

Mon. And what's her name?

Wil. She calls herself *Lindon*.

Mon. That's a name I'm not acquainted with. [*He walks about.*] The bare mention of my country rives my heart. Was ever man treated with such cruelty and injustice as I have been? Barb'rous Murray, thou art dead; but thy son survives: I will have justice or revenge. O my dearest wife, my children, my daughter! I have lost all. This sword had long since ended all my cares, did not the hopes of sweet revenge force me still to bear the detestable load of life!

Wil. Thank God! all is well again. [*Returning.*]

Mon. What sudden change has happen'd then?

Wil. O, sir, she has recover'd her senses, and is pretty well; looks still pale, but always beautiful.

Mon. O it's nothing. I must go out—I must run the hazard—I will. [*Exit:*]

Wil. This man does not trouble himself much about young ladies that faint; but if he had seen Miss *Lindon*, he wou'd not be so indifferent.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lady ALTON, ANDREW.

Lady Alt. YES: since I can't see the villain at home, I'll see him here: he'll certainly come. This news-writer told me truth, and was in the right of it: a Scotch-woman conceal'd in these dangerous times! she must be in a conspiracy against the state; she shall be seiz'd; the order is given; at least I am too sure she conspires against me: but here comes Andrew, my lord's servant; I will know the whole of my misfortune.
Andrew,

Andrew, you have got a letter from my lord, have not you?

And. Yes, madam.

Lady Alt. For me.

And. No, madam.

Lady Alt. How? Have not you brought me several from him?

And. Yes, madam: but this is not for you; 'tis for a certain person whom he is most desperately in love with.

Lady Alt. Well, and was not he most desperately in love with me when he us'd to write to me?

And. O no, madam, he lov'd you calmly and coldly; 'tis quite another thing here; he neither sleeps nor eats, runs about day and night, and does nothing but talk of his dear Lindon. O there's a great deal of difference, I assure you.

Lady Alt. Perfidious wretch! but no matter: I tell you that letter is for me: 'tis without a superscription, is not it?

And. Yes, madam.

Lady Alt. Were not all the letters you brought me without a superscription too?

And. Yes, madam; but this I know is for miss Lindon.

Lady Alt. I tell you 'tis for me, and to prove it to you, here are ten guineas for you.

And. Indeed, madam, I begin to think the letter was for you; I was certainly mistaken: but if after all it is not, I hope you will not betray me; you may say you found it at miss Lindon's.

Lady Alt. O leave that to me.

And. After all, where is the harm in giving a love letter design'd for one woman to another? they are all alike; and if miss Lindon does not receive this letter, she may have twenty others. I have executed my commission, and made a pretty good hand of it too.

Lady Alt. [*Opens the letter, and reads.*] Now for it—
' My dear, amiable, and truly virtuous miss Lindon—
that's more than ever he said to me— 'tis now two days,
' an age to me, since I had the happiness of seeing you:
' but

' but I have denied myself that pleasure with the hopes
' of serving you. I know what you are, and what I
' owe you. I will change the face of your affairs, or
' perish in the attempt. My friends are zealous for you.
' Depend on me as on the most faithful of lovers, and
' one who will endeavour to prove himself worthy of
' your affection.'

This is an absolute conspiracy ; there can be no doubt of it : she is a Scotch-woman, and her family ill affected to the government. Murray's father commanded in Scotland : his friends, he says, are zealous ; he runs about day and night : 'tis certainly a conspiracy. Thank God, I am as zealous as he, and if she does not accept my offers, she shall be seiz'd in an hour's time, before her vile lover comes to her assistance.

SCENE II.

Lady ALTON, Miss LINDON, POLLY.

Lady Alt. [*To Polly, who is passing from her mistress's apartment towards the coffee-room.*] You, madam, go immediately, and tell your mistress I must speak with her ; she need not be afraid ; I shall say nothing to her but what will be agreeable, and concerns her happiness : let her come immediately, immediately, do you hear ? she need not be afraid, I say.

Pol. O madam, we are afraid of nothing ; but your looks make me tremble.

Lady Alt. I'll see if I can't persuade this virtuous lady to do as I wou'd have her : I'll make my proposals, however.

Miss Lin. [*Comes in trembling, supported by Polly.*] What are your commands with me, madam ? Are you come again only to insult me in my distress ?

Lady Alt. No : I come to make you happy. I know you are worth nothing ; I am rich ; I now make you an offer of one of my seats on the borders of Scotland, with all the lands belonging to it : go and live there, you and your family, if you have any ; but you must immediately

ately quit my lord for ever, nor must he know of your retreat as long as you live.

Miss Lin. Alas! madam, he has abandon'd me: be not jealous of a poor unfortunate: in vain you offer me a retreat; I shall soon find one without you, an eternal one, in a place where I need not blush at my obligations to you.

Lady Alt. Rash woman, is this an answer for me?

Miss Lin. Rashness, madam, wou'd ill suit with my condition; firmness and intrepidity will much better become it: my birth, madam, is as good as yours; my heart, perhaps, much better; and as to my fortune, it shall not depend on any one, much less on my rival.

[Goes out.]

Lady Alt. [Alone.] It shall depend on me. I am sorry she reduces me to this extremity, and ashamed to make use of this rascal Wasp; but she obliges me to it. Faithless lover! unhappy passion! O I am choked with rage.

SCENE III.

FREEPORT, and MONTROSS in the coffee-house, with William's wife, and servants putting things in order.

WILLIAMS, Lady ALTON.

Lady Alt. Mr. Williams, you see me here often; but 'tis your own fault.

[To Williams.]

Wil. On the contrary, madam, we cou'd wish—

Lady Alt. I am more concern'd than you can be; but you shall see me again, I assure you.

[She goes out.]

Wil. So much the worse. What wou'd she be at now? What a difference there is betwixt her and the beautiful, patient miss Lindon!

Free. True; she is, as you say, beautiful and virtuous.

Will. I am sorry this gentleman never saw her; I am sure he wou'd be greatly affected with her behaviour.

Mon.

Mon. Wretch that I am ! I have other things to think of.

Free. I am always either upon 'Change, or at Jamaica ; but one can't help liking now and then to see a fine woman : she is really a fine creature, a sweet behaviour, a charming countenance, and has something noble in her air and demeanor.—I must see her again one day or other. 'Tis pity she's so proud.

Mon. My landlord here informs me you behav'd to her in a most generous manner.

Free. Who I ? No. Wou'd not you, or any man in my place, have done the same ?

Mon. If I had been rich, and she had merit, I believe I might.

Free. What is there in it then to be wonder'd at ?
[*He takes up the papers.*] Well, what news have we to-day ? How's this ? Lord Falbridge dead !

Mon. Falbridge dead ! the only friend I had on earth, or from whom I cou'd expect relief ! O fortune, fortune, wilt thou ever persecute me ?

Free. Was he your friend ? I am sorry for you.—
Edinburgh, April 14. Great search is making after lord Montrofs, condemn'd to lose his head about eleven years ago

Mon. Just heaven ! what do I hear ? What's that, fir, lord Montrofs condemn'd—

Free. Yes, fir, lord Montrofs ; there, fir, read it yourself.

Mon. [*Looking on the paper.*] 'Tis so indeed. [*Aside.*] I must get away as fast as I can ; this place is too public : sure, earth and hell, conspired together, never heap'd so many misfortunes on one man. (*To his servant.*) John, let my horses be saddled, perhaps I may be going towards evening—how bad news flies !

Free. Bad news, why so ? what signifies it whether lord Montrofs is beheaded or not ? every thing passes away—to-day a head is cut off, to-morrow we have it in the news papers, and next day we talk no more of it. If this miss Lindon was not so proud, I would go and ask her how she did ; she is very handsome, and a very worthy creature.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

To them a King's Messenger.

Mef. Is your name Williams, fir?

Wil. Yes, fir, your commands with me?

Mef. You keep a coffee-house, and let lodgings?

Wil. I do, fir.

Mef. You have a young Scotch lady in your house, nam'd Linton?

Wil. I have, fir, and esteem it a great happiness.

Free. A most beautiful and virtuous lady; every body tells me so.

Mef. I come to seize her by order of the government; there's my warrant.

Wil. Amazing! I shudder at the thought.

Mon. A young Scotch-woman seiz'd on the very day of my arrival! O my unhappy family, my country, what will become of my unfortunate daughter! she is, perhaps, the victim of my misfortunes, languishing in poverty and a prison: why was she ever born?

Free. I never heard of young girls being seiz'd by order of the government: I am afraid, Mr. Messenger, you are a rascal.

Wil. If she is a fortune-hunter, as Wasp said, it will ruin my house; I am undone: this court lady had some reasons I see plainly—and yet she must be good and virtuous.

Mef. Let's have none of your reasons, fir, to prison, or give bail, that's the rule.

Wil. I'll give you bail, myself, my house, my goods, my person.

Mef. Your person's nothing; the house, perhaps, not your own—your goods, where are they? I must have money.

Wil. Good Mr. Freeport, shall I give him the five hundred pounds which she so nobly refus'd, and which are still in my possession?

Free. Ay, ay, I'll give five hundred, a thousand, two thousand; I'll be answerable for it, my name's Freeport.

port. I believe the girl's strictly virtuous; but she shou'd not be so proud.

Mef. Come, sir, give us your bond.

Free. With all my heart.

Wil. 'Tis not every one employs their money thus.

Free. To spend it in doing good is putting it out to the best interest.

(Freeport and the Messenger retire to the corner of the coffee-room to tell out the money.)

SCENE V.

MONTROSS, WILLIAMS.

Wil. You are astonish'd, sir, at Mr. Freeport; but 'tis his constant practice: happy are those whom he takes a fancy to! he is no complimenter, but does a man a service in less time than others spend in making protestations about it.

Mon. (Aside.) There are still in the world some noble souls—what will become of me?

Wil. We must take care not to let the poor young lady know any thing of the danger she has been in.

Mon. I must be gone this night.

Wil. One shou'd never tell people of their danger till it is past.

Mon. The only friend I had in London is dead: what shou'd I do here?

Wil. We shou'd make her faint away a second time.

SCENE VI.

MONTROSS.

A young Scotch-woman is seiz'd, a person who lives retir'd, and is suspected by the government. I don't know why, but this adventure throws me into deep reflections. Every thing conspires to awaken the memory
of

of my sorrows, my afflictions, my misfortunes, and my resentment.

S C E N E VII.

MONTROSS, (Seeing POLLY crossing the stage,)

One word with you, madam. Are you that pretty amiable young lady, born in Scotland, who—

Pol. Yes, fir—I, I am tolerably young, and a Scotch-woman; and as to pretty, they say I am not amiss.

Mon. Have you any news from your own country?

Pol. No, fir, I have left it a long time.

Mon. And what are your relations, pray?

Pol. My father was an excellent baker, as I have heard, and my mother waiting-maid to a woman of quality.

Mon. O now I understand you. You I suppose are servant to that young lady I have heard so much of. I was mistaken.

Pol. O fir, you do me too much honour.

Mon. You know who your mistress is, I suppose?

Pol. Yes, fir, the sweetest and most amiable of her sex, and one too who has the most fortitude in affliction.

Mon. She is in distress then?

Pol. Yes, fir, and so am I: but I had rather serve her in affliction than be ever so happy.

Mon. But don't you know her family?

Pol. My mistress, fir, desires to remain unknown: she has no family: fir, why do you ask these questions?

Mon. To remain unknown! say you? O heaven, if I cou'd at last—but 'tis a vain imagination. Tell me, pray, how old is your mistress?

Pol. One may safely tell her age. She is just eighteen.

Mon. Eighteen! the very age of my dear Montross, my lovely infant, the only remaining hope of my unhappy family—eighteen say'st thou?

Pol.

Pol. Yes, sir, and I am but two and twenty, there's no great difference between us. I see no reason why you shou'd make so many reflections on her age.

Mon. Eighteen, and born in my country, desires to remain unknown! I cannot contain myself—by your permission I must see and talk to her immediately.

Pol. Telling him of a girl of eighteen has turn'd this old gentleman's brain.—You can't possibly see her at present, sir, she's in the greatest distress.

Mon. For that very reason I must see her.

Pol. O, sir, fresh griefs and calamities have torn her heart, and depriv'd her of her senses. She is not one of those I assure you, sir, who faint away for nothing; she is but just now come to herself, and the little rest she now enjoys is mix'd with grief and bitterness. Have pity, sir, on her condition.

Mon. All you say but increases my desire. I am her countryman, and partake her afflictions, perhaps I may be able to lessen them; permit me, I beg you, before I leave this place, to have an interview with her.

Pol. You affect me deeply, sir; stay here a few minutes. It is impossible a young lady, who has just fainted away, shou'd be able to receive visits immediately. I'll go to her, and come back to you soon.

SCENE VIII.

MONTROSS, WILLIAMS.

Wil. Sir, is there nobody near us?

(Pulling him by the sleeve.)

Mon. With what impatience shall I wait for her return!

Wil. Can nobody hear us?

Mon. I can never support this anxiety.

Wil. They are in search of you, sir.—

Mon. Who, where, what?

Wil. I say, sir, they are in search of you; I cannot help interesting myself in the safety of those who lodge in my house. I don't know who you are, sir, but I have

been ask'd a thousand questions about you. They have surrounded the house, passing, and repassing, getting all the information they can. In short I shall not be surpris'd, if in a little time they shou'd pay you the same compliment as they did the young lady, who, it seems, is of the same country.

Mon. I must speak with her before I go.

Wil. Take my advice, sir, and get away as fast as you can; our friend Freeport perhaps might not be in the humour to do as much for you as for a girl of eighteen.

Mon. Pardon me, but I know not where I am; I scarce heard you—what must I do, or where can I go? My dear sir, I cannot go without seeing her: let me talk to you a little in private: I must beg you somehow or other to let me have an opportunity of seeing this young lady.

Wil. I told you before, you wou'd want to see her. I assure you nothing can be more beautiful, more virtuous, or more agreeable.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

WILLIAMS, WASP, at a table in the coffee-room.
FREEPORT, smoaking a pipe.

Wil. I MUST be so free as to tell you, Mr. Wasp, if I maybelieve all that is said of you, you wou'd do me afavor by never coming to my house again.

Free. All that is said is generally false: what fly has stung you, Mr. Williams?

Wil. You come, and write your papers here, Mr. Wasp; and my coffee-house will be looked on as a poison shop.

Free. This fellow seems to deserve what you say.

(To Williams.

Wil. They say you speak ill of all mankind. (To Wasp.

Free.

Free. Of all mankind! that's too much indeed.

Wil. They begin even to say you are an informer, and a scoundrel, but I am loth to believe them.

Free. Do you hear, sir? this is past raillery.

[*To Wasp.*

Wasp. I am an illustrious writer, Sir; a man of taste.

Wil. Taste or no taste, sir, I say you have done me an injury.

Wasp. So far from it, sir, that I have help'd off your coffee, have made it fashionable to come to your house, 'tis my reputation that has brought you custom.

Wil. A fine reputation indeed! that of a spy, a bad author, and a worse man!

Wasp. Stop, Mr. Williams, if you please. You may attack my morals, but my works I will never suffer that.

Wil. Your writings, sir, are not worth my consideration; but you are suspected of a design against the amiable Miss London.

Free. If I thought so, I wou'd drown the dog with my own hands.

Wil. 'Tis said, you accus'd her of being Scotch, and the honest gentleman too, who lives above stairs.

Wasp. Well, and suppose I had, what harm is there in being of any particular country?

Wil. 'Tis moreover reported, that you have had several conferences with the agents of a certain choleric lady, who comes here, and with the servants of a noble lord, who us'd to frequent this house: that you tell tales, and blow up quarrels.

Free. Are you really such a rogue? then shall I detect you.

[*To Wasp.*

Wil. O! thank God! here comes my lord, if I am not mistaken.

Free. A lord, is it? Then your humble servant, I hate a lord, as much as I do a bad writer.

Wil. He's not like other lords, I assure you.

Free. Like other lords or not, 'tis no matter. I never love to be disturb'd, so fare you well. I don't know how it is, my friend, but I am always thinking of this young Scotch-woman—I'll come back presently—immediately. I want to talk seriously to her—your ser-

vant. This Scotch woman is handsome, and a good creature—Adieu—[*returning*] tell her, I intend to seive her greatly.

S C E N E II.

Lord MURRAY, pensive and in great agitation,
WASP, bowing to him, of which he no takes notice,
WILLIAMS, at a distance from him.

L. Mur. I am glad to see you, friend: how is that charming girl you have the pleasure to boast of as your lodger here? [*To Williams.*]

Wil. She has been very ill, sir, since she saw you: but I'm sure she will be better now.

L. Mur. Great God, thou protector of innocence, I implore thee for her; O deign to make me an instrument in doing justice to virtue, and sheltering the unfortunate from oppression! Thanks to thy goodness, and my own endeavours, I have hopes of success. Hark'ee friend, I wou'd talk a little with that man. [*Pointing to Wasp.*]

Wasp. You see, sir, you were mistaken, and I have some credit still at court. [*To Williams.*]

Wil. That's not quite so clear. [*Going out.*]

L. Mur. Well, my friend— [*To Wasp.*]

Wasp. Permit me, my lord, to dedicate a volume to your lordship— [*Bowing.*]

L. Mur. No, sir, we are not talking about dedications: you are the person that inform'd my servants of the arrival of the old gentleman just come from Scotland; you describ'd him, and made the same report to the minister of state.

Wasp. My lord, I only did my duty.

L. Mur. You have done me a service without knowing it: but I don't consider the intention. Some folks say you meant to hurt, and have done good: there's something for your service. [*Giving him a Purse.*] But if ever from this time forward you so much as pronounce the

the name of that gentleman, or of Miss Lindon, I'll throw you out at window,—away, be gone, sir.

Wasp. My lord, I return you thanks; every body abuses me, and gives me money; I am certainly a cleverer fellow than I thought I was.

SCENE III.

Lord MURRAY, alone.

An old gentleman just arriv'd from Scotland; Miss Lindon born in the same country! alas! if it were possible to repair the cruel injuries my father did—if heaven wou'd graciously permit—but I'll go in. [*To Polly, who comes out of miss Lindon's apartment.*] Polly, were not you surpris'd at not seeing me for so long a time? two whole days! I shou'd not have forgiven myself had I not been engaged in my dear Miss Lindon's service: the ministers of state were at Windsor, and I was oblig'd to follow them there. Heaven sure inspir'd thee, when thou told'st me, Polly, the secret of her birth.

Pol. I'm frighten'd yet, my mistress so often forbid me: were I to give her the least uneasiness I shou'd die with grief. Alas! sir, your absence this very day threw her into a fainting fit, and I believe I shou'd have fainted too, if I had not exerted all my strength to assist her.

L. Mur. There, Polly, there's something for the fainting fit you had like to have fall'n into. [*Gives her money*]

Pol. My lord, I thank you; I am not so high-spirited as my mistress, who refuses to accept of any thing; and pretends to be quite at her ease, when she is absolutely starving.

L. Mur. Good heaven! the daughter of Montross reduc'd to poverty! how guilty am I! but I will repair every thing, her condition shall soon be chang'd: why wou'd she so long conceal it from me?

Pol. 'Tis the only thing in which she deceiv'd you, or I believe ever will.

L. Mur. But let us go in, I long to throw myself at her feet.

Pol. O my lord, not yet; she is now with an old gentleman, a very old gentleman, who is her countryman, and they are saying such tender things.

L. Mur. Who is this old gentleman? methinks I am already interested in his favor.

Pol. I know nothing of him.

L. Mur. Wou'd to God he were the person I wish him to be! and what did they say to each other?

Pol. They began to grow very serious, the gentleman seem'd to wish me out of the room, and so I came away.

SCENE IV.

Lady ALTON, Lord MURRAY, POLLY.

L. Alt. So, fir, at last I've caught you: thou base perfidious man: now fir, I am convinc'd of your inconstancy, and my own disgrace.

L. Mur. True, madam, you are so. [*Aside.*] what an unseasonable intrusion!

L. Alt. Perfidious monster!

L. Mur. A monster I may appear in your eyes, and I am glad of it; but perfidious I never was; 'tis not my character: before I lov'd another, I frankly told you, I had no longer any regard for you.

L. Alt. After a promise of marriage, wretch! after so many protestations of love!

L. Mur. When I made those protestations I lov'd you; and when I promis'd to marry you, I meant to do so.

L. Alt. And why then did not you keep your word? what prevented you?

L. Mur. Your character, your fiery temper and disposition: marriage was intended to make us happy, and I saw too plainly we were not made for each other.

L. Alt.

L. Alt. And so you have quitted me for a wand'ring lady errant, a poor fortune-hunter.

L. Mur. No, madam, I leave you for softness and good-nature, for every grace, and every virtue.

L. Alt. But you are not yet possess'd of her: know, traitor, I will be reveng'd, and speedily too.

L. Mur. I know your vindictive temper, know you have more envy than jealousy, more rage than tenderness, but you will be forc'd to honour and respect the woman I love.

L. Alt. I know the object of your affection, sir, better than you do; I know who she is; I know too who that stranger is, who came hither yesterday: yes, sir, I am acquainted with it all, and so are they who have more power and authority than lord Murray: that unworthy rival, for whom I am despis'd, shall soon be seiz'd and ravish'd from you.

L. Mur. What says she, Polly? I'm terrify'd at the thought.

Pol. And so am I. We are undone, sir.

L. Mur. Stay, madam, explain yourself—hear me.

L. Alt. I'll hear nothing, answer nothing, explain nothing: you are an inconstant, false-hearted, perfidious villain. [Exit:

SCENE V.

Lord MURRAY, POLLY.

L. Mur. What does this fury mean? her jealousy is terrible: heaven grant I never may be jealous! she talks of having my dear girl seiz'd, and pretends to know this stranger. What wou'd she be at?

Pol. To tell you the truth, my mistress has been taken up by order of government, and I too, I believe; and if it had not been for an honest fat man, who is goodness itself, and who gave in bail for us, we had both been in prison at this very time. They had made me swear not to tell you any thing of it: but how can I conceal it from you?

L. Mur.

L. Mur. What do I hear? misfortune on misfortune! your mistress's very name I find is suspected. Alas! my family was born to be the destruction of hers: heaven, fortune, justice, and love wou'd repair all, but guilt opposes me. It shall not, must not triumph; do not alarm my dear girl. I'll go myself to the ministry! Try every thing, do every thing to save her. I'll deny myself the happiness of seeing her till I can, assure her of success. I fly, Polly, to serve her, and will return immediately. Tell her that I have left her only because I adore her. [Goes out.]

Pol. This is a strange adventure. I see this world is nothing but a perpetual contest between the virtuous and the wicked, and we poor girls are always the sufferers.

S C E N E VI.

MONTROSS, Miss LINDON, [Nods to Polly, who goes out.]

Mon. Every word you utter pierces my soul: born in Lochaber! persecuted, oppress'd, and deserted! a woman with such noble sentiments!

Miss Lin. Those sentiments, sir, perhaps are owing to my misfortunes: had I been brought up in ease and luxury, my soul, which is fortify'd by adversity, had been weak and vain.

Mon. O thou art worthy of a nobler fate. You acknowledge to me you are sprung from one of the proscribed families, whose blood was shed on a scaffold in our civil wars. But still you conceal from me your name and birth.

Miss Lin. Duty binds me to silence. My father himself was proscribed: they are even now in search of him, and were I to name, perhaps I might destroy him. You inspire me, I own, with uncommon tenderness and respect, but I know you not, and I have every thing to fear. You see I am myself suspected, and am a prisoner here. One word might ruin me.

Mon.

Mon. One word perhaps might give me the greatest comfort: but tell me only what age you were of when you parted from your father, who was afterwards so unhappy?

Miss Lin. I was then but five years old.

Mon. Great God, have mercy on me! every thing she says contributes to throw new light on my dark paths! O providence, do not withdraw thy goodness from me!

Miss Lin. You weep, sir, alas! nor can I help joining my tears with yours.

Mon. Go on, I conjure you: after your father had quitted his family to see it no more, how long did you remain with your mother? *[Wiping his eyes.]*

Miss Lin. I was ten years old when she died in my arms, oppressed with grief and misery, and after she had heard that my brother was kill'd in battle.

Mon. O I faint; what a dreadful moment! O thou dear, unhappy wife, and thou more fortunate son, to die without seeing so much misery! do you remember this picture? *[Takes a picture out of his pocket.]*

Miss Lin. What do I see? is this a dream? surely 'tis my mother's picture.

Mon. It is, it is your mother; and I am that unhappy father who is condemn'd to death, whose trembling arms now embrace thee.

Miss Lin. Do I live? where am I? O sir, behold me at your knees: this is the first happy moment of my life: O my father! alas! how durst you venture hither? I tremble for you, even whilst I am thus happy in your sight.

Mon. My dearest child, you know the misfortunes of our family; you know, that the house of Murray, still jealous of ours, plung'd us into these calamities. I have lost all: one friend alone remained, who by his interest and power might have restor'd me, and had promis'd it; but on my arrival here, I find that friend is dead; that I am search'd after in Scotland, and a price put on my head. 'Tis, no doubt, the son of my old enemy who still persecutes me: I will die by his hand, or be reveng'd on him.

Miss Lin.

Miss Lin. And come you then with a resolution to kill lord Murray?

Mon. Yes: I will revenge you and my family, or die. I only hazard a life already devoted to the scaffold.

Miss Lin. O fortune, in what new horrors dost thou involve me! what must I do? O my father!

Mon. My dearest daughter! how cruel is thy fate to be born of such a wretched father!

Miss Lin. O sir, I am much more unhappy than you think me: are you resolv'd on this fatal enterprise?

Mon. Ay, to death.

Miss Lin. O my dear father, let me conjure you by that life which you gave me, by your misfortunes, by my own, which are, perhaps, still greater, do not expose me to the dread of losing you; have pity on me, spare your own life, and preserve mine.

Mon. Your voice reaches to my inmost soul: methinks I hear, in thee, the much-lov'd mother; speak, what wou'd you?

Miss Lin. Do not expose your precious life, but quit this dangerous place, dangerous for us both: yes, I am resolv'd I will renounce all for my dear father's sake. I am ready to follow you, I will accompany you, sir, to some far distant island, and there these hands shall labour to support you. It is my duty, and I will perform it: 'tis done, away.

Mon. I must not then revenge you?

Miss Lin. No, sir, that vengeance wou'd destroy me: come, let us begone.

Mon. Well, I submit. The father's love prevails over all: since you have the courage to accompany me, I will go: I will prepare every thing for our departure from London within this hour: be ready: one more embrace, and farewell.

SCENE VII.

Miss LINDON, POLLY.

Miss Lin. 'Tis all over, Polly: I shall never see lord Murray again.

Pol.

Pol. Indeed, madam, but you will; he'll be here in a few minutes: he is but just gone from hence.

Miss Lin. Gone from hence! and not see me: this is worse than all. O my unhappy father! why did we not go before?

Pol. If he had not been interrupted by that detestable lady Alton—

Miss Lin. What! did he meet her here, after all, to insult me! after leaving me for three days without so much as writing! to affront me so grossly. O, if my life were not necessary to my dear father, this moment wou'd I part from it.

Pol. But hear me, madam, I swear to you my lord—

Miss Lin. Perfidious wretch! but all men are so. O my poor father! hereafter I will think on none but thee.

Pol. On my soul, madam, you are wrong; my lord is not false or perfidious, but one of the best of men: he loves you from his soul, and has given me convincing proofs of it.

Miss Lin. Nature shou'd be superior to love. I know not whither I am going, or what will become of me; but certainly I can never be more miserable than I am at present.

Pol. My dear mistress, you will hear nothing; recover your spirits a little: I tell you, you are belov'd.

Miss Lin. O Polly, will you follow me?

Pol. To the end of the world, madam: but hear me; you are beloved, indeed you are.

Miss Lin. Let me alone; talk no more to me of my lord: alas! if he did love me, I must leave him—that gentleman you saw with me—

Pol. Well—

Miss Lin. Come in, and I'll tell you all: tears and sighs will not let me speak: follow me, and get every thing ready for our departure.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Miss LINDON, FREEPORT, WILLIAMS.

Wil. POLLY, I find, is packing up your things; you are going to leave us: you can't imagine, madam, the concern it gives me.

Miss Lin. My dear landlord, and you, sir, to whom I am so much indebted for your unmerited generosity, I am sorry it is not in my power to return it; but be assured I shall never, whilst I have life, forget you.

Free. What is all this, what is all this? if you like us, why do you leave us? you an't afraid of any thing are you? A girl, like you, can have nothing to fear.

Wil. Mr. Freeport, the old gentleman, who it seems is her countryman, is going too. The lady wept, and he wept, at parting; and I am ready to weep too.

Free. Ridiculous! I never wept in my life: our eyes were never given us for that purpose: I own I'm sorry. Tho' she is a little proud, as I told you, yet she is such a good creature, one can't help being concern'd at losing her. If you go, madam, you must write to me; I shall be always glad to do you any service: perhaps we may meet again one day or other, who knows? but be sure you don't forget to write to me.

Miss Lin. I assure you, sir, I will; and if ever fortune—

Free. Williams, I'm sure this woman is well-born. I shall expect a letter from you, but don't put too much wit into it.

Wil. You will forgive me, madam, but I really don't think you are at liberty to go from hence, as Mr. Freeport is bail for you, and must lose five hundred pounds if you leave us.

Miss Lin.

Miss Lin. O heav'n! another distress! another humiliation! must I then remain here? and my lord—my father too.—

Free. to Wil.] O don't let that stop her—there is something in her that charms me—but let her go as soon as she pleases: you don't suppose I value five hundred pounds. Hark'ee, Williams, put five hundred more into her portmanteau. I beg, madam, [*To Miss London.*] you will go whenever it is agreeable to you; write to me, and let me see you when you return; for I have already conceiv'd a great esteem and affection for you.

SCENE II.

Lord MURRAY and servants at one part of the stage,
Miss LINDON and the rest at the other.

L. Mur. to his servants.] Stay you here: and do you run to the court of chancery, and bring me those parchments as soon as they are finished: go you and get things ready at my new house. [*Pulls a paper out of his pocket, and reads.*] What happiness it will be to make her happy!

Miss Lin. to Pol.] O Polly, I am distracted at the sight of him.

Free. This lord always comes in unseasonably: he is handsome and well-made, and yet I don't like him: but what's that to me? I have certainly some regard for her; but I am not in love with her.—Madam, your servant.

Miss Lin. I shall not go, sir, without paying my respects to you.

Free. O pray, madam, no ceremony; perhaps it may affect me too much. Don't think I'm in love with you, madam; but I shall be glad to see you once more before you go: I shall be in the house, and must see you set out. Go, Williams, and help the good gentleman above. I find I have a prodigious regard for this young lady.

S C E N E III.

Lord MURRAY, Miss LINDON.

At length once more I am happy in the sight of all I hold dear on earth. What a house is this for Miss Lindon! but one more worthy of her is prepar'd: you look down and weep: for heaven's sake what has happened to you? Who was that surly looking fellow talking with you? if he is the cause of your uneasiness, he shall soon repent it.

Miss Lin. Alas! my lord, he is one of the best of men; one who has taken pity on my misfortunes; who has never abandon'd, never insulted me; one who never talk'd to my rival without deigning to look on me; one who, if he had lov'd me, wou'd not have let three days pass without writing.

L. Mur. Believe me, when I tell you, I had rather die than merit the least of those cruel reproaches. I absented myself but for your sake, thought of nothing but you, and have serv'd you in spite of yourself: if, on my return here, I found that clamorous revengeful woman, cou'd I help it? I went back again immediately to counteract her fatal designs. My God, not write to you!

Miss Lin. No.

L. Mur. I see she has intercepted my letters; her baseness increases, if possible, my passion; may it recal yours! how unkind was it in you to conceal from me your name and condition! a condition so unworthy of you.

Miss Lin. Who discover'd them to you?

L. Mur. She, your confederate. [*Pointing to Polly.*]

Miss Lin. Did you betray me?

Pol. You betray'd yourself, madam; I serv'd you.

Miss Lin. You know me then; you know what hatred hath always divided our families: your father was the cause of mine being condemn'd to death; he reduced me to that wretched state, which I endeavour'd to conceal

ceal from you ; and you, his son, now dare avow a passion for me !

Lord Mur. I do ; I adore you ; 'tis what I owe you : my love shall repair the injuries my father did : 'tis the justice of providence : my heart, my fortune, and my life are in your disposal : let us unite these hostile names. Here is a contract of marriage ; shall I hope to see it executed ?

Miss Lin. Alas ! my lord, it is impossible ; I am going this moment to leave you for ever.

Lord Mur. Going ! to leave me for ever ! Sooner shall you behold me perish at your feet : am I at last rejected then ?

Pol. I say, madam, you must not go ; you are always making some desperate resolution : but I shall bring you to yourself again. My lord, you must second me.

Lord Mur. Who cou'd inspire you with this cruel design to fly from me, to render all my cares abortive ?

Miss Lin. My father.

Lord Mur. Your father ! where is he ? what does he mean to do with you ? inform me quickly.

Miss Lin. He's here, and means to carry me away with him ; it is resolv'd.

Lord Mur. No : by thy dear self I swear, it must not, shall not be : where is he ? conduct me to him.

Miss Lin. My dearest lord, take care ; let him not see you : he is come hither to finish his misfortunes by taking away your life, and I have consented to fly with him to divert him from this dreadful resolution.

Lord Mur. Yours is more cruel still ; but be assur'd I fear him not, nay hope one day to make him my friend.—This fellow not return'd yet ! O heaven ! how swift is every evil thing, how slow is every good !

Miss Lin. My father comes : if you love me, do not let him see you ; spare him the horror of such an interview : for heaven's sake retire, at least for a while.

Lord Mur. 'Tis with the utmost regret that I submit ; but you command, and I must obey. I will go in, and return with arms that shall make his drop out of his hand.

SCENE IV.

MONTROSS, Miss LINDON.

Mon. Come, my dear daughter, my only comfort and support, let us be gone.

Miss Lin. O thou unhappy father of a more unhappy daughter, never, never will I leave you ; but permit me to stay here a little longer.

Mon. What ! after your urgent intreaties that I wou'd go immediately ; after having promised to follow me to some desert solitude, where I may forget my disgrace ! have you chang'd your design ? have you so soon forgot the tender sentiments you so lately express'd ?

Miss Lin. Indeed, sir, I am not chang'd : I am incapable of such baseness ; I will follow you : but once more let me intreat you, stay a little while : grant but this favor to her who owes to you a life of sorrows ; do not refuse me a few precious moments.

Mon. They are indeed precious, and yet you wou'd lavish them away : consider we are every moment in danger of being discover'd, that you have yourself been seiz'd, that they are even now in search of me, and that to-morrow you may see your father given up to an ignominious death.

Miss Lin. Those words are as a clap of thunder to me. I submit, sir : I am asham'd I stay'd so long ; but I had a distant hope—no matter ; you are my father, and I'll follow you. O me !

SCENE

S C E N E V.

FREEPORT and WILLIAMS on one Side of the Stage, MONTROSS and his Daughter on the other.

Free. (*To Williams.*) Her servant has carry'd the port-manteau back to her chamber: they'll not go yet; I'm glad of that, however. I began to have a sort of liking to her; not that I'm in love with her; but she is so well-bred, there is no parting from her without some uneasiness; a kind of anxiety that I never felt before: there's something very extraordinary in it.

Mon. (*To Freeport.*) Sir, your servant; we are just going to set out, with hearts full of gratitude to you for past favours: I assure you I never met with a worthier man than yourself: you almost reconcile me to mankind.

Free. You are going then, sir, and this lady I suppose: I'm sorry for it: you shou'd have staid a little longer; indeed you shou'd. I have just now thought of something, that, perhaps, might not be disagreeable to you: pray, stay.

S C E N E VI.

To them Lord MURRAY, taking a roll of parchment from his servant.

'Tis well: thank heaven! I have at last got the pledge of my future happiness.

Free. (*Aside*) A plague on this lord, here he is again: I hate him for being so agreeable.

Mon. (*To his daughter, whilst Lord Murray is talking to his servant.*)

Who is that man, my dear?

Miss

Miss Lin. It is, fir—it is—O heaven! have mercy on me!

Wil. 'Tis my lord Murray, fir, one of the finest gentlemen in this kingdom, and the most generous.

Mon. Murray! O heav'n! my fatal enemy, who comes to insult me, to triumph over my misfortunes (*draws his sword.*) but he shall have my life, or I his.

Miss Lin. O stop, my father, what wou'd you do?

Mon. Cruel daughter! and is it thus you have betray'd me?

Wil. (*Stepping between them.*) No violence, I beg, fir, in my house; you will ruin me.

Free. Why shou'd you hinder people from fighting, if they have a mind to it?

Lord Mur. (*At a distance from Montrois.*) You are the father of that charming woman?

Miss Lin. O I die.

Mon. I am, fir; I'll not deny it. Come then, thou cruel son of a still more cruel father, I know thy purpose; come, and take my life.

Wil. Again, fir—

Lord Mur. Stop him not: I have that which will disarm him. (*Draws his sword.*)

Miss Lin. (*Sinking into the arms of Polly.*) Cruel man! and dare you—

Lord Mur. Yes, I dare—I am the son of your inveterate foe; and thus (*throwing away his sword*) I attack you.

Free. Here's another for you, fir.

Lord Mur. Now, fir, with one hand strike this guilty breast, and with the other receive this paper—read, and know me.

Mon. What do I see? my pardon sign'd, my honours restor'd, my family re-established! O heaven! and is it to you, to lord Murray, I owe it all. O my friend, my benefactor, now you triumph more, much more, than if I had fallen by your sword.

Miss Lin. O unexpected happiness! my lover then is worthy of me.

Lord Mur. O my father, permit me to embrace you.

Mon. How shall I repay such generosity?

Lord

The SCOTCH WOMAN.

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Lord Mur. (*Pointing to miss Lindon,*) There, fir, is my reward.

Mon. The father and the daughter are both yours for ever.

Free. (*To Williams.*) My friend, I was afraid this lady was not made for me: however, she is fall'n into good hands, and I am satisfy'd.



END of the TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME.

